

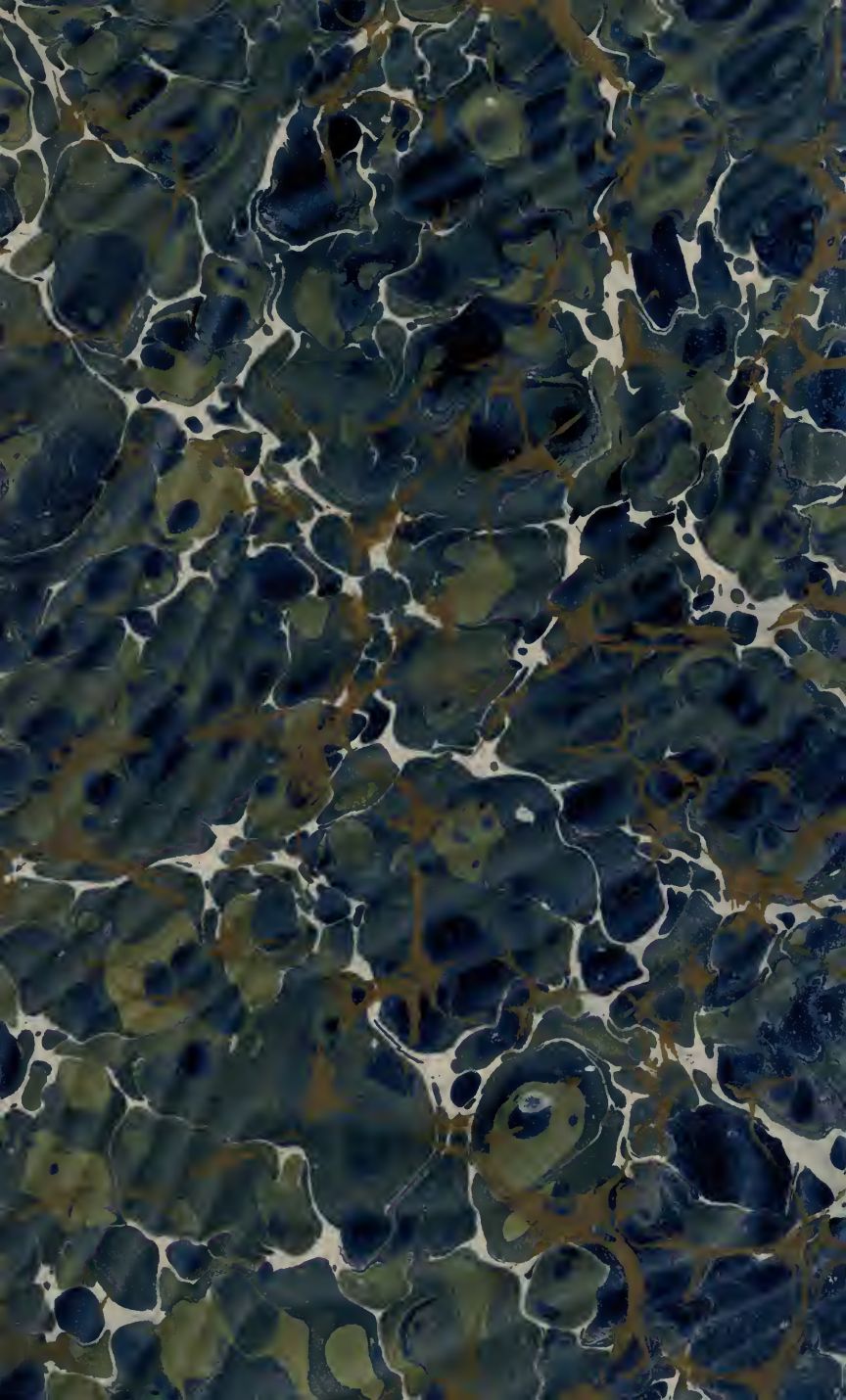
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HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.



THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare

VOLUME THE SIXTH



LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1874

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THE
ROYALL
KING,

AND

The Loyall Subject.

As it hath beene Acted with great
Applause by the Queenes Majesties
Servants.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.—

Written by *Thomas Heywood.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Nich. and John Okes* for *James
Becket*, and are to be sold at his shop at the
inner Temple neare the Gate. 1637.



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The Prologue to the Stage.

TO give content to this most curious Age,
The gods themselves we' have brought
downe to the Stage,
And figur'd them in Planets; made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell,
(Saving the *Muses* rapture) further, we
Have traffickt by their helpe; no History
We have left unrifled, our Pens have beene dipt
As well in opening each hid Manuscript,
As Traçts more vulgar, whether read, or fung
In our domesticke, or more forraigne tongue:
Of Fairy Elves, Nymphs of the Sea, and Land;
The Lawnes and Groves, no number can be
scan'd
Which we' have not given feet to, nay 'tis
knowne
That when our Chronicles have barren growne
Of Story, we have all *Invention* stretcht,
Div'd low as to the Center, and then reacht
Unto the *Primum mobile* above:
(Nor scapt things intermediate) for your love,
These have beene Acted often, all have past
Censure, of which some live, and some are cast:
For this in agitation, stay the end,
Though nothing please, yet nothing can offend.



Drammatis Personæ.

T <i>He King of England.</i>	<i>The Prince of England.</i>
<i>The Lord Martiall.</i>	<i>Captaine Bonvile.</i>
<i>The Earl of Chester.</i>	<i>Corporall Cocke.</i>
<i>The Lord Lacy.</i>	<i>Langſpriſado Match.</i>
<i>The Lord Clinton.</i>	<i>The Clowne.</i>
<i>The Lord Audley.</i>	<i>A Welch-man.</i>
<i>The Lord Bonvile.</i>	<i>An Hoſt of the Ordinary.</i>
<i>The Princeſſe.</i>	<i>Foure young Gallants at</i>
<i>Iſabella the Martials</i>	<i>the Ordinary.</i>
<i>eldeſt Daughter.</i>	<i>A Servant.</i>
<i>Margaret, the Martials</i>	<i>A Bawd.</i>
<i>younger Daughter.</i>	<i>Two Courtezans.</i>
<i>The Lady Mary Audley.</i>	<i>Attendants, &c.</i>
<i>Two Gentlemen in a Bro-</i>	
<i>thel houſe.</i>	



The Royall King,

AND

The Loyall Subiect.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the King of England, the Lord Lacy, Clinton,
Chester, and the Martiall, Audley, and Bonville.*

King.



Hus from the Holy Warres are we re-
turn'd,

To slumber in the Summer of soft peace,
Since those proud enemies that late blaf-

pheamd

And spit their furies in the face of Heaven,
And now laid low in dust.

Chester. Dread Sovereigne,
The Heavens have shew'd their bounty unto us,
In guarding your most deare and sacred life
From opposite hatred, and that imminent perill
To which you were ingag'd.

Clinton. When in one battaile you were twice unhors'd,
Guirt with the opposite rankes of Infidels,
That had not timely rescue come from Heaven,
Mortall assistance had beene us'd in vaine.

King. Ey, now you load me with a surplussadge
Of compleesse debt to this thrice valiant Lord
My noble Martiall, twice that perillous day
Did he bestride me, and beneath his Targe
Methought that instant did I lie as safe
As in my best and strongest Cittadell ;
The whilst his bright Sword like the Bolt of *Ioue*,
Pierc't the steele-crests of barbarous Infidels,
And flatted them with earth ; although my Subject,
Yet in this one thou hast prov'd my Lord :
For when my life was forfeit to the Warres,
Thou by thy valour didst redeeme it freely,
And gav'st it me, whilst thou ingag'st thy life :
For which if ever by like chance of Warre,
Lawes forfeiture, or our prerogative,
Thy life come in like danger, here we sweare
By our earths honours, and our hopes divine,
As thou for us, wee'le ours ingage for thine.

Mart. You give my Lord, to Duty Attributes
Too high for her submisse humility ;
I am your vassall, and ten thousand lives
Of equall ranke with mine, subjects and servants,
Be over-rated if compar'd with yours.

King. When I forget thee, may my operant parts
Each one forget their office : We create thee
Next to our selfe of power, we but except
The name of King, all other dignities
We will communicate to thee our friend.

Mart. May I no longer use these Royalties,

Or have the power to enjoy them, then I wholly
Devote them to your service.

Prince. Noble Martiall,
If I survive *Englands* Inheritance,
Or ever live to sit on *Iacobs* Stone,
Thy love shall with my Crowne be hereditary.

Mart. And gracious Prince, since Heaven hath bin
as liberall

To grace me with your favour, as my birth
Was to endow me richly ; all your graces
Shall with my great and ample revenues
Be ever to your vertues serviceable.

King. We know it, and have beene observers
long

Of thy choice vertues, neither could we yet
Fasten that love on thee, which came not home
With double use and ample recompence.

Clint. These graces are beyond dimension,
They have nor height, nor depth, uncircumscrib'd,
And without bounds. He like a broad arm'd tree
O're-shadows us, and throw his spacious bowes,
We that grow under cannot see the Sunne,
Nor taste the cheerefull warmth of his bright
beames.

These branches we must loppe by fire or Thunder,
Or by his shadowy armes be still kept under.

Chest. I was borne Eagle-fighted, and to gaze
In the Suns fore-head ; I will brooke no cloud
To stand betwixt me and his glorious fire,
I'll have full light, or none ; either soare high,
Or else sinke low ; my ominous Fate is cast,
Or to be first, or of all abjects last.

King. You shall renowned Martiall feast for us
The Embassadors that come from forraigne Lands,
To gratulate our famous victories.

Mar. I shall my Lord, and give them intertain-
ment

To *Englands* honour, and to suite the place
Of which I beare the name.

King. We doubt it not :
 We understand Lords, in these tedious warres
 Some forward spirits have beene at great expence
 To furnish them like noble Gentlemen ;
 And many spent most part of their revenues
 In honour of their Countrey, some undone
 In pursuit of these warres : now if such come
 For their reliefe by suite petitionary,
 Let them have gracious hearing, and supply
 Or by our service, or our Treasury.

Audley. I have one Kinsman hath spent all his
 land,
 And is return'd a begger, and so tatter'd,
 As that I can but blush to acknowledge him :
 But in the Warres he spent it, and for me,
 Warres shall relieve him. He was a noble Heire,
 But what these lost, let other Warres repaire.

King. Lords all, once more we greete your safe
 returne,
 With generall welcome, we invite you all
 To feast with us, and joy what we have wonne,
 Happiest in these, our Martiall, and our sonne. *Exit.*

Enter the Clowne and a Welch-man.

Clowne. It seemes thou hast not beene in the
 Warres my Friend, but art new come up to *London*.

Welch. Heeven plesse thee from all his mercies, and
 his graces : It was told us in *Wales*, that you have
 great pigge Organ in *Pauls*, and pigger by a great
 deale than our Organ at *Rixam*, which made me
 make my travels and my journies on the pare hoofe
 up to *London*, to have resolutions and certifications in
 that pifinesse, that when I returne into my Countries
 and habitations, I may give notice to mine Uncle, *Rice*
ap Davy, *ap Morgan*, *ap Evan*, *ap Iones*, *ap Geffrey*.
 I pray where apout stands *Pauls* Church, can you tell
 her ?

Clown. O very easly ; stand with thy face that

way, and follow thy nose, and thou wilt be there presently. But dost thou heare *Brittan*, take my word, our Organ of *Powles* is much bigger and better than yours of *Rixam*, by as much as *Powles* Church is bigger and better than Saint *Pantridge*.

Welch. Awe man, you prittle and prattle nothing but leafings and untruths : now will you but ease your posteriors a little, and I will quickly shew you your Organ of *Pauls*.

Clown. Very good, I like your demonstration well ; but dost thou thinke your Organ of *Rixam* can compare with ours for all that ?

Welch. Lend me but your eares and your apprehensions, and I will make you easily to acknowledge your errors.

Clowne. But first shew me your case in which you carry your two paire of Organs, sure those flops will not hold them : but in the meane time walke with me to the next red Lettice, and I will give thee two Cannes, and wet thine Organ-pipes well I warrant thee.

Welch. I will take your courtesies, and if ever I shall meet you in *Glamorgan*, or *Rednock-shire*, I will make bold to requite some part of your kindnesse.

A loud winding of Hornes within.

Clowne. The very noise of that Horne hath frighted my courtesie, but all's one, fare-well for this time, and at our next meeting ten to one I will be as good as my word.

Welch. Say you so man, why then Cad keepe you from all his mercies, and good fortunes, and make us all his servants.

Sound againe.

Enter the King, Martiall, &c.

King. Come, we will to the chace, be neare us Martiall,

I'll try to day which of our two good steeds
Can speed it best ; let the most swift take both.

Mar. So please your Grace, but I shall surely
loose ;

Yours is the best for prooffe, though mine for shew.

King. That will we try, the wager growes not
deepe

Equals the lay, and what we winne, wee'le keepe,
Mount, mount.

Exeunt.

Chester. Greater and greater still, no plot, no
tricke

To have him quite remov'd from the Kings Grace,
To slander him ?

Clin. The King will lend no eare
To any just complaint that's made of him ;
What can our scandals doe them ?

Chest. Challenge him
Of Treason then, and that may haply call
His Loyalty into suspect and question,
Which in the King at least will breed a coldnesse,
If not a deadnesse of affection.

Clin. Of Treason ? say he crave the combate
then,

For that's the least he can ; which of us two
Shall combate him ? I know his blowes too well.
Not I.

Chest. I should be loath.

Clin. How doe you relish this ?
His vertue and his bounty wonne him grace,
On that wee'le build to ruine all his favours,
And worke him to disgrace.

Chest. Pray teach me how ?

Clin. First, praise him to the King, give all his
vertues

Double their due, adde unto every thing,
Ey, and Hyperbolize in all his deeds :
Let his knowne vertues be the common Theame
Of our discourse to stale him, rate his worth,
To equalize, if not to exceed the King :
This cannot but beget distast at least.

Chest. But further.

Clin. Thus ; then fall off from his praise,
And question his best deeds, as it may be
His noble bounty is but popular grace,
And his humility but inward pride :
His vulgar suffrage and applause abroad,
A way to climbe and feat himselfe aloft,
You understand me ?

Chest. Fully ; come to horse, *Hornes.*
And as we ride, our further plots digest,
To finde what may disturbe, what ayd us best. *Exit.*

Enter Martiall, and Servant.

Mar. Spurre to the King, his steed's unshod
before,
The wayes be stony, and hee'le spoyle his beast :
Here take these shooes and hammer, brought of purpose
For mine owne use.

Serv. My Lord, have you pluck't the shooes off
from your owne horse, to set them on anothers, a
thousand to one but you will spoyle your owne Gueld-
ing quite.

Mar. No matter, doe as I command thee
firrah ;
Hollow him streight, I know he loves that horse,
And would not ride him bare for any gold.

Serv. Your horse is as good as his I am fure, and
I think you love him as well.

Mar. No matter, if he aske thee where thou hadst
them,
Tell him, thou broughtst them with thee for my use.
Away, I'le gallop after, and over-take thee.

Serv. Put your shooes on another horses feete, and
let your owne goe bare-foot ? a Jest indeed.

Mar. The King affects both his good horse and
Game,
I'le helpe to further both.

Enter the King, and Martiall: Winde horne.

King. You have fetcht me up at length, that's to
your fortune,
Or my misfortune, for I lost a shooe.
Martiall you ride well furnisht to the field.

Mar. My Lord, so Horsemen should, and I am
glad
My man was so well furnisht, and the rather
Since we are farre from helpe; my man is cunning,
Your Highnesse to his skill may trust your horse.

King. Thou couldst not have presented me a gift
I could have tasted better, for that beast
I much esteeme: you were out-stript at length.

Mar. Till I was forc't to alight, my horse with
yours
Kept equall speed.

Enter the Lords.

King. Our Lords? now Gentlemen,
How doe you like the Chace?

Audl. 'Twas excellent.

King. Had not my horse beene by mischance
unshod,
My Martiall here and I had led you still.

Chest. You were the better horst.

King. And you the worst,
Witnesse the hugenessse of your way behind:
Is not my horse yet shod?

Serv. He is my Lord.

King. Then let us mount againe.

Clin. Your horse my Lord, is not in state to ride,
He wants two shooes before.

King. Whose doth, the Martials?

Mart. Oft such mischances happen.

King. Were you furnisht
For us, and for your selfe kept no supply?

Mar. So I may have my Lord to furnish you,

I care not how my selfe want.

King. Apprehension

Helpe mee, for every circumstance apply
Thou hast done me an unwonted courtesie ;
You spy'd my losse first.

Mar. I did my Lord.

King. And then alighted.

Mar. True.

King. Vpon my life 'tis so,
To unshoee thine owne good steed, and furnish
mine,
Was't not ? upon thy life resolve me true.

Mar. What I have done my Lord, I did to you.

King. You will exceed me still, and yet my
courtesie

Shall ranke with thine ; for this great duty showne,
I pay thee thus, both steeds are now thine owne.

Clint. They wager love.

Mar. The best thing I can doe
In me is duty ; the worst, Grace in you.

King. Th'art ours ; come mount, we wil returne to
Court,

To order the great Turnament prepar'd
To doe our sonne grace ; in which we intreat
Martiall, your ayde, because your skill is great. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall and Cocke ragged.

Corpor. We have visited all our familiars, is it not
now time that we reuiseite our Captaine ?

Cock. With all my heart good Corporall, but it
had not bin amisse, if we had gone to *Burchen-lane*
first to have suited us : and yet it is a credit for a man
of the sword to goe thread bare, because by his appar-
rell he may be taken to be an old Soldier.

Corp. *Cocke*, thy father was a fresh water-foldier,
thou art not ;

Thou hast beene powdred, witnesse thy flaxe & touch-
box.

Enter Match.

Cocke. But who comes yonder, my Match ? I am glad I have met thee.

Match. I knew Cock, at one time or other thou wouldst meete with thy Match. What, shall we goe to my Captains lodging ?

Enter Captaine extreame ragged.

Corp. Spare that paines, yonder he appears in his colours.

Capt. *Fortun' de la guere* ; I that have flourish't, no colours like me, nay, no Trumpet thou in his highest key, have nothing now but ragges to flourish ; I that have fac't the enemy, have not so much as any facing left me : were my suite but as well pointed as I have seenie some, and stood I but in the midst of my followers, I might say I had nothing about me but tagge and ragge. I am descended nobly ; for I am descended so low, that all the cloaths of my backe are scarce worth a Noble : I was borne to thousands, and yet a thousand to one, they will now scarce acknowledge mee where I was borne.

Corp. Health to our worthy Captaine.

Capt. Thanks my most worthy foldiers ; and yet if I should examine your worths, what at the most could all you make ?

Corp. I would not have your Worship to examine our outfides.

Capt. And for your insides I'll passe my word.

Cock. Cannot all your worships credit afford you a new suit ?

Cap. Credit me, no ; my revenues were a thousand a yeere, part of which I lavish't amongst gallants, riotted in Tavernes, havockt in Ordinaries ; and when my estate began to ebbe, as my last refuge, I laid all my hopes upon the last wars, but failing there, (as the world imagins) I am return'd as you see. The King hath promised supply and reliefe to all that have spent

their estates in his expeditions, but many like my selfe have beene borne to be poore, that scorne to be beggars ; as many have beene borne to be rich, that can never leave it ; the truth is, I am my selfe as my proceedings will expresse me further.

Cor. Will you cashiere us Captaine, or shall wee follow your future fortunes ?

Capt. You shall not leave me ; my purpose is to try the humours of all my friends, my Allies, my ancient associates, and see how they will respect me in my supposed poverty : though I loose their acquaintance, I will loose none of my retinew. How say you Gentlemen, will you copart with me in this my dejectednesse ?

Corp. As I am Corporall, so will I prove true Squire to thy body.

Cock. And as I am true Cocke, so will I crow at thy service, waite on thee with a combe for thy head, with fire to thy Peece, with water to thy hands, and be cocke sure in any imployment whatsoever.

Match. And as I am true Match, I shall scorne that any of them shall o're-match me in duty.

Capt. Attend me then ; if I rise, you shall ascend ; if fall, I will lie flat with you. First then I will make some tryall of my Friends at the Court, and in good time : here's the King.

Sound, Enter the King discoursing with Chester, and Clinton, Audley, and Bonvile.

King. You have perswaded much, and I begin To censure strangely of his emulous love.

Chest. Further my Lord, what can his smoothnesse meane,

His courtesie, and his humility,
But as fly baites to catch the peoples hearts,
And weane them from your love.

Clin. Doth he not strive
In all things to exceed your courtesie,

Of purpose to out-shine your Royall deeds,
 And dazell your brightnesse, that himselfe may shine?
 Is he not onely popular my Liege?
 Is not the peoples suffrage sole to him,
 Whilst they neglect your fame, his traine doth
 equall,

If not exceed yours; still his Chamber throng'd
 With store of suitors: where the Martiall lies,
 There is the Court, all eyes are bent on him,
 And on his glories; there's no Theame abroad,
 But how he fav'd you from the Pagans sword,
 How his sole hand swayes, guides, and guards the
 Realme.

Chest. Thinke but my Lord on his last game at
 Chess,

'Twas his past odds, but when he saw you moov'd,
 With what a fly neglect he lost the mate,
 Onely to make you bound to' him.

Clin. For all the favours, graces, honours, loves
 Bestow'd upon him from your bounteous hand,
 His cunning was to thinke to quit you all,
 And pay you with a horse-shoe.

Chest. In the Turnament
 Made by the Prince your sonne, when he was Peere-
 lesse,

And without equall, this ambitious Martiall
 Strives to exceed, and did; but when he saw
 Your Highnesse moov'd to see the Prince disgrac't,
 He lost the Prize; but how? that all the people
 Might see it given, not forfeit, which did adde
 Rather than derogate: briefly my Lord,
 His courtesie is all ambition.

King. And well it may be; is he not our vassall?
 Why should the Martiall then contend with us,
 To exceed in any vertue? we observe him.
 His popularity, how affable
 He's to the people, his hospitality,
 Which addes unto his love; his forwardnesse,
 To entertaine Embassadors, and feast them,

Reig. It is but iustice.

Y. Lio. For am not I now Lord?

Reig. *Dominus fac totum.*

And am not I your Steward?

Y. Lio. Well remembred,

This night I have a purpose to bee Merry,
Iouiall and Frolicke, how doth our cash hold out?

Reig. The bag's still heauy.

Y. Lio. Then my heart's still light.

Reig. I can assure you, yet tis pritty deepe,
Tho scarce a mile to th' bottome.

Y. Lio. Let mee haue
to Supper, Let mee see, a Dücke——

Reig. Sweet Rogue.

Y. Lio. A Capon——

Reig. Geld the Rascall.

Y. Lio. Then a Turkey——

Reig. Now spit him for an Infidell.

Y. Lio. Greene Plouer, Snite,
Partridge, Larke, Cocke, and Pheasant.

Reig. Nere a Widgin?

Y. Lio. Yes, wait thy selfe at Table.

Reig. Where I hope your selfe will not be absent.

Y. Lio. Nor my friends.

Reig. Weele haue them then in plenty.

Y. Lio. Caiiare, Sturgeon, Anchoues, pickle
Oysters: Yes.

And a Potato Pie; besides all these,
What thou think'st rare and costly.

Reig. Sir, I know

What's to be done; the stocke that must be spent,
Is in my hands, and what I haue to doe,
I will doe suddenly.

Y. Lie. No Butchers meat,
Of that, beware in any case.

Reig. I still remember,
Your father was no Grasier, if he were,
This were a way to eate vp all his Fields,
Hedges and all.

Y. Lio. You will be gone fir.

Reig. Yes, and you are ith' way going. *Exit.*

Y. Lia. To what may young men best compare themfelues?

Better to what, then to a house new built?
 The Fabricke strong, the Chambers well contriu'd,
 Polisht within, without, well beautif'd;
 When all that gaze vpon the Edifice,
 Doe not alone commend the workemans craft,
 But either make it their faire president
 By which to build another, or at least,
 With there to inhabite: Being set to sale,
 In comes a slothfull Tenant, with a Family
 As lasie and debosht; Rough tempests rise,
 Vntile the rooffe, which by their idleneffe,
 Left vnrepai'd, the stormy showres beat in,
 Rot the maine Postes and Rafters, spoile the Roomes,
 Deface the Seelings, and in little space,
 Bring it to utter Ruine, yet the fault,
 Not in the Architector that first reared it,
 But him that should repaire it: So it fares
 With vs yong men; Wee are those houses made,
 Our Parents raise these Structures, the foundation
 Laid in our Infancy; and as wee grow
 In yeeres, they strue to build vs by degrees,
 Story on story higher; vp at height,
 They cover vs with Councell, to defend vs
 From stormes without: they polish vs within,
 With Learnings, Knowledge, Arts and Disciplines;
 All that is nought and vicious, they sweepe from vs,
 Like Dust and Cobwebs, and our Roomes concealed,
 Hang with the costliest hangings; Bout the Walls,
 Emblems and beautilous Symbols pictured round;
 But when that lasie Tenant, Loue, steps in,
 And in his Traine, brings Sloth and Negligence,
 Lust, Difobedience, and profuse Excesse;
 The Thrift with which our fathers tiled our Roofes,
 Submits to euery storme and Winters blast.

Enter *Blanda* a Whore, and *Scapha* a Bawde.

And yeelding place to euery riotous finne,
Giues way without, to ruine what's within :
Such is the state I stand in.

Blan. And how doth this Tire become me ?

Sca. Rather aske, how your sweet carriage,
And Court behauour, doth best grace you, for Louers
regard,
Not so much the outward habit, as that which the
garment couers.

Y. Lio. Oh heer's that Haile, Shower, Tempest,
Storme, and Gust,
That shatter'd hath this building ; Let in Lust,
Intemperance, appetite to Vice ; withall,
Neglect of euery Goodnesse ; Thus I see,
How I am sincking in mine owne diseafe,
Yet can I not abide it.

Bla. And how this Gowne ? I prethee view mee
well,
And speake with thy best Iudgement.

Sca. What doe you talke of Gownes, and Orna-
ments ;
That haue a Beautie, pretious in it selfe,
And becomes any thing.

Y. Lio. Let me not liue, but she speaks nought but
truth,
And ile for that reward her.

Bla. All's one to mee, become they mee, or not,
Or bee I faire, or fowle, in others eyes,
So I appeare so to my Lionell,
Hee is the glasse, in whom I iudge my face,
By whom in order, I will dresse these curles,
And place these Iewels, onely to please him,
Why do'st smile.

Sca. To heere a Woman, that thinks her selfe so
wise, speake so foolishlie, that knowes well, and does
ill.

Bla. Teach me wherein I erre.

Sca. Ile tell thee Daughter ; In that thou knowest thy felfe to bee beloued of fo many, and fetlest thy affection, only vpon one ; Doth the Mill grinde onely, when the Wind fits in one corner ? Or Shipps onely Saile, when it's in this, or that quarter ? Is hee a cunning Fencer, that lies but at one Guard ? Or he a Skilfull Musician, that plaies but on one String ? Is there but one way to the Wood ? And but one Bucket that belongs to the Well ? To affect one, and despise all other, becomes the precise Matron, not the Prostitute ; the loyall Wife, not the loose Wanton : Such haue I beene, as you are now, and should learne, to Saile with all Windes, defend all Blowes, make Musicke with all Strings, know all the wayes, to the Wood, and like a good traueiling Hackney, learne to drinke of all Waters.

Y. Lio. May I miscarry in my Blandaes loue ;
If I that old damnation, doe not send
To Hell, before her time.

Bla. I would not haue you Mother, teach me
ought,
That tends to injure him.

Sca. Well looke too 't when 'tis too late, and then repent at leasure, as I haue done : Thou see'st, heeres nothing but Prodigallity and Pride, Wantoning, and Wasting, Rioting, and Reuelling, Spoyling, and Spending, Gluttony, and Gormondising, all goes to Hauocke, and can this hold out ? When he hath nothing left, to helpe himselfe, how can he Harbour thee ? Looke at length, to Drinke from a dry Bottle, and feed from an emptie Knap-sacke, looke too 't, 'twill come to that.

Y. Lio. My parfemony shall begin in thee,
And instantly, for from this houre, I vow,
That thou no more shalt Drinke vpon my cost,
Nor taste the smallest Fragment from my Board ;
Ile see thee starue ith' street first.

Sca. Liue to one man ? a ieaft, thou may'st aswell,
tie thy felfe to one Gowne ; and what Foole, but will

change with the Fashion, Yes, doe, Confine thy selfe
to one Garment, and vse no Varietie, and see how
soone it will Rot, and turne to Raggs.

Y. Lio. Those Raggs, be thy Reward ; Oh my
sweet Blanda,
Onely for Thee, I wish my Father dead,
And neere to Rouse vs from our Sweet delight ;
But for this Hag, this Beldam, shee whose backe,
Hath made her Items, in my Mercers Bookes,
Whose rauenous Guts, I haue Stuft with Delicates,
Nay euen to Surfit ; and whose frozen Blood,
I haue Warmed with Aquauitæ ; Be this day
My last of Bounty, to a Wretch Ingrate,
But vnto Thee, a new Indenture Sealed,
Of an affection fixt, and Permanent,
Ile loue thee still, bee 't but to giue the lye,
To this old Cancker'd Worme.

Bla. Nay, be not angrie.

Y. Lio. With thee, my Soule shall euer be at peace,
But with this loue seducer, still at Warre.

Enter Rioter and two Gallants.

Sca. Heere me but speake.

Y. Lio. Ope but thy lips againe, it makes a way,
To haue thy Tongue pluck'd out.

Rio. What all in Tempest ?

Y. Lio. Yes, and the Storme, raised by that
Witches Spells,
Oh 'tis a Damn'd Inchantresse.

Rio. What's the businesse ?

Bla. Onely some few words, slipt her vnawares,
For my Sake, make her peace.

Rio. You charge me deeply,
Come Friend, will you be Moou'd at womens Words,
A man of your knowne iudgement ?

Y. Lio. Had you but heard,
The damn'd Erronious Doctrine that shee taught,
You would haue iudg'd her to the Stake.

Bla. But Sweet heart,
Shee now Recants those Errours, once more Number
her

Amongst your Household seruants.

Rio. Shall she beg, and be denyed ought from you?

Bla. Come this Kisse, Shall end all former quarrells.

Rio. 'Tis not possible,
Those Lippes should moue in vaine, that two wayes
plead;

Both in their Speech, and Silence.

Y. Lio. You haue preuail'd,
But vpon this Condition, noway else,
Ile Senfure her, as shee hath Sentenc'd thee;
But with some small Inuerfion.

Rio. Speake, how's that?

Bla. Not too feuer, I prethee, see poore wretch,
Shee at the barre, stands quaking.

Y. Lio. Now, hold vp?

Rio. How man, how?

Y. Lio. Her hand, I meane; And now il'e sentence thee,

According to thy Councell giuen to her:
Saile by one Winde; Thou shalt, to one tune Sing,
Lie at one Guard, and Play but on one String,
Hencefoorth, I will Confine thee to one Garment,
And that shall be a cast one, Like thy selfe
Iust, past all Wearing, as thou past all Vse,
And not to be renewed, til't be as Ragged,
As thou art Rotten.

Bla. Nay sweet.

Y. Lio. That for her Habbit.

Sca. A cold Sute, I haue on't.

Y. Lio. To preuent Surfit,
Thy Diet, shall bee to one Dish confin'd,
And that too Rifled, with as vncleane hands,
As ere were laid on thee.

Sca. What hee scants me in Victuals, would he
but alow mee in Drinke.

Y. Lio. That shall be the refuse of the Flagons,
Jacks,
And Snuffes, such as the nastiest Breathes shall leaue ;
Of Wine, and Strong-water, neuer hope,
Hencefoorth to Smell.

Sca. Oh me, I Faint already.

Y. Lio. If I fincke in my State, of all the rest,
Be thou excused, what thou proposed to her,
Beldam, is now against thy selfe decreed,
Drinke from drie springs, from empty Knap-sacks
feede.

Sca. No burnt Wine, nor Hot-waters.

She Swounds.

Y. Lio. Take her hence.

Bla. Indeede you are too cruell.

Y. Lio. Yes to her,
Onely of purpose, to be kind to thee ;
Are any of my Guests come ?

Rio. Feare not Sir,
You will haue a full Table.

Y. Lio. What, and Musicke ?

Rio. Best Confort in the Citie, for fixe parts.

Y. Lio. Wee shall haue Songs then ?

Rio. Bith' eare.

Whispers.

Y. Lio. And Wenches ?

Rio. Yes bith' eye.

Bla. Ha, what was that you said ?

Rio. We shall haue such to beare you company,
As will no doubt content you.

Y. Lio. Euer then :
In Youth there is a Fate, that swayes vs still,
To know what's Good, and yet pursue what's Ill.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter old Master Wincott, and his Wife.

Winc. And what's this Dalauill ?

Wife. My apprehension,
Can giue him no more true exprefſion,
Then that he firſt appeares, a Gentleman,
And well conditioned.

Winc. That for outward ſhew ;
But what in him haue you obſerued elſe,
To make him better knowne ?

Wife. I haue not Eyes,
To ſearch into the inward Thoughts of Men,
Nor euer was I ſtudied in that Art,
To iudge of Mens affection by the face ;
But that which makes me beſt opinion'd of him,
Is, That he's the Companion, and the Friend
Beloued of him, whom you ſo much commend,
The Noble Maſter Geraldine.

Winc. Thou haſt ſpoke,
That which not onely crownes his true deſert,
But now inflates him in my better thoughts,
Making his Worth, vnqueſtioned.

Wife. Hee pretends
Loue to my ſiſter Pru. I haue obſeru'd him,
Single her out, to priuate conference.

Winc. But I could rather, for her owne fake, wiſh
Young Geraldine would fixe his thoughts that way,
And ſhee towards him ; In ſuch Affinity,
Truſt me, I would not uſe a ſparing hand.

Wife. But Loue in theſe kindes, ſhould not be
compel'd,
Forc'd, nor Perſwaded ; When it freely Springs,
And of it ſelfe, takes voluntary Roote,
It Growes, it Spreads, it Ripens, and brings forth,
Such an Vfurious Crop of timely Fruit,
As crownes a plentious Autume.

Enter Clowne.

Winc. Such a Harueſt,
I ſhould not be th' vngladdeſt man to ſee,
Of all thy ſiſters friends : Now, whence come you ?

Clo. Who, I Sir, From a Lodging of Lardgeſſe, a

House of Hospitality, and a Pallace of Plenty ; Where there's Feeding like Horses, and Drinking like Fishes ; Where for Pints, w'are serued in Pottles ; and in stead of Pottle-pots, in Pailles ; in stead of Siluer-tanckards, we drinke out of Water-tanckards ; Clarret runs as freely, as the Cocks ; and Canarie, like the Conduits of a Coronation day ; Where there's nothing but Feeding and Frollicking ; Caruing in Kissing ; Drinking, and Dauncing ; Musicke and Madding ; Fidling and Feasting.

Winc. And where, I pray thee, are all these Reuels kept ?

Clo. They may be rather called Reakes then Reuels ; As I came along by the doore, I was call'd vp amongst them ; Hee-Gallants, and Shee-Gallants, I no sooner look'd out, but saw them out with their Knives, Slashing of Shoulders, Mangling of Legs, and Lanching of Loynes, till there was scarce a whole Limbe left amongst them.

Winc. A fearefull Maffacre.

Clo. One was Hacking to cut off a Necke, this was Mangling a Brest, his Knife slip from the Shoulder, and onely cut of a Wing, one was picking the Braines out of a Head, another was Knuckle deepe in a Belly, one was Groping for a Liuer, another Searching for the Kidneyes ; I saw one plucke the Sole from the Body (Goose that she was to suffer't) another prickt into the Breast with his one Bill, Woodcocke to indure it.

Wife. How fell they out at first ?

Clo. I know not that, but it seemes, one had a Stomacke, and another had a Stomacke ; But there was such biting and tearing with their teeths, that I am sure, I saw some of their poore Carcasses pay for't.

Winc. Did they not send for Surgeons ?

Clo. Alas no, Surgeons helpe was too late ; There was no stitching vp of those Wounds, where Limbe was pluckt from Limbe ; Nor any Salue for those Scarrs, which all the Plaister of Paris cannot Cure.

Winc. Where grew the quarrell first ?

Clo. It seemes it was first Broacht in the Kitchen ; Certaine creatures being brought in thither, by some of the House ; The Cooke being a Colloricke fellow, did so Towse them and Toffe them, so Plucke them and Pull them, till hee left them as naked as my Naile, Pinioned some of them like Fellons ; Cut the Spurres from others of their Heeles ; Then downe went his Spits, Some of them he ranne in at the Throat, and out at the Back-side : About went his Basting-Ladle, where he did so besawce them, that many a shrode turne they had amongst them.

Wife. But in all this, How did the Women scape ?

Clo. They fared best, and did the least hurt that I saw ; But for quietnesse sake, were forc'd to swallow what is not yet digested, yet euery one had their share, and shee that had least, I am sure by this time, hath her belly full.

Winc. And where was all this hauocke kept ?

Clo. Marry Sir, at your next neighbours, Young Master Lionell, Where there is nothing but Drinking out of Dry-Fats, and Healing in Halfe-Tubs, his Guests are fed by the Belly, and Beggars serued at his Gate in Baskets ; Hee's the Adamant of this Age, the Daffadill of these dayes, the Prince of Prodigallity, and the very Cæsar of all young Citizens.

Winc. Belike then, 'twas a Massacre of meat, not as I apprehended ?

Clo. Your grauity hath gest aright ; The chiefeſt that fell in this Battell, were wild Fowle and tame Fowle ; Pheffants were wounded in ſtead of Alfareſſe, and Capons for Captaines, Anchoues ſtood for Antians, and Caiuare for Corporals, Diſhes were aſſaulted in ſtead of Ditches, and Rabbets were cut to pieces vpon the rebellings, ſome loſt their Legs, whil'ſt other of their wings were forc'd to flie ; The Pioner vndermind nothing but Pie-cruſt ; And——

Winc. Enough, enough, your wit hath plai'd too long vpon our patience ;

Wife, it grieues me much both for the yong and old
man, the one,
Graces his head with care, endures the parching heat
and biting cold,
The terrours of the Lands, and feares at Sea in trauell,
onely to gaine
Some competent estate to leaue his sonne ;
Whiles all that Merchandise, through Gulfes, Crosse-
Tides,
Pirats and Stormes, he brings so farre, Th' other
Heere Shipwrackes in the Harbour.

Wife. Tis the care of Fathers ; and the weakenesse
Incident to youth, that wants experience.

Enter Y. Geraldine, Dallauill, Prudentilla, laughing.

Clo. I was at the beginning of the Battell,
But heere comes some, that it seemes
Were at the rifling of the dead Carcasses ;
For by their mirth, they haue had part of the Spoile.

Winc. You are pleasant, Gentlemen, what I en-
treat,
Might be the Subiect of your pleasant sport,
It promifeth some pleasure ?

Prud. If their recreation
Bee, as I make no question, on truth grounded,
'twill beget sudden laughter.

Wife. What's the Proiect ?

Dal. Who shall relate it.

Winc. Master Geraldine, if there be any thing can
please my Eare,
With pleasant foundes, your Tongue must be the In-
strument,
On which the String must strike.

Dal. Bee't his then.

Prud. Nay heare it, 'tis a good one.

Wife. Wee intreat you, Possesse vs oth' Nouell.

Winc. Speake, good Sir.

Y. Ger. I shall then, with a kind of Barbarisme,

Shaddow a Ieast, that askes a smooother Tongue,
For in my poore discourse, I doe protest,
'twill but loofe his luster.

Wife. You are Modest.

Winc. Howeuer, speake, I pray ; For my sake
doo't ?

Clo. This is like a hastie Pudding, longer in eating,
then it was in making.

Y. Ger. Then thus it was, this Gentleman and I,
Past but iust now, by your next Neighbours house,
Where as they say, dwels one Young Lionell.

Clo. Where I was to night at Supper.

Winc. An vnthrif Youth, his Father now at Sea.

Y. Ger. Why that's the very Subiect, vpon which
It seemes, this Iest is grounded, there this Night,
Was a great feast.

Clo. Why so I told you, Sir.

Winc. Bee thou still dumbe, 'tis hee that I would
heare.

Y. Ger. In the height of their Carowfing, all their
braines,

Warm'd with the heat of Wine ; Discourse was offer'd,
Of Ships, and Stormes at Sea ; when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildnesse, one conceiues
The Roome wherein they quafft, to be a Pinnace,
Moouing and Floating ; and the confused Noise,
To be the murmuring Windes, Gusts, Marriners ;
That their vnstedfast Footing, did proceed
From rocking of the Vessell : This conceiu'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to looke out for safety, flie faith one
Vp to the Maine-top, and discover ; Hee
Climbes by the bed post, to the Teaster, there
Reports a Turbulent Sea and Tempest towards ;
And wills them if they'le saue their Ship and liues,
To cast their Lading ouer-board ; At this
All fall to Worke, and Hoyste into the Street,
As to the Sea, What next come to their hand,
Stooles, Tables, Treffels, Trenchers, Bed-steds, Cups,

Pots, Plate, and Glaffes ; Heere a fellow Whistles,
They take him for the Boat-swaine, one lyes strugling
Vpon the floore, as if he swome for life,
A third, takes the Base-violl for the Cock-boate,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and Rowes ;
His Oare, the Sticke with which the Fidler plaid ;
A fourth, bestrides his Fellowes, thinking to scape
As did Arion, on the Dolphins backe,
Still fumbling on a gitterne.

Clo. Excellent Sport.

Winc. But what was the conclusion ?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoyle
Cast from the windowes, went bith' eares about it ;
The Constable is called to Attone the broyle,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of eminent Ship-racke ; enters the house, and finds
them

In this confusion, They Adore his staffe,
And thinke it Neptunes Trident, and that hee
Comes with his Tritons, (so they cal'd his watch)
To calme the Tempest, and appease the Waues ;
And at this point, wee left them.

Clo. Come what will, ile steale out of Doores,
And see the end of it, that's certaine. *Exit.*

Winc. Thanks Master Geraldine, for this discourse,
Introath it hath much pleased mee, but the night
Begins to grow faste on vs, for your parts,
You are all young, and you may sit vp late,
My eyes begin to summon mee to sleepe,
And nothing's more offensive vnto Age,
Then to watch long and late.

Y. Ger. Now good Rest with you.

Dal. What saies faire Prudentilla ? Maids and
Widdows,
And wee young Batchelors, such as indeed
Are forc'd to lie in Solitary beds,
And sleepe without disturbance, wee methinks,
Should desire later houres ; when Married Wiues,

That in their amorous armes, hug their delights ;
To often wakings subiect ; their more hast,
May better bee excused.

Prud. How can you,
That are as you confesse, a single man,
Enter so farre into these Misticall secrets
Of Mariage, which as yet you neuer prooued.

Dal. There's Lady, an instinct innate in man,
Which prompts vs to the apprehensions
Of th' vses wee were borne to ; Such we are
Aptest to learne ; Ambitious most to know,
Of which our chiefe is Marriage.

Prud. What you Men
Most meditate, wee Women feldome dreame of.

Dal. When dreame Maids most ?

Prud. When thinke you ?

Dal. When you lie vpon your Backs, come come,
your Eare. *Exit Dal. and Prud.*

Y. Ger. Wee now are left alone.

Wife. Why say wee be who should be iealous
of vs ?

This is not first of many hundred Nights,
That wee two haue beene priuate, from the first
Of our acquaintance, when our Tongues but clipt
Our Mothers-tongue, and could not speake it plaine,
Wee knew each other ; As in stature, so
Increast our sweet Societie ; Since your trauell,
And my late Marriage, Through my Husbands loue,
Mid-night hath beene as Mid-day, and my Bed-
chamber,

As free to you, as your owne Fathers house,
And you as welcome too't.

Y. Ger. I must confesse,
It is in you, your Noble Courtesie,
In him, a more then common confidence,
And in this Age, can scarce find president.

Wife. Most trew, it is withall an Argument,
That both our vertues are so deepe imprest
In his good thoughts, hee knowes we cannot erre.

Y. Ger. A villaine were hee, to deceiue fuch trust,
Or (were there one) a much worfe Carracter.

Wife. And she no lesse, whom either Beauty, Youth,
Time, Place, or opportunity could tempt,
To iniure fuch a Husband.

Y. Ger. You deserue, euen for his sake, to be for
euer young ;
And hee for yours, to haue his Youth renew'd ;
So mutuall is your trew coniugall Loue ;
Yet had the Fates so pleas'd

Wife. I know your meaning.
It was once voyc'd, that wee two should haue Matcht,
The World so thought, and many Tongues so spake,
But Heauen hath now dispos'd vs otherwayes ;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I protest, was neuer wisht, nor fought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Y. Ger. In those times,
Of all the Treasures of my Hopes and Loue,
You were th' Exchequer, they were Stor'd in you ;
And had not my vnfortunate Trauell crost them,
They had bin heere reserued still.

Wife. Troath they had,
I should haue beene your trusty Treasurer.

Y. Ger. Howeuer let vs Loue still, I intreat :
That, Neighbour-hood and breeding will allow ;
So much the Lawes Diuine and Humaine both,
Twixt Brother and a Sister will approue ;
Heauen then forbid, that they should limit vs
Wish well to one another.

Wife. If they should not,
Wee might proclaime, they were not Charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceiue.

Y. Ger. Will you resolue me one thing ?

Wife. As to one,
That in my Bosome hath a second place,
Next my deere Husband.

Y. Ger. That's the thing I craue,
And onely that, to haue a place next him.

Wife. Prefume on that already, but perhaps,
You meane to stretch it further.

Y. Ger. Onely thus farre,
Your Husbands old, to whom my Soule doth wish,
A Nesters age, So much he merits from me ;
Yet if (as prooffe and Nature daily teach)
Men cannot alwayes liue, especially
Such as are old and Crazed ; Hee be cal'd hence,
Fairely, in full maturity of time,
And we two be referu'd to after life,
Will you conferre your Widow-hood on mee ?

Wife. You aske the thing, I was about to beg ;
Your tongue hath spake mine owne thoughts.

Y. Ger. Vow to that.

Wife. As I hope Mercy.

Y. Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone, inflates me happy ; Now so please you,
Wee will diuide, you to your priuate Chamber,
I to find out my friend.

Wife. Nay Master Geraldine,
One Ceremonie rests yet vnperform'd,
My Vow is past, your oath must next proceed,
And as you couet to be sure of me,
Of you I would be certaine.

Y. Ger. Make ye doubt ?

Wife. No doubt ; but Loue's still Iealous, and in
that

To be excused ; You then shall sweare by Heauen,
And as in all your future Acts, you hope
To thriue and prosper ; As the Day may yeeld
Comfort, or the Night rest, as you would keepe
Entire, the Honour of your Fathers house,
And free your Name from Scandall and Reproach,
By all the Goodnesse that you hope to enioy,
Or ill to shun——

Y. Ger. You charge me deeply Lady.

Wife. Till that day come, you shall referue your
felfe

A single man ; Conuerse nor company
With any Woman, Contract nor Combine,
With Maid, or Widow ; which expected houre,
As I doe wish not haste, so when it happens,
It shall not come vnwelcome ; You heare all,
Vow this.

Y. Ger. By all that you haue said, I sweare,
And by this Kisse Confirm.

Wife. Y'are now my Brother,
But then, my second Husband.

Exeunt.

Enter Y. Lionell, Rioter, Blanda, Scapha, two Gallants, and two Wenches, as newly wak'd from sleepe.

Y. Lio. Wee had a stormy night on't.

Bla. The Wine still workes,
And with the little rest they haue tooke to night,
They are scarce come to themselues.

Y. Lio. Now 'tis a Calme,
Thankes to those gentle Sea-gods, that haue brought vs
To this safe Harbour ; Can you tell their names ?

Sca. He with the Painted-staffe, I heard you call
Neptune.

Y. Lio. The dreadfull god of Seas,
Vpon whose backe neere stucke March flees.

1. *Gall.* One with the Bill, keepes Neptunes Por-
poses,
So *Ouid* sayes in 's *Metamorphosis*.

2. *Gall.* A third the learned Poets write on,
And as they say, His name is Triton.

Y. Lio. These are the Marine gods, to whom my
father

In his long voyage prayes too ; Cannot they
That brought vs to our Hauen, bury him
In their Abisse ? For if he safe ariue,
I with these Sailors, Syrens, and what not,
Am sure heere to be shipwrackt.

1. *Wen.* Stand vp stiffe.

Rio. But that the ship so totters : I shall fall.

1. *Wen.* If thou fall, Ile fall with thee.

Rio. Now I fincke,
 And as I diue and drowne, Thus by degrees,
 Ile plucke thee to the bottome. *They fall.*

Enter Reignald.

Y. Lio. Amaine for England, See, fee,
 The Spaniard now strikes Saile.

Reig. So must you all.

1. *Gall.* Whence is your ship, from the *Bermoothes* ?

Reig. Worfe, I thinke from Hell :

We are all Loft, Split, Shipwrackt, and vndone,
 This place is a meere quick-sands.

2. *Gall.* So we feared.

Reig. Wher's my young Master ?

Y. Sio. Heere man, speake, the Newes ?

Reig. The Newes is, I, and you——

Y. Lio. What ?

Reig. Shee, and all these——

Bla. I ?

Reig. We and all ours, are in one turbulent Sea
 Of Feare, Dispaire, Disaster and mischance swallowed :
 Your father, Sir——

Y. Lio. Why, what of him ?

Reig. He is, Oh I want breath.

Y. Lio. Where ?

Reig. Landed, and at hand.

Y. Lio. Vpon what coast ? Who saw him ?

Reig. I, these eyes.

Y. Lio. Oh Heauen, what shall I doe then ?

Reig. Aske ye me

What shall become of you, that haue not yet
 Had time of fluddy to dispose my selfe ;
 I say againe, I was vpon the Key,
 I saw him land, and this way bend his course ;
 What drunkard's this, that can out sleepe a storme
 Which threatens all our ruines ? Wake him.

Bla. Ho, Rioter, awake.

Rio. Yes, I am wake ;

How dry hath this Salt-water made me ; Boy,
Giue me th' other Glasse.

Y. Lio. Arise, I say,
My Fathers come from Sea.

Rio. If he be come, Bid him be gone againe.

Reig. Can you trifle
At such a time, when your Inuentions, Braines,
Wits, Plots, Deuices, Stratagems, and all
Should be at one in action ? each of you
That loue your safeties, lend your helping hands,
Women and all, to take this drunkard hence,
And to bestow him else where.

Bla. Lift for Heauens sake. *They carry him in.*

Reig. But what am I the neerer, were all these
Conuey'd to fundry places and vnseene ;
The flaine of our disorders still remaine,
Of which, the house will witnesse, and the old man
Must finde when he enters ; And for these

Enter againe.

I am here left to answere : What is he gone ?

Y. Lio. But whither ? But into th' selfe same house
That harbours him ; my Fathers, where we all
Attend from him surprisall.

Reig. I will make
That Prison of your feares, your Sanctuary ,
Goe get you in together.

Y. Lio. To this house ?

Reig. Your Fathers, with your Sweet-heart, these
and all ;

Nay, no more words but doo 't.

Bla. That were to betray vs to his fury.

Reig. I haue 't heere,
To Baile you hence at pleasure ; and in th' interim,
Ile make this supposed Goale, to you, as safe
From the iniur'd old mans iust incensed spleene,
As were you now together ith' Low-Countreyes,

Virginia, or ith' Indies.

Bla. Prefent feare,
Bids vs to yeeld vnto the faint beliefe
Of the leaft hoped fafety.

Reig. Will you in ?

Omn. By thee we will be counsell'd.

Reig. Shut them faft.

Y. Lio. And thou and I to leaue them ?

Reig. No fuch thing,
For you fhall beare your Sweet-heart company,
And helpe to cheere the reft.

Y. Lio. And fo thou
Meaneft to efcape alone ?

Reig. Rather without,
Ile ftand a Champion for you all within ;
Will you be fwai'd ? One thing in any cafe
I muft aduife ; The gates boulted and lockt,
See that 'mongft you no liuing voyce be heard ;
No not fo much as a Dog to howle,
Or Cat to mewe, all filence, that I charge ;
As if this were a meere forfaken houle,
And none did there inhabite.

Y. Lio. Nothing elfe ?

Reig. And though the old man thunder at the
gates
As if he meant to ruine what he had rear'd,
None on their liues to anfwere.

Y. Lio. 'Tis my charge ;
Remaines there nothing elfe ?

Reig. Onely the Key ;
For I muft play the goaler for your durance,
To bee the Mercurie in your releafe,

Y. Lio. Me and my hope, I in this Key deliuer
To thy fafe truft.

Reig. When you are faft you are fafe,
And with this turne 'tis done : What fooles are thefe,
To truft their ruin'd fortunes to his hands
That hath betrai'd his owne ; And make themfelues

Prifoner to one deferues to lie for all,
As being caufe of all ; And yet fomewhat prompts me,
Ile ftand it at all dangers ; And to recompence
The many wrongs vnto the yong man done :
Now, if I can doubly delude the old,
My braine, about it then ; All's hufht within,
The noife that fhall be, I muft make without ;
And he that part for gaine, and part for wit,
So farre hath trauell'd, ftriue to foole at home :
Which to effect, Art muft with Knauery ioyne,
And fmooth Diffembling meet with Impudence ;
Ile doe my beft, and howfoere it prooue,
My praife or fhame, 'tis but a feruants loue.

Enter old Lionell like a ciuill Merchant, with Watermen, and two feruants with Burdens and Caskets.

Old Lio. Difcharge thefe honeft Sailors that haue brought

Our Chefts a fhore, and pray them haue a care,
Thofe merchandife be fafe we left aboard :
As Heauen hath bleft vs with a fortunate Voyage,
In which we bring home riches with our healthes,
So let not vs prooue niggards in our ftore ;
See them paid well, and to their full content.

1. Ser. I fhall Sir.

Old Lio. Then returne : Thefe fpeciall things,
And of moft value, wee le not truft aboard ;
Meethinkes they are not fafe till they fee home,
And there repofe, where we will reft our felues,
And bid farewell to Trauell ; for I vow,
After this houre no more to truft the Seas,
Nor throw mee to fuch danger.

Reig. I could wifh
You had tooke your leaue oth' Land too.

Old Lio. And now it much reioyceth me, to thinke
What a moft fudden welcome I fhall bring,
Both to my Friends and priuate Family.

Reig. Oh, but how much more welcome had he
 beene,
 That had brought certaine tidings of thy death.

Old Lio. But soft, what's this? my owne gates
 shut vpon me,
 And barre their Master entrance? Whose within
 there?

How, no man speake, are all asleepe or dead,
 That no soule stirres to open? *Knocks aloud.*

Reig. What madde man's that, who weary of his
 life,
 Dares once lay hand on these accursed gates?

Old Lio. Whose that? my seruant Reignald.

Reig. My old Master,
 Most glad I am to see you; Are you well Sir?

Old Lio. Thou see'st I am.

Reig. But are you sure you are?
 Feele you no change about you? Pray you stand off.

Old Lio. What strange and vnexpected greetings
 this,
 That thus a man may knocke at his owne gates,
 Beat with his hands and feet, and call thus loud,
 And no man giue him entrance?

Reig. Said you Sir;
 Did your hand touch that hammer?

Old Lio. Why, whose else?

Reig. But are you sure you toucht it?

Old Lio. How else, I prethee, could I haue made
 this noife?

Reig. You toucht it then?

Old Lio. I tell thee yet I did.

Reig. Oh for the love I beare you,
 Oh me most miserable, you, for your owne sake,
 Of all aliue most wretched; Did you touch it?

Old Lio. Why, say I did?

Reig. You haue then a sinne committed,
 No sacrifice can expiate to the Dead;
 But yet I hope you did not.

Old Lio. 'Tis past hope,

The deed is done, and I repent it not.

Reig. You and all yours will doo't. In this one
rashnes,

You haue vndone vs all ; Pray be not desperate,
But first thanke Heauen that you haue escapt thus
well ;

Come from the gate, yet further, further yet,
And tempt your fate no more ; Command your ser-
uants

Giue off and come no neerer, they are ignorant,
And doe not know the danger, therefore pity
That they should perish in 't ; 'Tis full seuen moneths,
Since any of your house durst once set foot
Ouer that threshold.

Old Lio. Preethee speake the cause ?

Reig. First looke about, beware that no man heare,
Command these to remooue.

Old Lio. Be gone. *Exit* Seruants. Now speake.

Reig. Oh Sir, This house is growne Prodigious,
Fatall, Difasterous vnto you and yours.

Old Lio. What Fatall ? what Difasterous ?

Reig. Some Host that hath beene owner of this
house,

In it his Guest hath slaine ; And we suspect
'Twas he of whom you bought it.

Old Lio. How came this
Discouer'd to you first ?

Reig. Ile tell you Sir,
But further from the gate : Your sonne one night
Suppt late abroad, I within ; Oh that night,
I neuer shall forget ; Being safe got home,
I saw him in his chamber laid to rest ;
And after went to mine, and being drowfie,
Forgot by chance, to put the Candle out ;
Being dead asleepe ; Your sonne affrighted, calls
So loud, that I soone waken'd ; Brought in light,
And found him almost drown'd in fearefull sweat ;
Amaz'd to see't, I did demand the cause :
Who told me, that this murdered Ghost appeared,

His body gasht, and all ore-stucke with wounds ;
And spake to him as followes.

Old Lio. Oh proceed,
'Tis that I long to heare.

Reig. I am, quoth he,
A Tranf-marine by birth, who came well stored
With Gold and Iewels, to this fatall house ;
Where seeking safety, I encounter'd death :
The couetous Merchant, Land-lord of this rent,
To whom I gaue my life and wealth in charge ;
Freely to enjoy the one, rob'd me of both :
Heere was my body buried, here my Ghost
Must euer walke, till that haue Christian right ;
Till when, my habitation must be here :
Then flie yong man, Remooue thy family,
And seeke some safer dwelling : For my death,
This mansion is accurst ; 'Tis my possession,
Bought at the deere rate of my life and blood,
None enter here, that ayms at his owne good.
And with this charge he vanisht.

Old Lio. Oh my feare,
Whither wilt thou transport me ?

Reig. I intreat keepe further from the gate, and
flie.

Old Lio. Flie whither ? Why doest not thou flie
too ?

Reig. What need I feare, the Ghost and I am
friends.

Old Lio. But Reignald.

Reig. Tush, I nothing haue deferued,
Nor ought transgress : I came not neere the gate.

Old Lio. To whom was that thou spakest ?

Reig. Was't you Sir nam'd me ?
Now as I liue, I thought the dead man call'd,
To enquire for him that thunder'd at the gate
Which he so dearely pai'd for : Are you madd,
To stand a fore-seene danger ?

Old Lio. What shall I doe ?

Reig. Couer your head and flie ; Left looking
backe,

You spie your owne confusion.

Old Lio. Why doest not thou flie too?

Reig. I tell you Sir,
The Ghost and I am friends.

Old Lio. Why didst thou quake then?

Reig. In feare lest some mischance may fall on you,
That haue the dead offended ; For my part,
The Ghost and I am friends : Why flie you not,
Since here you are not safe ?

Old Lio. Some blest powers guard me.

Reig. Nay Sir, ile not forsake you : I haue got the
start ;

But ere the goale, 'twill aske both Braine and Art.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter old Master Geraldine, Y. Geraldine, Master
Wincott, and Wife, Dalauill, Prudentilla.*

Winc. We are bound to you, kind Master Geraldine,
For this great entertainment ; Troath your cost
Hath much exceeded common neighbour-hood :
You haue feasted vs like Princes.

Old Ger. This, and more
Many degrees, can neuer counteruaile
The oft and frequent welcomes giuen my sonne :
You haue tooke him from me quite, and haue I thinke,
Adopted him into your family,
He staies with me so feldome.

Win. And in this,
By trusting him to me, of whom your selfe
May haue both vse and pleasure, y'are as kind
As money'd men, that might make benefit
Of what they are possest, yet to their friends

In need, will lend it gratis.

Wife. And like such,
As are indebted more then they can pay ;
Wee more and more confesse our felues engaged
To you, for your forbearance.

Prud. Yet you see,
Like Debtors, such as would not breake their day ;
The Treasure late receiued, wee tender backe,
The which, the longer you can spare, you still
The more shall binde vs to you.

Old Ger. Most kind Ladies,
Worthy you are to borrow, that returne
The Principall, with such large vse of thanks.

Dal. What strange felicitie these Rich men take,
To talke of borrowing, lending, and of vse ;
The vsurers language right.

Winc. Y'auē Master Geraldine,
Faire walkes and gardens, I haue praised them,
Both to my Wife and Sister.

Old Ger. You would see them,
There's no pleasure that the House can yeeld,
That can be debar'd from you ; prethee Sonne,
Be thou the Vsher to those Mounts and Prospects
May one day call thee Master.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall ;
Please you to walke.

Prud. What Master Dalauill,
Will you not beare vs company.

Dal. 'Tis not fit
That wee should leaue our Noble host alone,
Be you my Friends charge, and this old man mine.

Prud. Well, bee't then at your pleasure. *Exeunt.*

Manet Dalauill and Old Geraldine.

Dal. You to your Prospects, but there's proiect
heere
That's of another Nature ; Worthy Sir,
I cannot but approue your happineffe,
To be the Father of so braue a Sonne,

So euery way accomplish't and made vp,
In which my voice is least : For I alasse,
Beare but a meane part in the common quier,
When with much lowder accents of his praise,
So all the world reports him.

Old Ger. Thanke my Starres,
They haue lent me one, who as he alwayes was,
And is my present ioy ; If their aspect
Be no wayes to our goods Maleuolent,
May be my Future comfort.

Dal. Yet must I hold him happie aboue others,
As one that Solie to himselfe inioyes
What many others aime at ; But in vaine.

Old Ger. How meane you that ?

Dal. So Beautifull a Mistresse.

Old Ger. A Mistresse, said you ?

Dal. Yes Sir, or a Friend,
Whether you please to stile her.

Old Ger. Mistresse ? Friend ?
Pray be more open languag'd.

Dal. And indeed,
Who can blame him to absent himselfe from home,
And make his Fathers house but as a grange,
For a Beautie so Attractive ? Or blame her,
Huging so weake an old Man in her armes,
To make a new choice, of an equall youth,
Being in him so Perfect ? yet introath,
I thinke they both are honest.

Old Ger. You haue Sir,
Possess me with such strange fancies.

Dal. For my part,
How can I loue the person of your Sonne,
And not his reputation ? His repaire
So often to the House, is voyct by all,
And frequent in the mouthes of the whole Countrey,
Some equally addicted, praise his happinesse ;
But others, more Cenforious and Austere,
Blame and reprooue a course so disolute ;
Each one in generall, pittie the good man,

As one vnfriendly dealt with, yet in my conscience,
I thinke them truely Honeft.

Old Ger. 'Tis fuspitious.

Dal. True Sir, at best ; But what when scandal-
ous tongues

Will make the worst ? and what good in it felfe,
Sullie and staine by fabulous mis-report ;
For let men liue as charie as they can,
Their liues are often questioned ; Then no wonder,
If such as giue occasion of fuspition,
Be subiect to this scandall : What I speake,
Is as a Noble Friend vnto your Sonne ;
And therefore, as I glory in his Fame,
I suffer in his wrong ; for as I liue,
I thinke, they both are honest.

Old Ger. Howsoeuer,
I wish them so.

Dal. Some course might be deuif'd,
To stop this clamor ere it grow too wrancke ;
Left that which yet but inconuenience seemes,
May turne to greater mischiefe ; This I speake
In Zeale to both, in foueraine care of him
As of a Friend ; And tender of her Honour,
As one to whom I hope to be allyed,
By Marriage with her Sister.

Old Ger. I much thanke you,
For you haue cleerely giuen me light of that,
Till now I neuer dreamt on.

Dal. 'Tis my Loue,
And therefore I intreat you, make not mee
To be the first reporter.

Old Ger. You haue done
The office of a Noble Gentleman,
And shall not be so iniur'd.

Enter againe as from Walking Winc. Wife, Y. Ger.
Prud.

Winc. See Master Geraldine,
How bold wee are, especially these Ladies

Play little better then the theeues with you,
For they haue robb'd your Garden.

Wife. You might Sir,
Better haue term'd it faucenes, then theft ;
You see we blush not, what we tooke in priuate,
To weare in publicke view.

Prud. Besides, these cannot
Be mist out of so many ; In full fields,
The gleanings are allow'd.

Old Ger. These and the rest,
Are Ladies, at your seruice.

Winc. Now to horse,
But one thing ere wee part, I must intreat ;
In which my Wife will be ioynt futer with me,
My Sister too.

Old Ger. In what I pray.

Winc. That hee
Which brought vs hither, may but bring vs home ;
Your much respected Sonne.

Old Ger. How men are borne,
To woe their owne disasters ?

Wife. But to see vs
From whence he brought vs Sir, that's all.

Old Ger. This second motion makes it Palpable :
To note a Womans cunning ; Make her husband
Bawde to her owne laciuous appetite,
And to Solicite his owne shame.

Prud. Nay Sir,
When all of vs ioyne in so small a fuit,
It were some iniurie to be deni'd.

Old Ger. And worke her Sister too ; What will
not woman
To accomplish her owne ends : But this disease,
Ile seeke to Phisicke ere it grow too farre :
I am most forrie to be vrg'd sweet Friends,
In what at this time I can no wayes grant ;
Most, that these Ladies should be ought deni'd,
To whom I owe all Seruice, but occasions
Of weighty and important consequence,

Such as concerne the best of my Estate,
Call him aside ; excuse vs both this once,
Presume this businesse is no sooner ouer,
But hee's at his owne freedome.

Winc. 'Twere no manners
In vs to vrge it further, wee will leaue you,
With promise Sir, that he shall in my will,
Not be the last remembred.

Old Ger. Wee are bound to you ;
See them to Horse, and instantly returne,
Wee haue Imployments for you.

Y. Ger. Sir I shall.

Dal. Remember your last promise.

Old Ger. Not to doo't,
I should forget my selfe : If I finde him false
To such a friend, be sure he forfeits me ;
In which to be more punctually resolu'd,
I haue a proiect how to sift his soule,
How 'tis enclin'd ; whether to yonder place,

Enter Y. Geraldine.

The cleare bright Pallace, or blacke Dungeon : See,
They are onward on the way, and hee return'd.

Y. Ger. I now attend your pleasure.

Old Ger. You are growne perfect man, and now
you float

Like to a well built Vessell ; 'Tweene two Currents,
Vertue and Vice ; Take this, you steere to harbour
Take that, to eminent shipwracke.

Y. Ger. Pray your meaning.

Old Ger. What fathers cares are, you shall neuer
know,

Till you your selfe haue children, Now my studdy,
Is how to make you such, that you in them
May haue a feeling of my loue to you.

Y. Ger. Pray Sir expound your selfe ; for I protest
Of all the Languages I yet haue learn'd,
This is to me most forraine.

Old Ger. Then I shall ;
I haue liued to see you in your prime of youth
And height of Fortune, so you will but take
Occasion by the forehead ; to be brieft,
And cut off all superfluous circumstance,
All the ambition that I ayme at now,
Is but to see you married.

Y. Ger. Married Sir.

Old Ger. And to that purpose, I haue found out
one,
Whose Youth and Beauty may not onely please
A curious eye ; But her immediate meanes,
Able to strengthen a state competent,
Or raise a ruined Fortune.

Y. Ger. Of all which,
I haue beleue me, neither need nor vse ;
My competence best pleasing as it is ;
And this my singularity of life,
Most to my mind contenting.

Old Ger. I suspect, but yet must proue him further ;
Say to my care I adde a Fathers charge,
And couple with my counsell my command ;
To that how can you answer ?

Y. Ger. That I hope :
My duty and obedience still vnblam'd,
Did neuer merit such austerity ;
And from a father neuer yet displeas'd.

Old Ger. Nay, then to come more neere vnto the
point ;
Either you must resolute for present marriage,
Or forfeit all your interest in my loue.

Y. Ger. Vn-say that language, I intreat you Sir,
And doe not so oppresse me ; Or if needs
Your heauy imposition stand in force,
Resolute me by your counsell ; With more safety
May I infringe a sacred vow to heauen,
Or to oppose me to your strict command ?
Since one of these I must.

Old Ger. Now Dalauill,

I finde thy words too true.

Y. Ger. For marrie, Sir, I neither may, nor can.

Old Ger. Yet whore you may ;

And that's no breach of any vow to Heauen :

Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall sinne ;

Asperse the honour of a noble friend ;

Forfeit thy reputation, here below,

And th' interest that thy Soule might claime aboue,

In yon blest City : These you may, and can,

With vntoucht conscience : Oh, that I should liue

To see the hopes that I haue stor'd so long,

Thus in a moment ruin'd : And the staffe,

On which my old decrepite age should leane ;

Before my face thus broken : On which trusting,

I thus abortiue, before my time,

Fall headlong to my Graue. *Falls on the earth.*

Y. Ger. It yet stands strong ;

Both to support you vnto future life,

And fairer comfort.

Old Ger. Neuer, neuer sonne :

For till thou canst acquit thy selfe of scandall,

And me of my suspition ; Heere, euen heere,

Where I haue measur'd out my length of earth ;

I shall expire my last.

Y. Ger. Both these I can :

Then rise Sir, I intreat you ; And that innocency,

Which poyson'd by the breath of Calumnie,

Cast you thus low, shall, these few staines wipt off,

With better thoughts erect you.

Old Ger. Well, Say on.

Y. Ger. There's but one fire from which this
smoake may grow :

Namely, the vnmatcht yoake of youth ; And

In which, If euer I occasion was,

Of the smallest breach ; the greatest implacable mis-
chiefe

Adultery can threaten, fall on me ;

Of you may I be disauow'd a sonne ;

And vnto Heauen a feruant : For that Lady,
As she is Beauties mirror, so I hold her
For Chastities examples : From her tongue,
Neuer came language, that ariued my eare,
That euen censurious *Cato*, liu'd he now,
Could mis-interpret ; Neuer from her lips,
Came vnchaste kisse ; Or from her constant eye,
Looke fauouring of the least immodesty :

Further——

Old Ger. Enough ; One onely thing remaines,
Which on thy part perform'd, assures firme credit
To these thy protestations.

Y. Ger. Name it then.

Old Ger. Take hence th' occasion of this common
fame ;
Which hath already spread it selfe so farre,
To her dishonour and thy preiudice,
From this day forward, to forbear the house :
This doe vpon my blessing.

Y. Ger. As I hope it,
I will not faile your charge.

Old Ger. I am satisfied.

Exeunt.

*Enter at one doore an Vfuror and his Man, at the other,
Old Lionell with his feruant : In the midst Reignald.*

Reig. To which hand shall I turne me ; Here's my
Master

Hath bin to enquire of him that fould the house,
Touching the murder ; Here's an Vfuring-Rascall,
Of whom we haue borrowed money to supply
Our prodigall expences ; Broke our day,
And owe him still the Principall and Vse :
Were I to meet them single, I haue braine
To oppose both, and to come off vnscarr'd ;
But if they doe assault me, and at once,
Not *Hercules* himselfe could stand that odds :
Therefore I must encounter them by turnes ;
And to my Master first : Oh Sir, well met.

Old Lio. What Reignald ; I but now met with the
man,

Of whom I bought yon house.

Reig. What, did you Sir ?

But did you speake of ought concerning that
Which I last told you..

Old Lio. Yes, I told him all.

Reig. Then am I cast : But I pray tell me Sir,
Did he confesse the murder ?

Old Lio. No such thing ;
Most stiffely he denies it.

Reig. Impudent wretch ;
Then serue him with awarrant, let the Officer
Bring him before a Iustice, you shall heare
What I can say against him ; Sfoot deni't :
But I pray Sir excuse me, yonder's one
With whom I haue some businesse ; Stay you here,
And but determine what's best course to take,
And note how I will follow't.

Old Lio. Be briefe then.

Reig. Now, If I can aswell put off my Vfe-man,
This day, I shall be master of the field.

Vfu. That should be Lionells man.

Man. The same, I know him.

Vfu. After so many friuolous delaies,
There's now some hope. He that was wont to shun vs,
And to absent himselfe, accoasts vs freely ;
And with a pleasant countenance : Well met Reignald,
What's this money ready ?

Reig. Neuer could you
Haue come in better time.

Vfu. Where's your master,
Yong Lionell, it something troubles me,
That hee should breake his day.

Reig. A word in priuate.

Vfu. Tush, Priuate me no priuates, in a word,
Speake, are my moneys ready ?

Reig. Not so loud.

Vfu. I will be louder yet ; Giue me my moneys,
Come, tender me my moneys.

Reig. We know you haue a throat, wide as your
conscience ;

You need not vse it now——Come, get you home.

Vfu. Home?

Reig. Yes, home I say, returne by three a Clocke,
And I will see all cancell'd.

Vfu. 'Tis now past two, and I can stay till three,
Ile make that now my businesse, otherwayes,
With these lowd clamors, I will haunt thee still;
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

Reig. This burre will still cleaue to me; what, no
meanes
To shake him off; I neere was caught till now:
Come come, y'are troublesome.

Vfu. Preuent that trouble,
And without trifling, pay me downe my cash;
I will be fool'd no longer.

Reig. So so so.

Vfu. I haue beene still put off, from time to time,
And day to day; these are but cheating tricks,
And this is the last minute ile forbear
Thee, or thy Master: Once againe, I say,
Giue me my Vse, giue me my Principall.

Reig. Pox a this vse, that hath vndone so many;
And now will confound mee.

Old Lio. Hast thou heard this?

Ser. Yes Sir, and to my grieve.

Old Lio. Come hither Reignald.

Reig. Heere Sir; Nay, now I am gone.

Old Lio. What vse is this?

What Principall hee talkes of? in which language
Hee names my Sonne; And thus vpbraideth thee,
What is't you owe this man?

Reig. A trifle Sir,
Pray stop his mouth; And pay't him.

Old Lio. I pay, what?

Reig. If I say pay't him; Pay't him.

Old Lio. What's the Summe?

Reig. A toy, the maine about fiew hundred pounds;
And the vse fiftie.

Old Lio. Call you that a toy?

To what use was it borrowed ? At my departure,
I left my Sonne sufficient in his charge,
With surplus, to defray a large expence,
Without this neede of borrowing.

Reig. 'Tis confest,
Yet stop his clamorous mouth ; And onely say,
That you will pay't to morrow.

Old Lio. I passe my word.

Reig. Sir, if I bid you doo't ; Nay, no more
words,
But say you'le pay't to morrow.

Old Lio. Ieaft indeed,
But tell me how these moneys were bestowed ?

Reig. Safe Sir, I warrant you.

Old Lio. The Summe still safe,
Why doe you not then tender it your selues ?

Reig. Your eare sir ; This summe ioyn'd to the rest,
Your Sonne hath purchast Land and Houses.

Old Lio. Land, do'st thou say ?

Reig. A goodly House, and Gardens.

Old Lio. Now ioy on him,
That whil'st his Father Merchandis'd abroad,
Had care to adde to his estate at home :
But Reignald, wherefore Houses ?

Reig. Now Lord Sir,
How dull you are ; This house possessest with spirits,
And there no longer stay ; Would you haue had
Him, vs, and all your other family,
To liue, and lie ith' streets ; It had not Sir,
Beene for your reputation.

Old Lio. Blessing on him,
That he is growne so thriftie.

Vfu. 'Tis strooke three,
My money's not yet tender'd.

Reig. Pox vpon him,
See him discharged, I pray Sir.

Old Lio. Call vpon me
To morrow Friend, as early as thou wilt ;
Hee see thy debt defraidd.

Vfu. It is enough, I haue a true mans word.

Exit. Vfurcr and man.

Old Lio. Now tell me Reignald,
For thou hast made me proud of my Sonnes thrift ;
Where, in what Countrey, doth this faire House stand.

Reig. Neuer in all my time, so much to seeke ;
I know not what to answere.

Old Lio. Wherefore studdiest thou ?
Vse men to purchase Lands at a deere rate,
And know not where they lie ?

Reig. 'Tis not for that ;
I onely had forgot his name that fould them,
'Twas let me see, see.

Old Lio. Call thy selfe to minde.

Reig. Non-plust or neuer now ; Where art thou
braine ?

O Sir, where was my memory ; 'Tis this house
That next adioynes to yours.

Old Lio. My Neighbour Ricots.

Reig. The same, the same Sir ; Wee had peni-
worths in't ;
And I can tell you, haue beene offer'd well
Since, to forsake our bargaine.

Old Lio. As I liue,
I much commend your choice.

Reig. Nay, 'tis well feated,
Rough-cast without, but brauely lined within ;
You haue met with few such bargaines.

Old Lio. Prethee knocke,
And call the Master, or the seruant on't ;
To let me take free view on't.

Reig. Puzzle againe on Puzzle ; One word Sir,
The House is full of Women, no man knowes,
How on the instant, they may be imploy'd ;
The Roomes may lie vnhanfome ; and Maids stand
Much on their cleanness and huswiferie ;
To take them vnprovidd, were disgrace,
'Twere fit they had some warning ; Now, doe you

Fetch but a warrant, from the Iustice Sir ;
You vnderstand mee.

Old Lio. Yes, I doe.

Reig. To attach
Him of suspected murder, Ile see't seru'd ;
Did he deny't ? And in the intrim, I
Will giue them notice, you are now ariu'd,
And long to see your purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well ;
And meet some halfe houre hence.

Reig. This plunge well past,
All things fall euen, to Crowne my Braine at last.

Exeunt.

Enter Dalauill and a Gentleman.

Gent. Where shall we dine to day ?

Dal. At th' Ordinarie.

I see Sir, you are but a stranger heere ;
This Barnet, is a place of great resort ;
And commonly vpon the Market dayes,
Heere all the Countrey Gentlemen Appoint,
A friendly meeting ; Some about affaires
Of Consequence and Profit ; Bargaine, Sale,
And to conferre with Chap-men, some for pleasure,
To match their Horfes ; Wager in their Dogs,
Or trie their Hawkes ; Some to no other end,
But onely meet good Company, discourse,
Dine, drinke, and spend their Money.

Enter Old Geraldine and Yong Geraldine.

Gent. That's the Market, Wee haue to make this
day.

Dal. 'Tis a Commoditie, that will be easily vented :
What my worthy Friend,
You are happily encounter'd ; Oh, y'are growne
strange,
To one that much respects you ; Troath the House

Hath all this time seem'd naked without you ;
The good Old Man doth neuer sit to meat,
But next his giuing Thankes, hee speakes of you ;
There's scarce a bit, that he at Table tastes,
That can digest without a Geraldine,
You are in his mouth so frequent : Hee and Shee
Both wondering, what distaste from one, or either,
So suddenly, should alianate a Guest,
To them, so deerely welcome.

Old Ger. Master Dalauill,
Thus much let me for him Apologie ;
Diuers designs haue throng'd vpon vs late,
My weakenesse was not able to support
Without his helpe ; He hath bin much abroad,
At London, or else where ; Besides 'tis Terme ;
And Lawyers must be followed, seldome at home,
And scarcely then at leasure.

Dal. I am satisfied,
And I would they were so too, but I hope Sir,
In this restraint, you haue not vs'd my name ?

Old Ger. Not, as I liue.

Dal. Y'are Noble——Who had thought
To haue met with such good Company ; Y'are it
seeme

But new alighted ; Father and Sonne, ere part,
I vow weele drinke a cup of Sacke together ;
Phisicians say, It doth prepare the appetite
And stomacke against dinner.

Old Ger. Wee old men,
Are apt to take these courtesies.

Dal. What say you Friend ?

Y. Ger. Ile but enquire for one, at the next
Inne,
And instantly returne.

Dal. 'Tis enough.

Exit.

Enter Bessie meeting Y. Geraldine.

Y. Ger. Bessie : How do'st thou Girle ?

Bess. Faith we may doe how we list for you, you
are growne fo

Great a stranger : We are more beholding
To Master Dalauill, Hee's a constant Guest :
And howsoere to some, that shall bee namelesse,
His prefence may be gracefull ; Yet to others ——
I could say somewhat.

Y. Ger. Hee's a noble fellow,
And my choice friend.

Bess. Come come, he is, what he is ; and that the
end will prooue.

Y. Ger. And how's all at home ?
Nay, weele not part without a glasse of wine,
And meet so feldome : Boy.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Anon, anon Sir.

Y. Ger. A Pint of Clarret, quickly. *Exit Drawer.*
Nay, sit downe : The newes, the newes, I pray thee ;
I am sure, I haue beene much enquir'd of
Thy old Master, and thy young Mistris too.

Bess. Euer your name is in my Masters mouth, and
sometimes too
In hers, when she hath nothing else to thinke of :
Well well, I could say somewhat.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Heere's your wine Sir. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Fill Boy : Here Bessie, this glasse to both
their healths ;
Why do'st weepe my wench ?

Bess. Nay, nothing Sir.

Y. Ger. Come, I must know.

Bess. Introath I loue you Sir,
And euer wisht you well ; You are a Gentleman,
Whom alwayes I respected ; Know the passages
And priuate whisperings, of the secret loue

Betwixt you and my Mistris ; I dare sweare,
On your part well intended : But——

Y. Ger. But what ?

Bess. You beare the name of Land-lord, but
another

Inioyes the rent ; You doate vpon the shadow,
But another he beares away the substance.

Y. Ger. Bee more plaine.

Bess. You hope to inioy a vertuous widdow-hood ;
But Dalauill, whom you esteeme your friend,
Hee keeps the wife in common.

Y. Ger. Y'are too blame,
And Bessie, you make me angry ; Hee's my friend,
And she my second selfe ; In all their meetings,
I neuer saw so much as cast of eye
Once entertain'd betwixt them.

Bess. That's their cunning.

Y. Ger. For her ; I haue beene with her at all
houres,
Both late and early ; In her bed-chamber,
And often singly vsher'd her abroad :
Now, would she haue bin any mans aliue,
Shee had bin mine ; You wrong a worthy Friend,
And a chaste Mistris, y'are not a good Girle ;
Drinke that, speake better of her, I could chide you,
But I'll forbear ; What you haue rashly spoke,
Shall euer heere be buried.

Bess. I am sorry my freeness should offend you,
But yet know, I am her Chamber-maid.

Y. Ger. Play now the Market-maid,
And prethee bout thy businesse.

Bess. Well, I shall——that man should be so fool'd.
Exit.

Y. Ger. Shee a Prostitute ?
Nay, and to him my troath plight, and my Friend ;
As possible it is, that Heauen and Earth
Should be in loue together, meet and kisse,
And so cut off all distance : What strange frensie
Came in this wenches braine, so to fummise ?

Were she so base ? his nobleneſſe is ſuch,
 He would not entertaine it for my ſake :
 Or he ſo bent ? His hot and luſt burnt appetite
 Would be ſoone quencht, at the meere contemplation
 Of her moſt Pious and Religious life.
 The Girle was much too blame ; Perhaps her Miſtris
 Hath ſtirr'd her anger, by ſome word or blow,
 Which ſhe would thus reuenge ; Not apprehending
 At what a high price Honour's to be rated ;
 Or elſe ſome one that enuies her rare vertue,
 Might hire her thus to brand it ; Or, who knowes
 But the yong wench may fixe a thought on me ;
 And to diuert me from her Miſtris loue,
 May raiſe this falſe aſperſion ? howſoeuer,

Enter Clo. with a letter.

My thoughts on theſe two columnes fixed are,
 She's good as freſh, and purely chaſte as faire.

Clo. Oh Sir, you are the Needle, and if the whole
 County of Middleſex had bin turn'd to a meere Bottle
 of Hay, I had bin inioyn'd to haue found you out, or
 neuer more return'd backe to my old Maſter : There's
 a Letter Sir.

Y. Ger. I know the hand that ſuperſcrib'd it well ;
 Stay but till I peruſe it, and from me
 Thou ſhalt returne an anſwere.

Clo. I ſhall Sir : This is Market-day, and heere
 acquaintance commonly meet ; and whom haue I
 encounter'd ? my goſſip Pint-pot, and brim full ; nay,
 I meane to drinke with you before I part, and how
 doth all your worſhipfull kindred ? your ſiſter Quart,
 your pater-Pottle, (who was euer a Gentlemans fellow)
 and your old grandſier Gallon ; they cannot chuſe but
 be all in health, ſince ſo many healthes haue beene
 drunke out of them : I could wiſh them all heere, and
 in no worſe ſtate then I ſee you are in at this preſent ;
 howſoeuer goſſip, ſince I haue met you hand to hand,
 I'll make bould to drinke to you——Nay, either you
 muſt pledge me, or get one to doe't for you ; Doe you
 open your mouth towards me ? well, I know what you

would say ; Heere Roger, to your Master and Mistris, and all our good friends at home ; gramercy gossip, if I should not pledge thee, I were worthy to be turn'd out to Graffe, and stand no more at Liury ; And now in requitall of this courtesie I'll begin one health to you and all your society in the Celler, to Peter Pipe, Harry Hogthead, Bartholomew Butt and little master Randall Rundlet, to Timothy Taster, and all your other great and small friends.

Y. Ger. Hee writes mee heere,
That at my discontinuance hee's much griev'd ;
Desiring me, as I haue euer tender'd
Or him or his, to giue him satisfaction
Touching my discontent ; and that in person,
By any priuate meeting.

Clo. I Sir, 'tis very true ; The Letter speakes no
more
Then he wisht me to tell you by word of mouth.

Y. Ger. Thou art then of his councill ?

Clo. His Priuy and please you.

Y. Ger. Though neere so strict hath bin my
fathers charge,
A little I'll dispense with't, for his loue ;
Commend me to thy Master, tell him from me,
On Munday night (then will my leasure serue)
I will by Heauens assistance visit him.

Clo. On Munday Sir :
That's as I remember, iust the day before Tuesday.

Y. Ger. But 'twill be midnight first, at which late
houre,
Please him to let the Garden doore stand ope,
At that I'll enter ; But conditionally,
That neither Wife, Friend, Seruant, no third foule
Saue him, and thee to whom he trusts this message,
Know of my comming in, or passing out :
When, tell him, I will fully satisfie him
Concerning my forct absence.

Clo. I am something obliuious ; Your message

would bee the truelier deliuered if it were fet downe
in blacke and white.

Y. Ger. I'll call for Pen and Incke,
And instantly dispatch it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Reignald.

Reig. Now impudence, but steele my face this once,
Although I neere blush after; Heere's the house,
Ho, whose within? What, no man to defend

Enter Mr. Ricot.

These innocent gates from knocking?

Ric. Whose without there?

Reig. One Sir that euer wisht your worships health;
And those few houres I can find time to pray in,
I still remember it.

Ric. Gramercy Reignald,
I loue all those that wish it: You are the men
Leade merry liues, Feast, Reuell, and Carowse;
You feele no tedious houres; Time playes with you,
This is your golden age.

Reig. It was, but now Sir,
That Gould is turned to worfe then Alcamy,
It will not stand the test; Those dayes are past,
And now our nights come on.

Ric. Tell me Reignald, is he return'd from Sea?

Reig. Yes, to our grieve already, but we feare
Hereafter, it may prooue to all our cost's.

Ric. Suspects thy Master any thing?

Reig. Not yet Sir;
Now my request is, that your worship being
So neere a Neighbour, therefore most disturb'd,
Would not be first to peach vs.

Ric. Take my word;

With other Neighbours make what peace you can,
I'll not be your accuser.

Reig. Worshipfull Sir ;
I shall be still your Beads-man ; Now the businesse
That I was sent about, the Old Man my Master
Claiming some interest in acquaintance past,
Desires (might it be no way troublesome)
To take free view of all your House within.

Ric. View of my House ? Why 'tis not set to Sale,
Nor bill vpon the doore ; Looke well vpon't :
View of my House ?

Reig. Nay, be not angry Sir,
Hee no way doth disable your estate ;
As farre to buy, as you are loath to sell ;
Some alterations in his owne hee'd make,
And hearing yours by worke-men much commended,
Hee would make that his President.

Ric. What fancies
Should at this age possesse him ; Knowing the cost,
That hee should dreame of Building.

Reig. 'Tis suppos'd,
He hath late found a Wife out for his Sonne ;
Now Sir, to haue him neere him, and that neerenesse
Too, without trouble, though beneath one roofe,
Yet parted in two Families ; Hee would build
And make what's pickt, a perfit quadrangle,
Proportioned iust with yours, were you so pleased,
To make it his example.

Ric. Willingly ; I will but order some few things
within,
And then attend his comming. *Exit.*

Reig. Most kind cox-combe,
Great *Alexander*, and *Agathodes*,
Cæsar, and others, haue bin Fam'd, they say,
And magnified for high Facinorous deeds ;
Why claime not I, an equall place with them ?
Or rather a presedent : These commanded
Their Subiects, and their seruants ; I my Master,
And euery way his equalls, where I please,

Lead by the nose along ; They plac'd their burdens
On Horses, Mules, and Camels ; I, old Men
Of strength and wit, load with my knauerie,

Enter Old Lionell.

Till both their backs and braines ake ; Yet poore
animalls,
They neere complaine of waight ; Oh are you come
Sir ?

Old Lio. I made what haste I could.

Reig. And brought the warrant ?

Old Lio. See heere, I hau't.

Reig. 'Tis well done, but speake, runs it
Both without Baile and Maineprize ?

Old Lio. Nay, it carries both forme and power.

Reig. Then I shall warrant him ;
I haue bin yonder Sir.

Old Lio. And what sayes hee ?

Reig. Like one that offers you
Free ingresse, view and regresse, at your pleasure ;
As to his worthy Land-lord.

Old Lio. Was that all ?

Reig. Hee spake to me, that I would speake to you,
To speake vnto your Sonne ; And then againe,
To speake to him, that he would speake to you ;
You would releafe his Bargaine.

Old Lio. By no meanes,
Men must aduise before they part with Land,
Not after to repent it ; 'Tis most iust,
That such as hazzard, and disburse their Stockes,
Should take all gaines and profits that accrew,

Enter Mr. Ricot againe walking before the gate.

As well in Sale of Houses, as in Barter,
And Traficke of all other Merchandize.

Reig. See, in acknowledgement of a Tenants duty,
Hee attends you at the gate ; Salute him Sir.

Old Lio. My worthy Friend.

Ric. Now as I liue, all my best thoughts and wishes

Impart with yours, in your so safe returne ;
Your seruant tels me, you haue great desire
To take furuiew of this my house within.

Old Lio. Bee't Sir, no trouble to you.

Ric. None, enter bouldly ;
With as much freedome, as it were your owne.

Old Lio. As it were mine ; Why Reignald, is it not ?

Reig. Lord Sir, that in extremity of grieve,
You'll adde vnto vexation ; See you not
How sad hee's on the suddaine,

Old Lio. I obserue it.

Reig. To part with that which he hath kept so long ;

Especially his Inheritance ; Now as you loue
Goodnesse, and Honesty, torment him not
With the least word of Purchase.

Old Lio. Councell'd well ;

Thou teachest me Humanitie.

Ric. Will you enter ?

Or shall I call a seruant, to conduct you
Through euery Roome and Chamber ?

Old Lio. By no means ;

I feare wee are too much troublesome of our selues.

Reig. See what a goodly Gate ?

Old Lio. It likes me well.

Reig. What braue caru'd poasts ; Who knowes but heere,

In time Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie ;
And I be one oth' Seriants.

Old Lio. They are well Caru'd.

Ric. And cost me a good price Sir ; Take your pleasure,

I haue businesse in the Towne.

Exit.

Reig. Poore man, I pittie him ;

H'ath not the heart to stay and see you come,

As 'twere, to take Possession ; Looke that way Sir,
What goodly faire Baye windowes ? *Bayes.*

Old Lio. Wondrous stately.

Reig. And what a Gallerie, How costly Seeled ;
What painting round about ?

Old Lio. Euery fresh object to good, adds better-
nesse.

Reig. Tarraft aboue, and how below supported ;
doe they please you ?

Old Lio. All things beyond opinion ; Trust me
Reignald,

I'll not forgoe the Bargaine, for more gaine
Then halfe the price it cost me.

Reig. If you would ? I should not suffer you ; Was
not the

Money due to the Vfuror, tooke vpon good ground,
That prou'd well built vpon ? Wee were no fooles
That knew not what wee did.

Old Lio. It shall be satisfied.

Reig. Please you to trust me with 't, I'll see 't dis-
charged.

Old Lio. Hee hath my promise, and I'll doo 't
my selfe :

Neuer could Sonne haue better pleas'd a Father,
Then in this Purchase : Hie thee instantly
Vnto my house ith' Countrey, giue him notice
Of my arriue, and bid him with all speede
Poaste hither.

Reig. Ere I see the warrant seru'd ?

Old Lio. It shall be thy first businesse ; For my
Soule

Is not at peace, till face to face, I approoue
His Husbandrie, and much commend his Thrift ;
Nay, without pause, be gone.

Reig. But a short iourney ;

For hee's not farre, that I am sent to seeke :
I haue got the start, the best part of the Race
Is runne already, what remaines, is small,
And tyre now, I should but forfeit all.

Old Lio. Make haste, I doe intreat thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the Garden gate ; And heere am I
fet to stand Centinell, and to attend the comming of
Young Master Geraldine : Master Dalauill's gone to
his Chamber ; My Mistresse to hers ; 'Tis now about
Mid-night ; A Banquet prepared, bottles of Wine in
readinesse, all the whole Household at their rest ; And
no creature by this, honestly stirring, sauing I and my
Old Master ; Hee in a bye Chamber, prepared of
purpose for their priuate Meeting ; And I heere to
play the Watchman, against my will ; Chaulah,

Enter Young Geraldine.

Stand ; Who goes there ?

Y. Ger. A Friend.

Clo. The Word ?

Y. Ger. Honest Roger.

Clo. That's the Word indeed ; You haue leaue to
passe freely

Without calling my Corporall.

Y. Ger. How goe the affaires within ?

Clo. According to promise, the businesse is com-
posed, and the seruants disposed, my young Mistris re-
posed, my old Master according as you proposed,
attends you if you bee exposed to giue him meeting ;
Nothing in the way being interposed, to transpose you
to the least danger : And this I dare be deposed, if you
will not take my word, as I am honest Roger.

Y. Ger. Thy word shall be my warrant, but secur'd
Most in thy Masters promise, on which building ;
By this knowne way I enter.

Clo. Nay, by your leaue,
I that was late but a plaine Centinell will now be
your Captaine conductor : Follow me. *Exeunt.*

Table and Stooles set out ; Lights : a Banquet, Wine.

Enter Master Wincott.

Winc. I wonder whence this strangeness should
 proceed,
 Or wherein I, or any of my house,
 Should be th' occasion of the least distaste ;
 Now, as I wish him well, it troubles me ;

Enter Clow. and Y. Ger.

But now the time grows on, from his owne mouth
 To be resolu'd ; And I hope satisfied :
 Sir, as I live, of all my friends to me
 Most wishedly, you are welcome : Take that Chaire,
 I this : Nay, I intreat no complement ;
 Attend——Fill wine.

Clo. Till the mouthes of the bottles yawne directly
 vpon the floore, and the bottomes turne their tayles
 vp to the feeling ; Whil'st there's any blood in their
 bellies, I'll not leaue them.

Winc. I first salute you thus.

Y. Ger. It could not come
 From one whom I more honour ; Sir, I thanke you.

Clo. Nay, since my Master begun it, I'll see 't goe
 round
 To all three.

Winc. Now giue vs leaue.

Clo. Talke you by your selues, whilest I find some-
 thing to say to this : I haue a tale to tell him shall
 make his stony heart relent. *Exit.*

Y. Ger. Now, first Sir, your attention I intreat :
 Next, your beliefe, that what I speake is iust,
 Maugre all contradiction.

Winc. Both are granted.

Y. Ger. Then I proceed ; With due acknowledge-
 ment

Of all your more then many curtesies :
Y'auē bin my second father, and your wife,
My noble and chaste Mistris ; All your seruants
At my command ; And this your bounteous Table,
As free and common as my Fathers house ;
Neither 'gainst any, or the least of these,
Can I commence iust quarrell.

Winc. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Your selfe from such as loue you ?

Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few : The care I haue
Of your (as yet vnblemished) renowne ;
The vntoucht honour of your vertuous wife ;
And (which I value least, yet dearely too)
My owne faire reputation.

Winc. How can these,
In any way be questioned ?

Y. Ger. Oh deare Sir,
Bad tongues haue bin too busie with vs all ;
Of which I neuer yet had time to thinke,
But with sad thoughts and griefes vnspeakeable :
It hath bin whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my fathers eares,
By some that haue malign'd our happinesse ;
(Heauen, if it can brooke slander, pardon them)
That this my customary comming hither,
Hath bin to base and forded purposes :
To wrong your bed ; Iniure her chastity ;
And be mine owne vndoer : Which, how false ?

Winc. As Heauen is true, I know 't.

Y. Ger. Now this Calumny
Ariuing first vnto my fathers eares,
His easie nature was induc'd to thinke,
That these things might perhaps be possible :
I answer'd him, as I would doe to Heauen :
And cleer'd my selfe in his suspitious thoughts,
As truely, as the high all-knowing Iudge
Shall of these staines acquit me ; which are meere

Aspersions and vntruthes : The good old man
 Possess with my sincerity, and yet carefull
 Of your renowne, her honour, and my fame ;
 To stop the worst that scandall could inflict ;
 And to preuent false rumours, charges me,
 The cause remoou'd, to take away the effect ;
 Which onely could be, to forbear your house
 And this vpon his blessing : You heare all.

Winc. And I of all acquit you : This your absence,
 With which my loue most cauell'd ; Orators
 In your behalfe. Had such things past betwixt
 you,
 Not threats nor chidings could haue driuen you
 hence :
 It pleads in your behalfe, and speakes in hers ;
 And armes me with a double confidence,
 Both of your friendship, and her loyalty :
 I am happy in you both, and onely doubtfull
 Which of you two doth most impart my loue :
 You shall not hence to night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon Sir.

Winc. You are in your lodging.

Y. Ger. But my fathers charge.

Winc. My coniuration shall dispence with that ;
 You may be vp as early as you please ;
 But hence to night you shall not.

Y. Ger. You are powerfull.

Winc. This night, of purpose, I haue parted
 beds,
 Faining my selfe not well, to giue you meeting ;
 Nor can be ought suspected by my Wife,
 I haue kept all so priuate : Now 'tis late,
 I'll steale vp to my rest ; But howsoeuer,
 Let's not be strange in our writing, that way
 dayly

We may conferre without the least suspect,
 In sight of all such base calumnious tongues

So, Now good-night sweet friend.

Exit.

Y. Ger. May he that made you
So iust and good, still guard you. Not to bed,
So I perhaps might ouer-sleepe my selfe,
And then my tardy wakeing might betray me
To the more early household ; Thus as I am,
I'll rest me on this Pallat ; But in vaine,
I finde no sleepe can fasten on mine eyes,
There are in this disturbed braine of mine
So many mutinous fancies : This, to me,
Will be a tedious night ; How shall I spend it ?
No Booke that I can spie ? no company ?
A little let me recollect my selfe ;
Oh, what more wisht company can I find,
Suiting the apt occasion, time and place ;
Then the sweet contemplation of her Beauty ;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out ? 'Tis a sweet Lady,
And euery way accomplit : Hath meere accident
Brought me thus neere, and I not visit her ?
Should it ariue her eare, perhaps might breed
Our lasting separation ; For 'twixt Louers,
No quarrell's to vnkindnesse, Sweet opportunity
Offers preuention, and inuites me too't :
The house is knowne to me, the staires and roomes ;
The way vnto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at mid-night, and all houres :
How ioyfull to her would a meeting be,
So strange and vnexpected ; Shadowed too
Beneath the vaile of night ; I am resolu'd
To giue her visitation, in that place
Where we haue past deepe vowes, her bed-chamber :
My fiery loue this darkenesse makes seeme bright,
And this the path that leades to my delight.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

And this the gate vntoo't ; I'll listen first,
Before too rudely I disturbe her rest :
And gentle breathing ; Ha ? shee's sure awake,

For in the bed two whisper, and their voyces
 Appeare to me vnequall ;——One a womans——
 And hers ;——Th' other should be no maids tongue,
 It beares too big a tone ; And harke, they laugh ;
 (Damnation) But list further ; 'Tother sounds——
 Like——'Tis the same false perjur'd traitor, Dalauill,
 To friend and goodnesse : Vnchast impious woman,
 False to all faith, and true coniugall loue ;
 There's met, a Serpent and a Crockadell ;
 A Synon and a Circe : Oh, to what
 May I compare you ?——But my Sword,
 I'll act a noble execution,
 On two vnmatcht for fordid villanie :——
 I left it in my Chamber, And thanks Heauen
 That I did so ; It hath preuented me
 From playing a base Hang-man ; Sinne securely,
 Whilst I, although for many, yet lesse faults,
 Strive hourly to repent me ; I once loved her,
 And was to him intir'd ; Although I pardon,
 Heauen will find time to punish, I'll not stretch
 My iust reuenge so farre, as once by blabbing,
 To make your brazen Impudence to blush ;
 Damne on, reuenge too great ; And to suppress
 Your Soules yet lower, without hope to rise,
 Heape Offa vpon Pelion ; You haue made mee
 To hate my very Countrey, because heere bred :
 Neere two such monsters ; First I'll leaue this House,
 And then my Fathers ; Next I'll take my leaue,
 Both of this Clime and Nation, Trauell till
 Age snow vpon this Head : My passions now,
 Are vnexpressable, I'll end them thus ;
 Ill man, bad Woman, your vnheard of trecherie,
 This vniust censure, on a Iust man giue,
 To seeke out place, where no two such can liue.

Exit.

Enter Dalauill in a Night-gowne: Wife in a night-tyre, as coming from Bed.

Dal. A happy Morning now betide you Lady,

To equall the content of a sweet Night.

Wife. It hath bin to my wish, and your desire ;
And this your comming by pretended loue
Vnto my Sister Pru. cuts off suspection
Of any such conuerse 'twixt you and mee.

Dal. It hath bin wisely carried.

Wife. One thing troubles me.

Dal. What's that my Dearest ?

Wife. Why your Friend Geraldine,
Should on the suddenn thus absent himselfe ?
Has he had thinke you no intelligence,
Of these our priuate meetings.

Dal. No, on my Soule,
For therein hath my braine exceeded yours ;
I studdying to engrosse you to my selfe,
Of his continued absence haue bin cause ;
Yet hee of your affection no way iealous,
Or of my Friendship——How the plot was cast,
You at our better leasure shall partake ;
The aire growes cold, haue care vnto your health,
Suspitious eyes are ore vs, that yet sleepe,
But with the dawne, will open ; Sweet retire you
To your warme Sheets ; I now to fill my owne,
That haue this Night bin empty.

Wife. You aduise well ;
Oh might this Kisse dwell euer on thy Lips,
In my remembrance.

Dal. Doubt it not I pray,
Whilest Day frights Night, and Night pursues the day :
Good morrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Reignald, Y. Lionell, Blanda, Scapha, Rioter,
and two Gallants, Reig. with a Key in his hand.

Reig. Now is the Goale deliuerie ; Through this
backe gate
Shift for your felues, I heere vnprison all.

Y. Lio. But tell me, how shall we dispose our
felues ?

Wee are as farre to seeke now, as at the first ;
 What is it to repreeue vs for few houres,
 And now to suffer, better had it bin
 At first, to haue flood the triall, so by this,
 Wee might haue past our Pennance.

Bla. Sweet Reignald.

Y. Lio. Honest rogue.

Rio. If now thou failest vs, then we are lost for euer.

Reig. This fame sweete Reignald, and this honest rogue,

Hath bin the Burgesse, vnder whose protection
 You all this while haue liu'd, free from Arrests,
 But now, the Sefsions of my power's broake vp,
 And you expos'd to Actions, Warrants, Writs ;
 For all the hellish rabble are broke loose,
 Of Seriants, Sheriffes, and Baliffes.

Omn. Guard vs Heauen.

Reig. I tell you as it is ; Nay, I my selfe
 That haue bin your Protector, now as subiect
 To euery varlots Pestle, for you know
 How I am engag'd with you——At whose suit fir.

Omn. Why didst thou Start. *All Start.*

Reig. I was afraid some Catchpole flood behind me,

To clap me on the Shoulder.

Rio. No such thing ;

Yet I protest thy feare did fright vs all.

Reig. I knew your guilty consciences.

Y. Lio. No Braine left ?

Bla. No crotchet for my sake ?

Reig. One kisse then Sweete,

Thus shall my crotchets, and your kisses meete.

R. Lio. Nay, tell vs what to trust too.

Reig. Lodge your selues

In the next Tauerne, ther's the Cash that's left,
 Goe, health it freely for my good successe ;
 Nay, Drowne it all, let not a Teaster scape
 To be consum'd in rot-gut ; I haue begun,

And I will stand the period.

Y. Lio. Brauely spoke.

Reig. Or perish in the conflict.

Rio. Worthy Reignald.

Reig. Well, if he now come off well, Fox you
all;

Goe, call for Wine ; For singlie of my selfe
I will oppose all danger ; But I charge you,
When I shall faint or find my selfe distrest ;
If I like braue *Orlando*, winde my Horne,
Make haste vnto my rescuew.

Y. Lio. And die in't.

Reig. Well hast thou spoke my noble Charlemaine,
With these thy Peeres about thee.

Y. Lio. May good Speede
Attend thee still.

Reig. The end still crownes the deede. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Lionell, and the first Owner of the House.

Own. Sir sir, your threats nor warrants, can fright
me ;

My honestie and innocency's knowne
Alwayes to haue bin vnblemisht ; Would you could
As well approue your owne Integrity,
As I shall doubtlesse acquit my selfe
Of this surmised murder.

Old Lio. Rather Surrender
The price I paid, and take into thy hands
This haunted mansion, or I'll prosecute
My wrong, euen to the vtmost of the Law,
Which is no lesse then death.

Own. I'll answere all
Old Lionell, both to thy shame and scorne ;
This for thy Menaces.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. This is the House, but where's the noyse that

was wont to be in't ? I am sent hither, to deliuer a Noate, to two young Gentlemen that heere keepe Reuell-rout ; I remember it, since the last Maflacre of Meat that was made in't ; But it seemes, that the great Storme that was raifed then, is chaft now ; I haue other Noates to deliuer, one to Master Rycott——and ——I shall thinke on them all in order ; My Old Master makes a great Feast, for the parting of young Master Geraldine, who is presently vpon his departure for Trauell, and the better to grace it, hath inuited many of his Neighbours and Friends ; Where will be Old Master Geraldine——his Sonne, and I cannot tell how many ; But this is strange, the Gates fhut vp at this time a day, belike they are all Drunke and laid to sleepe, if they be, I'll wake them, with a Murraine.

Knockes.

Old Lio. What desperate fellowe's this, that ignorant

Of his owne danger, thunders at these Gates ?

Clo. Ho, Reignald, Riotous Reignald, Reuelling Reignald.

Old Lio. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,

To touch that Hammers handle ?

Clo. What madnesse doth possesse thee, honest Friend,

To aske me such a question ?

Old Lio. Nay, stirre not you ?

Own. Not I ; The game begins.

Old Lio. How doest thou, art thou well ?

Clo. Yes very well, I thanke you, how doe you Sir ?

Old Lio. No alteration ; What change about thee ?

Clo. Not so much change about me at this time, As to change you a Shilling into two Teasters.

Old Lio. Yet I aduise thee Fellow, for thy good, Stand further from the Gate.

Clo. And I aduise thee Friend, for thine owne good, stand not betwixt mee and the Gate, but giue

me leaue to deliuer my errant ; Hoe, Reignald, you
mad Rascall.

Old Lio. In vaine thou thunder'ft at thefe filent
Doores,

Where no man dwels to anfwere, fauing Ghosts,
Furies, and Sprights.

Clo. Ghosts ; Indeed there has bin much walking,
in and about the Houfe after Mid-night.

Old Lio. Strange noyfe oft heard.

Clo. Yes, terrible noife, that none of the neigh-
bours could take any reft for it, I haue heard it my
felfe.

Old Lio. You heare this ; Heere's more witneffe.

Own. Very well Sir.

Old Lio. Which you fhall dearely anfwere——
whooping.

Clo. And hollowing.

Old Lio. And shouting.

Clo. And crying out, till the whole houfe rung
again.

Old Lio. Which thou haft heard ?

Clo. Oftner then I haue toes and fingers.

Old Lio. Thou wilt be depos'd of this ?

Clo. I'le be fworne too't, and that's as good.

Old Lio. Very good ftill ; Yet you are in-
nocent :

Shall I intreat thee friend, to auouch as much
Heere by, to the next Iuftice.

Clo. I'le take my fouldiers oath on't.

Old Lio. A fouldiers oath, What's that ?

Clo. My corporall oath ; And you know Sir, a
Corporall is an office belonging to a fouldier.

Old Lio. Yet you are cleere ?

Murder will come to light.

Enter Robin, the old feruing-man.

Own. So will your gullery too.

Rob. They fay my old Mafter's come home ; I'le

see if hee will turne me out of doores, as the young man has done: I haue laid rods in pisse for somebody, scape Reignald as hee can, and with more freedom then I durst late, I bouldly now dare knocke.

Robin knocks.

Old Lio. More mad-men yet; I thinke since my last voyage,
Halfe of the world's turn'd franticke: What do'st meane,
Or long'st thou to be blasted?

Rob. Oh Sir, you are welcome home; 'Twas time to come
Ere all was gone to hauocke.

Old Lio. My old seruant? before I shall demand of further busines,
Resolue me why thou thunder'st at these doores,
Where thou know'st none inhabits?

Rob. Are they gone Sir?
'Twas well they haue left the house behind;
For all the furniture, to a bare bench,
I am sure is spent and wasted.

Old Lio. Where's my sonne,
That Reignald poasting for him with such speed,
Brings him not from the Countrey?

Rob. Countrey Sir?
'Tis a thing they know not; Heere they Feast,
Dice, Drinke, and Drab; The company they keepe,
Cheaters and Roaring-Ladds, and these attended
By Bawdes and Queanes: Your sonne hath got a
Strumpet,
On whom he spends all that your sparing left,
And heere they keepe court; To whose damn'd
abuses,
Reignald giues all encouragement.

Old Lio. But stay stay;
No liuing soule hath for these fixe moneths space
Heere enter'd, but the house stood desolate.

Rob. Last weeke I am sure, so late, and th' other
day,

Such Reuells were here kept.

Old Lio. And by my sonne ?

Rob. Yes, and his fervant Reignald.

Old Lio. And this house at all not haunted ?

Rob. Saue Sir with such Sprights.

Enter Master Ricott.

Own. This Murder will come out.

Old Lio. But see, in happy time heere comes my
Neighbour

Of whom he bought this mansion ; He, I am sure
More amply can resolve me : I pray Sir,
What summes of moneys haue you late receiued
Of my young sonne ?

Ric. Of him ? None I assure you.

Old Lio. What of my seruant Reignald ?

Ric. But deuiſe

What to call lesse then nothing, and that summe
I will confesse receiu'd.

Old Lio. Pray Sir, be serious ;
I doe confesse my selfe indebted to you,
A hundred pound.

Ric. You may doe well to pay't then, for heere's
witness

Sufficient of your words.

Old Lio. I speake no more
Then what I purpose ; Iust so much I owe you,
And ere I sleepe will tender.

Ric. I shall be
As ready to receiue it, and as willing,
As you can bee to pay't.

Old Lio. But provided,
You will confesse seuen hundred pounds receiued
Before hand of my sonne ?

Ric. But by your fauour ;
Why should I yeeld seuen hundred [pounds] receiu'd
Of them I neuer dealt with ? Why ? For what ?

What reason ? What condition ? Where or when
Should such a summe be paid mee ?

Old Lio. Why ? For this bargaine : And for what ?
This house :

Reason ? Because you sold it : The conditions ?
Such

As were agreed betweene you : Where and When ?
That onely hath escaped me.

Ric. Madnesse all.

Old Lio. Was I not brought to take free view
thereof,

As of mine owne possession ?

Ric. I confesse ;

Your seruant told me you had found out a wife
Fit for your sonne, and that you meant to build ;
Desir'd to take a friendly view of mine,
To make it your example : But for selling,
I tell you Sir, my wants be not so great,
To change my house to Coyne.

Old Lio. Spare Sir your anger,
And turne it into pity ; Neighbours and friends,
I am quite lost, was neuer man so fool'd,
And by a wicked seruant ; Shame and blushing
Will not permit to tell the manner how,
Left I be made ridiculous to all :
My feares are to inherit what's yet left ;
He hath made my sonne away.

Rob. That's my feare too.

Old Lio. Friends, as you would commiserate a
man

Depriu'd at once, both of his wealth and sonne ;
And in his age, by one I euer tender'd
More like a sonne then seruant : By imagining
My case were yours, haue feeling of my griefes
And helpe to apprehend him ; Furnish me
With Cords and Fetters, I will lay him safe
In Prison within Prison.

Ric. Weel asist you.

Rob. And I.

Clo. And all ;

But not to doe the least hurt to my old friend Reignald,

Old Lio. His Leggs will be as nimble as his Braine,
And 'twill be difficult to feaze the slaue,

*Enter Reignald with a Horne in his pocket : they
withdraw behind the Arras.*

Yet your endeauours, pray peace, heere hee comes.

Reig. My heart mis-giues, for 'tis not possible
But that in all these windings and indents
I shall be found at last : I'll take that course
That men both troubled and affrighted doe,
Heape doubt on doubt, and as combustions rise,
Try if from many I can make my peace,
And worke mine owne atonement.

Old Lio. Stand you close,
Be not yet seene, but at your best aduantage
Hand him, and bind him fast : Whil't I dissemble
As if I yet knew nothing.

Reig. I suspect
And find there's trouble in my Masters looks ;
Therefore I must not trust my selfe too farre
Within his fingers.

Old Lio. Reignald ?

Reig. Worshipfull Sir.

Old Lio. What sayes my sonne ith' Countrey ?

Reig. That to morrow,
Early ith' morning, heele attend your pleasure,
And doe as all such dutious children ought ;
Demand your blessing Sir.

Old Lio. Well, 'tis well.

Reig. I doe not like his countenance.

Old Lio. But Reignald ? I suspect the honesty
And the good meaning of my neighbour heere,
Old master Ricott ; Meeting him but now,
And hauing some discourse about the house,
He makes all strange, and tells me in plaine
termes,

Hee knowes of no fuch matter.

Reig. Tell mee that Sir?

Old Lio. I tell thee as it is: Nor that fuch
moneys,
Tooke vp at vse, were euer tender'd him
On any fuch conditions.

Reig. I cannot blame your worship to bee pleafant,
Knowing at what an vnder-rate we bought it, but you
euer

Were a most merry Gentleman.

R. Lio. (Impudent flauie)
But Reignald, hee not onely doth denie it,
But offers to depose Himfelfe and Seruants,
No fuch thing euer was.

Reig. Now Heauen, to fee to what this world's
growne too.
I will make him——

Old Lio. Nay more, this man will not confesse the
Murder.

Reig. Which both fhall deerely anfwere; You haue
warrant
For him already; But for the other Sir,
If hee denie it, he had better——

Old Lio. Appeare Gentlemen, *Softly.*
'Tis a fit time to take him.

Reig. I difcouer the Ambush that's laid for me.

Old Lio. Come neerer Reignald.

Reig. Firft fir refolue me one thing, amongst other
Merchandize
Bought in your abfence by your Sonne and me,
Wee ingroft a great comoditie of Combes,
And how many forts thinke you?

Old Lio. You might buy
Some of the bones of Fifhes, fome of Beasts,
Box-combes, and Iuory-combes.

Reig. But besides thefe, we haue for Horfes Sir,
Mayne-combes, and Curry-combes; Now Sir for men,
Wee haue Head-combes, Beard-combes, I and Cox-
combes too;

Take view of them at your pleasure, whil't for my
part,
I thus bestow my selfe.

*They all appeare with Cords and Shackels,
Whilest hee gets vp.*

Clo. Well said Reignald, nobly put off Reignald,
Looke to thy selfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Why dost thou climbe thus?

Reig. Onely to practice
The nimbleness of my Armes and Legges,
Ere they prooue your Cords and Fetters.

Old Lio. Why to that place?

Reig. Why? because Sir 'tis your owne House; It
hath bin my Harbour long, and now it must bee my
Sanctuary; Dispute now, and I'll answere.

Own. Villaine, what deuilish meaning had'st thou
in't,

To challenge me of Murder?

Reig. Oh sir, the man you kil'd is aliue at this
present to iustifie it:

I am, quoth he, a Trans-marine by birth——

Ric. Why, challenge me receipt of Moneys, and to
giue abroad,

That I had sold my House?

Reig. Why? because sir,
Could I haue purchast Houses at that rate,
I had meant to haue bought all London.

Clo. Yes, and Middlesex too, and I would haue
bin thy halfe Reignald.

Old Lio. Yours are great,
My wrongs insufferable; As first, to fright mee
From mine owne dwelling, till they had consumed
The whole remainder of the little left;
Besides, out of my late stocke got at Sea,
Discharge the clamorous Vfurder; Make me accuse
This man of Murder; Be at charge of warrants;
And challenging this my worthy Neighbour of

Forfweearing Summes hee neuer yet receiued ;
 Foole mee, to thinke my Sonne that had spent all,
 Had by his thrift bought Land ; I and him too,
 To open all the secrets of his House
 To mee, a Stranger ; Oh thou insolent villaine,
 What to all these canst answere ?

Reig. Guiltie, guiltie.

Old Lio. But to my Sonnes death, what thou
 flaue ?

Reig. Not Guiltie.

Old Lio. Produce him then ; Ith' meane time,
 and——

Honest Friends, get Ladders.

Reig. Yes, and come downe in your owne Ropes.

Own. I'll fetch a Peece and shoote him.

Reig. So the warrant in my Masters pocket, will
 serue for my Murder ; And euer after shall my Ghost
 haunt this House.

Clo. And I will say like Reignald,
 This Ghost and I am Friends.

Old Lio. Bring faggots, I'll set fire vpon the
 House,
 Rather then this indure.

Reig. To burne Houses is Fellony, and I'll
 not out
 Till I be fir'd out ; But since I am Besieged thus,
 I'll summon supplies vnto my Rescue.

Hee windes a Horne. Enter Young Lionell, Rioter,
 two Gallants Blanda, &c.

Y. Lio. Before you chide, first heere mee, next
 your Blessing,
 That on my knees I begge ; I haue but done
 Like mis-spent youth, which after wit deere bought,
 Turnes his Eyes inward, forrie and ashamed ;
 These things in which I haue offended most,
 Had I not prooued, I should haue thought them still

Essential things, delights perdurable ;
Which now I find meere Shaddowes, Toyes and
Dreames,
Now hated more then earst I doated on ;
Best Natures, are soonest wrought on ; Such was
mine ;
As I the offences, So the offenders throw
Heere at your feete, to punish as you please ;
You haue but paid so much as I haue wasted,
To purchase to your selfe a thrifty Sonne ;
Which I from hencefoorth, Vow.

Old Lio. See what Fathers are,
That can three yeeres offences, fowle ones too,
Thus in a Minute pardon ; And thy faults
Vpon my selfe chaſtise, in these my Teares ;
Ere this Submission, I had cast thee off ;
Rise in my new Adoption : But for these——

Clo. The one you haue nothing to doe withall,
here's his Ticket for his discharge ; Another for you
Sir, to Summon you to my Masters Feast, For you,
and you, where I charge you all to appeare, vpon his
displeasure, and your owne apperils.

Y. Lio. This is my Friend, the other one I
loued,
Onely because they haue bin deere to him
That now will striue to be more deere to you ;
Vouchsafe their pardon.

Old Lio. All deere, to me indeed, for I haue payd
for't foundly,
Yet for thy sake, I am atton'd with all ; Onely that
wanton,
Her, and her Company, abandon quite ;
So doing, wee are friends.

Y. Lio. A iust Condition, and willingly sub-
scrib'd to.

Old Lio. But for that Villaine ; I am now de-
uising
What shame, what punishment remarkable,

To inflict on him.

Reig. Why Master? Haue I laboured,
Plotted, Contriued, and all this while for you,
And will you leaue me to the Whip and Stockes;
Not mediate my peace.

Old Lio. Sirra, come downe.

Reig. Not till my Pardon's sealed, I'll rather stand
heere

Like a Statue, in, in the Fore-front of your house
For euer; Like the picture of Dame Fortune
Before the Fortune Play-house.

Y. Lio. If I haue heere
But any Friend amongst you, ioyn with mee
In this petition.

Clo. Good Sir, for my sake, I resolued you truly
Concerning Whooping, the Noyse, the Walking, and
the Sprights,
And for a need, can shew you a Ticket for him too.

Own. I impute my wrongs rather to knauish Cun-
ning,
Then least pretended Malice.

Ric. What he did,
Was but for his Young Master, I allow it
Rather as sports of Wit, then iniuries;
No other pray esteeme them.

Old Lio. Euen as freely,
As you forget my quarells made with you;
Rais'd from the Errours first begot by him;
I heere remit all free; I now am Calme,
But had I feaz'd vpon him in my Spleene——

Reig. I knew that, therefore this was my In-
uention,
For Pollicie's the art still of Preuention.

Clo. Come downe then Reignald, first on your
hands and feete, and then on your knees to your
Master; Now Gentlemen, what doe you say to your
inuiting to my Masters Feast.

Ric. Wee will attend him.

Old Lio. Nor doe I loue to breake good company;
For Master Wincott is my worthy Friend,

Enter Reignald.

And old acquaintance ; Oh thou crafty Wag-string,
And could'st thou thus delude me ? But we are
Friends ;
Nor Gentlemen, let not what's heere to past,
In your least thoughts disable my Estate ;
This my last Voyage hath made all things good,
With furplus too ; Be that your comfort Sonne :
Well Reignald——But no more.

Reig. I was the Fox,
But I from hencefoorth, will no more the Cox——
Combe, put vpon your pate.

Old Lio. Let's walke Gentlemen.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Old Geraldine, and Young Geraldine.

Old Ger. Sonne, let me tell you, you are ill ad-
uised ;
And doubly to be blam'd, by vndertaking
Vnnecessary trauell ; Grounding no reason
For such a rash and giddy enterprife ;
What profit aime you at, you haue not reapt ;
What Nouelty affords the Christian world,
Of which your view hath not participated
In a full measure ; Can you either better
Your language or experience ? Your selfe-will
Hath onely purpose to depriue a father

Of a loued sonne, and many noble friends,
Of your much wisht acquaintance.

Y. Ger. Oh, deare Sir,
Doe not, I doe intreat you, now repent you
Of your free grant ; Which with such care and
studdy,
I haue so long, so often laboured for.

Old Ger. Say that may be dispens'd with, shew
me reason
Why you desire to steale out of your Countrey,
Like some Malefactor that had forfeited
His life and freedome ; Heere's a worthy Gentle-
man

Hath for your sake inuited many guests,
To his great charge, onely to take of you
A parting leaue : You send him word you cannot,
After, you may not come : Had not my vrgence,
Almost compulsion, driuen you to his house,
Th' vnkindnesse might haue forfeited your loue,
And raced you from his will ; In which he hath
giuen you

A faire and large estate ; Yet you of all this strange-
nesse,

Show no sufficient ground.

Y. Ger. Then vnderstand ;
The ground thereof tooke his first birth from you ;
'Twas you first charg'd me to forbear the house,
And that vpon your blessing : Let it not then
Offend you Sir, if I so great a charge
Haue stru'd to keepe so strictly.

Old Ger. Mee perhaps,
You may appease, and with small difficulty,
Because a Father ; But how satisfie
Their deare, and on your part, vnmerited loue ?
But this your last obedience may salue all :
Wee now grow neere the house.

Y. Ger. Whose doores, to mee,
Apppeare as horrid as the gates of Hell :
Where shall I borrow patience, or from whence ?

Enter Wincott, Wife, Ricott, *the two* Lionells, Owner,
Dalauill, Prudentilla, Reignald, Rioter.

To giue a meeting to this viperous brood,
Of Friend and Mistris.

Winc. Y'au'e entertain'd me with a strange discourse

Of your mans knauish wit, but I reioyce,
That in your safe returne, all ends so well :
Most welcome you, and you, and indeed all ;
To whom I am bound, that at so short a warning,
Thus friendly, you will deigne to visit me.

Old Lio. It seemes my absence hath begot some sport,

Thanke my kinde seruant heere.

Reig. Not so much worth Sir.

Old Lio. But though their riots tript at my estate,
They haue not quite ore-throwne it.

Winc. But see Gentlemen,
These whom we most expected, come at length ;
This I proclaime the master of the Feast,
In which to expresse the bounty of my loue,
I'll shew my selfe no niggard.

Y. Ger. Your choise fauours
I still taste in abundance.

Wife. Methinks it would not mis-become me Sir,
To chide your absence ; That haue made your selfe,
To vs, so long a stranger.

Hee turnes away sad, as not being minded.

Y. Ger. Pardon mee Sir,
That haue not yet, since your returne from Sea,
Voted the least fit opportunity,
To entertaine you with a kind salute.

Old Lio. Most kindly Sir I thanke you.

Dal. Methinks friend,

You should expect greene rushes to be strow'd,
After such discontinuance.

Y. Ger. Mistris Pru,
I haue not seene you long, but greet you thus,
May you be Lady of a better husband
Then I expect a wife.

Winc. I like that greeting :
Nay, enter Gentlemen ; Dinner perhaps
Is not yet ready, but the time we stay,
Weele find some fresh discourse to spend away.

Exeunt.

Manet Dalauill.

Dal. Not speake to me ? nor once vouchsafe an
answere,
But sleight me with a poore and base neglect ?
No, nor so much as cast an eye on her,
Or least regard, though in a seeming shew
Shee courted a reply ? 'twixt him and her,
Nay him and mee, this was not wont to be ;
If she haue braine to apprehend as much

Enter Young Geraldine and Wife.

As I haue done, sheele quickly find it out :
Now as I liue, as our affections meete,
So our conceits, and shee hath singled him
To some such purpose : I'll retire my selfe,
Not interrupt their conference.

Exit.

Wife. You are sad Sir.

Y. Ger. I know no cause.

Wife. Then can I shew you some ;
Who could be otherwayes, to leaue a Father
So carefull, and each way so prouident ?
To leaue so many, and such worthy Friends ?
To abandon your owne countrey ? These are some,
Nor doe I thinke you can be much the merrier
For my sake ?

Y. Ger. Now your tongue speakes Oracles ;
For all the rest are nothing, 'tis for you,
Onely for you I cannot.

Wife. So I thought ;
Why then haue you bin all this while so strange ?
Why will you trauell ? suing a diuorce
Betwixt vs, of a loue inseperable ;
For heere shall I be left as desolate
Vnto a frozen, almost widdowed bed ;
Warm'd onely in that future, stor'd in you ;
For who can in your absence comfort me ?

Y. Ger. Shall my oppressed sufferance yet breake
foorth
Into impatience, or endure her more ?

Wife. But since by no perswasion, no intreats,
Your settled obstinacy can be swai'd,
Though you seeme desperate of your owne deare
life,

Haue care of mine, for it exists in you.
Oh Sir, should you miscarry I were lost,
Lost and forsaken ; Then by our past vowes,
And by this hand once giuen mee, by these teares,
Which are but springs begetting greater floods,
I doe beseech thee, my deere Geraldine,
Looke to thy safety, and preferue thy health ;
Haue care into what company you fall ;
Trauell not late, and crosse no dangerous Seas ;
For till Heauens blesse me in thy safe returne,
How will this poore heart suffer ?

Y. Ger. I had thought
Long since the Syrens had bin all destroy'd ;
But one of them I find suruiues in her ;
Shee almost makes me question what I know,
An Hereticke vnto my owne beliefe :
Oh thou mankinde's seducer.

Wife. What ? no answere ?

Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in Showres,
I will reply in Thunder ; Thou Adultresse,
That hast more poyson in thee then the Serpent,

Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,
The Deuill.

Wife. To whom speakes the man ?

Y. Ger. To thee,
Falsest of all that euer man term'd faire ;
Hath Impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush ? Or sinne so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble ? Search thy conscience,

There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues
To speake as loud as mine doth.

Wife. Saue from yours,
I heare no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'll play the Doctor
To open thy deafe eares ; Munday the Ninth
Of the last Moneth ; Canst thou remember that ?
That Night more blacke in thy abhorred sinne,
Then in the gloomie darknesse ; That the time.

Wife. Munday ?

Y. Ger. Wouldest thou the place know ? Thy polluted Chamber,
So often witnesse of my sin-lesse vowes ;
Wouldest thou the Person ? One not worthy Name,
Yet to torment thy guilty Soule the more,
I'll tell him thee, That Monster Dalauill ;
Wouldest thou your Bawd know ? Mid-night, that the
houre :

The very words thou spake ; Now what would Geraldine

Say, if he saw vs heere ? To which was answered,
Tush hee's a Cox-combe, fit to be so fool'd :
No blush ? What, no faint Feauer on thee yet ?
How hath thy blacke sins chang'd thee ? Thou

Medusa,

Those Haires that late appeared like golden Wyers,
Now crawl with Snakes and Adders ; Thou art
vgly.

Wife. And yet my glasse, till now, neere told me
so ;

Who gaue you this intelligence ?

Y. Ger. Onely hee,
That pittying fuch an Innocencie as mine,
Should by two fuch delinquents bee betray'd,
Hee brought me to that place by mirracle ;
And made me an eare witneffe of all this.

Wife. I am vndone.

Y. Ger. But thinke what thou haft loft
To forfeit mee ; I not withftanding thefe,
(So fixt was my loue and vnutterable)
I kept this from thy Husband, nay all eares,
With thy transgreffions fmothering mine owne wrongs,
In hope of thy Repentance.

Wife. Which begins
Thus low vpon my knees.

Y. Ger. Tush, bow to Heauen,
Which thou haft moft offended ; I alas,
Saue in fuch (Scarce vnheard of) Treacherie,
Moft finfull like thy felfe ; Wherein, Oh wherein,
Hath my vnspotted and vnbounded Loue
Deferu'd the leaft of thefe ? Sworne to be made a
ftale

For terme of life ; And all this for my goodneffe ;
Die, and die foone, acquit me of my Oath,
But prethee die repentant ; Farewell euer,
'Tis thou, and onely thou haft Banisht mee,
Both from my Friends and Countrey.

Wife. Oh, I am loft.

Sinkes downe.

Enter Dalauill meeting Young Geraldine going out.

Dal. Why how now, what's the bufineffe ?

Y. Ger. Goe take her Vp, whom thou haft oft
throwne Downe,
Villaine.

Dal. That was no language from a Friend,
It had too harfh an accent ; But how's this ?
My Miftrefse thus low caft vpon the earth
Grauelling and breathlefse, Miftrefse, Lady, Sweet——

Wife. Oh tell me if thy name be Geraldine,
Thy very lookes will kill mee?

Dal. View me well,
I am no such man ; See, I am Dalauill.

Wife. Th'art then a Deuill, that presents before
mee

My horrid fins ; perfwades me to dispaire ;
When hee like a good Angel sent from Heauen,
Besought me of repentance ; Swell sicke Heart,
Euen till thou burst the ribs that bound thee in ;
So, there's one string crackt, flow, and flow high,
Euen till thy blood distill out of mine eyes,
To witnesse my great sorrow.

Dal. Faint againe,
Some helpe within there, no attendant neere ?
Thus to expire, in this I am more wretched,
Then all the sweet fruition of her loue
Before could make me happy.

Enter Wincott, Old Geraldine, Young Geraldine, *the*
two Lionells, Ricott, Owner, Prudentilla, Reig-
nald, Clowne.

Winc. What was hee
Clamor'd so lowd, to mingle with our mirth
This terrour and affright ?

Dal. See Sir, your Wife in these my armes ex-
piring.

Winc. How ?

Prud. My sister ?

Winc. Support her, and by all meanes possible
Prouide for her deere safety.

Old Ger. See, shee recouers.

Winc. Woman, looke vp.

Wife. Oh Sir, your pardon ;
Conuey me to my Chamber, I am sicke,
Sicke euen to death, away thou Sycophant,
Out of my sight, I haue besides thy selfe,

Too many finnes about mee.

Clo. My sweet Mistresse.

Dal. The storme's comming, I must prouide for
harbour. *Exit.*

Old Lio. What strange and suddenn alteration's
this,

How quickly is this cleere day ouercast ;
But such and so vncertaine are all things,
That dwell beneath the Moone.

Y. Lio. A Womans qualme,
Frailties that are inherent to her sex,
Soone ficke, and soone recouer'd.

Winc. If shee misfare,
I am a man more wretched in her losse,
Then had I forfeited life and estate ;
Shee was so good a creature.

Old Ger. I the like
Suffer'd, when I my Wife brought vnto her graue ;
So you, when you were first a widower ;
Come arme your selfe with patience.

Ric. These are casualties
That are not new, but common.

Reig. Burying of Wiues,
As stale as shifting shirts, or for some seruants,
To flout and gull their Masters.

Own. Best to fend
And see how her fit holds her.

Enter Prudentilla and Clowne.

Prud. Sir, my Sister
In these few Lines commends her last to you,
For she is now no more ; What's therein writ, !
Saue Heauen and you, none knowes ; This she de-
sir'd
You would take view of ; and with these words
expired.

Winc. Dead ?

Y. Ger. She hath made me then a free release,
Of all the debts I owed her.

Winc. My feare is beyond pardon, Dalauill
Hath plaid the villaine, but for Geraldine,
Hee hath bin each way Noble——Loue him still,
My peace already I haue made with Heauen ;
Oh be not you at warre with me ; My Honour
Is in your hands to punish, or preferue ;
I am now Confest, and only Geraldine
Hath wrought on mee this vnexpected good ;
The Inke I write with, I wish had bin my blood,
To witnesse my Repentance——Dalauill ?
Where's hee ? Goe seeke him out.

Clo. I shall, I shall Sir.

Exit.

Winc. The Wills of Dead folke should be still
obeyed ;
How euer false to mee, I'll not reueale't ;
Where Heauen forgives, I pardon Gentlemen,
I know you all commiserate my losse ;
I little thought this Feast should haue bin turn'd

Enter Clowne.

Into a Funerall ; What's the newes of him ?

Clo. Hee went presently to the Stable, put the
Sadle vpon his Horse, put his Foote into the Stirrup,
clapt his Spurres into his sides, and away hee's Gallopt,
as if hee were to ride a Race for a Wager.

Winc. All our ill lucks goe with him, farewell hee ;
But all my best of wishes wait on you,
As my chiefe Friend ; This meeting that was made
Onely to take of you a parting leaue,
Shall now be made a Marriage of our Loue,
Which none saue onely Death shall separate.

Y. Ger. It calles me from all Trauell, and from
hencefoorth,
With my Countrey I am Friends.

Winc. The Lands that I haue left,

You lend mee for the short space of my life ;
As foone as Heauen calles mee, they call you Lord ;
First feast, and after Mourne ; Wee'le like some Gal-
lants
That Bury thrifty Fathers, think't no sinne,
To weare Blacks without, but other Thoughts within.

Excunt omnes.

FINIS.



A Pleasant Comedy, called
A
MAYDEN-HEAD WELL LOST.

As it hath beene publickly Acted at the *Cocke-pit*
in Drury-lane, with much Applause:
By her Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,
Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Iohn Iackson* and
Francis Church, and are to be sold at the
Kings Armes in *Cheape-side.* 1634.



To the Reader.

 Ourteous Reader, (of what sexe soever) let not the Title of this Play any way deterre thee from the perusall thereof: For there is nothing herein contained, which doth deuiate either from Modesty, or good Manners. For though the Argument be drawne from a Mayden-head lost, yet to be well lost, cleares it from all aspersiō. Neither can this be drawne within the Criticall censure of that most horrible Histriomastix, whose vncharitable doome having damned all such to the flames of Hell, hath it selfe already suffered a most remarkeable fire here vpon Earth. This hath beene frequently, and publickly Acted without exception, and I presume may be freely read without distaste; and of all in

generall: excepting such, whose prepared palats, disgusting all Poems of this nature, are poysoned with the bitter iuice of that Coloquintida and Hemlocke, which can neither relish the peace of the Church nor Common-weale. Nothing remaineth further to be said, but read charitably, and then censure without preiudice.

By him who hath beene euer studious
of thy fauour,

Thomas Heywood.



Dramatis Personæ.

The Duke of <i>Florence</i> .	The Duke of <i>Millaine</i> .
The Prince of <i>Florence</i> .	The Prince of <i>Parma</i> .
<i>Mounſieur</i> , the Tutor to the Prince.	<i>Julia</i> Daughter to <i>Mil-</i> <i>lain</i> .
The Widdow of the Ge- nerall.	<i>Stroza</i> Secretary to the Duke.
<i>Sforſa</i> .	A Souldier of <i>Sforza</i> 'es.
Their Daughter <i>Lau-</i> <i>retta</i> .	Three maimed Soul- diers.
The Clowne their Ser- uant.	A Lord of <i>Millaine</i> .
A Huntsman.	Attendants.
A Lord of <i>Florence</i> .	Other Lords, &c.





The Prologue.

P*rologues to Playes in vse, and common are,
As Vshers to Great Ladies ; Both walke bare,
And comely both ; conducting Beauty they
And wee appeare, to vsher in our Play.
Yet, be their faces foule, or featur'd well,
Be they hard-fauoured, or in lookes excell,
Yet being Vsher, he owes no lesse duty
Vnto the most deformed, then the choise Beautie.
It is our case ; we vsher Aëts and Scenes,
Some honest, and yet some may proue like Queanes.
(Loose and base stufte) yet that is not our fault,
We walke before, but not like Panders hault
Before such cripled ware : Th' Aëts we present
We hope are Virgins, drawne for your content
Vnto this Stage : Maides gratefull are to Men,
Our Scenes being such, (like such) accept them then.*



A
MAYDEN-HEAD
WELL LOST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iulia and Stroza.

Iulia.



feene

Hat shee should doo't ?

Stroza. Shee ?

Iul. May we build vpon't ?

St. As on a base of Marble ; I have

Strange passages of loue, loose enterchanges
Of hands and eyes betwixt her and the Prince,
Madame looke too't.

Iul. What hope hath he in one
So meanly bred ? or shee t'obtaine a Prince
Of such discent and linnage ?

Str. What but this
That you must vndergoe the name of wife,
And she to intercept the sweetes of loue
Due to your bed.

Iul. To be his strumpet *Stroza* ?

Str. Madame a woman may gueffe unhappily.

Iul. Thou shouldst be honest *Stroza*.

Str. Yes, many should
Be what they are not : but I alwayes was,
And euer will be one, (that's still my selfe.)

Iul. The Generall *Sforzaes* daughter ? is't not she ?

Str. Is that yet questioned ? as if the chaste
Court
Had saue her selfe one so degenerate,
So dissolutely wanton, so profuse
In prostitution too, so impudent
And blushlesse in her proud ambitious aime,
As if no man could her intemperance please,
Saue him whom Heaven hath destin'd to your
bed.

Iul. I never saw them yet familiar.

Str. Ha, ha, as if they'd fend for you to
see't,
To witnesse what they most striue to conceale,
Be guld ? be branded : 'las to me, all's nothing,
I shall ne're smart for't, what is't to me ?
If being a Bride, you haue a widdowed fortune ;
If being married, you must throw your selfe
Vpon a desolate bed, and in your armes,
Claspe nought but Ayre, whilst his armes full of
pleasure
Borrow'd from a stolne beauty, shall this grieve
Or trouble me ? breake my sleepes ? make me starte
At midnight vp, and fill the house with clamours ?
Shall this bring strange brats to be bred and
brought
Vp at my fire, and call me Dad ? No : this
Concernes not me more then my loue to you
To your high Soueraignty.

Iul. I now repent
Too late, since I too lauishly haue giuen him
The vtmost he could aske, and stretcht my honour
Beyond all lawfull bounds of modesty.
Hee's couetous of others, and neglects

His owne ; but I will part those their stolne pleasures,

And crosse those lustfull sports they haue in chase,
Not be the pillow to my owne disgrace. *Exit.*

Str. The game's on foote, and there's an easie path

To my reuenge ; this beauteous *Millanois*
Vnto th' Duke sole heire, still courted, crau'd,
And by the *Parma* Prince sollicitd,
Which I still study how to breake, and cast
Aspersions betwixt both of strange dislike ;
But wherein hath the other innocent Mayde
So iniur'd me, that I should scandall her ?
Her Father is the Generall to the Duke :
For when I studded to be rais'd by Armes,
And purchase me high eminence in Campe,
He crost my fortunes, and return'd me home
A Cashierd Captaine ; for which iniury
I scandall all his meanes vnto the Duke,
And to the Princeesse all his daughters vertues
I labour to inuert, and bring them both
Into disgracefull hatred.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. *Storza* ?

Str. My Lord ?

Par. Saw you the Princeesse ?

Str. *Iulia* ?

Par. She ?

Str. I haue my Lord of late no eare of hers,
Nor she a tongue of mine ; the time hath bin
Till soothing Sycophants and Court Parasites
Supplanted me.

Par. I haue the power with her
To bring thee into grace.

Str. Haue you the power
To keepe your selfe in ? doe you smile my Lord ?

Par. I tell thee *Stroza*, I haue that interest
In *Iulias* bosome, that the proudest Prince
In *Italy* cannot supplant me thence.

Str. Sir,
I no way question it : but haue I not knowne
A Prince hath bin repulst, and meanest persons
Bosom'd ? the Prince would once have lookt vpon
me,
When small intreaty would haue gain'd an eye,
An eare, a tongue, to speake yea, and a heart,
To thinke I could be secret.

Par. What meanes *Stroza* ?

Str. But 'tis the fate of all mortality :
Man cannot long be happy ; but my passion
Will make me turne blab, I shall out with all.

Par. Whence comes this ? 'tis suspitious, and I
must be
Inquisitiue to know't.

Str. A Iest my Lord,
I'll tell you a good Iest.

Par. Prithee let's heare it.

Str. What will you say, if at your meeting next
With this faire Princeesse ? shee begins to raue,
To raile vpon you, to exclaime on your
Inconstancy, and call the innocent name
Of some chaste Maide in question, whom perhaps
You neuer ey'd my Lord.

Par. What of all this ?

Str. What but to excuse her owne : (I'll not say
what)
Put off the purpos'd Contract : and my Lord
Come, come, I know you haue a pregnant wit.

Par. We parted last with all the kindest greeting
Louers could adde fare-well with : but should this
change

Suite thy report, I should be forc't to thinke
That, which euen Oracles themselues could neuer
Force me to that she is.

Str. All women are not
Sincerely constant, but obserue my Lord.

*Enter Iulia, the Generals Wife, and Lauretta
her Daughter.*

Iul. Minion is't you ? there's for you, know your
owne.

Iulia meets her and strikes her, then speakes.

Str. Obseru'd you that my Lord ?

Lau. Why did you strike me Madame ?

Iul. Strumpet, why ?

Dare you contest with vs ?

Lau. Who dare with Princeesse ? subjects must
forbeare

Each step I treade I'll water with a teare.

Exeunt Mother and Lauretta weeping.

Str. I spy a storme a coming, Ile to shelter.

Exit Stro.

Par. Your meaning Madame ?

Iul. Did it Sir with yours

But correspond, it would be bad indeede.

Par. Why did you strike that Lady ?

Iul. Cause you should pittie her.

Par. Small cause for blowes.

Iul. I stricke her publickly.

You give her blowes in priuate.

Par. *Stroza* still ?

Iul. Go periurd and dispose thy false allure-
ments

'Mongst them that will beleue thee, thou hast lost
Thy credit here for euer.

Par. I shall finde
Faith else-where then.

Iul. Eye spread thy snares
To catch poore innocent Maides : and hauing tane
them
In the like pit-fall, with their shipwrackt honours,
Make seasure of their liues.

Par. Iniurious Lady,
 All thou canst touch my Honour with, I cast
 On thee, and henceforth I will flye thee as
 A Bafaliske. I haue found the change of lust,
 Your loose inconstancy, which is as plaine
 To me, as were it writ vpon thy brow,
 You shall not cast me off: I hate thy fight,
 And from this houre I will abiure thee quite.

Exit Parma.

Iul. Ile call him backe: if *Stroza* be no villaine,
 He is not worth my clamour. What was that
 Startled within me? Oh I am dishonoured
 Perpetually; for he hath left behinde
 That pledge of his acquaintance, that will for euer
 Cleaue to my blood in scandall, I must now
 Sue, fend, and craue, and what before I scorn'd
 By prayers to grant, submissiuely implore. *Exit Iulia.*

A flourish. *Enter the Duke of Millenie, the Generals
 wife, and deliuers a petition with Stroza, Lauretta,
 and attendants.*

Duke. Lady your suite?

Wife. So please your Grace peruse it,
 It is included there.

Duk. Our generals Wife?
 We know you Lady, and your beauteous Daughter,
 Nay you shall spare your knee.

Str. More plot for mee;
 My brain's in labour, and must be deliuered
 Of some new mischeife?

Duk. You petition heere
 For Men and Money! making a free relation
 Of all your Husbands fortunes, how supplies
 Haue beene delay'd, and what extremities
 He hath indurd at *Naples* dreadfull Seige;
 Wee know them all, and withall doe acknowledge
 All plentious blessings by the power of Heauen,
 By him wee doe obtaine, and by his valour

Lady we greue he hath beene so neglected.

Wife. O Roiall Sir, you still were Gracious,
But twixt your Vertues and his Merits there
Hath beene some interception, that hath stopt
The current of your fauours.

Duk. All which shal bee remou'd, and hee
appeare
Henceforth a bright starre in our courtly spheare.

Str. But no such Comet here shall daze my sight,
Whilst I a Cloud am to Eclips that light. *Exit Stroza.*

Duk. We sent out our Commissions two Monthes
since

For Men and Money, nor was't our intent
It should bee thus delayd : though we are Prince,
We onely can command, to execute
Tis not in vs but in our Officers,
We vnderstand that by their negligence
He has beene put to much extremity
Of Dearth and Famine, many a stormy night
Beene forc'd to roofe himselfe i'th open field,
Nay more then this, much of his owne reuenue
He hath expended, all to pay his Souldiers :
Yet Reuerend Madame, but forget what's past,
Though late, weele quit his merit at the last.

Enter Iulia and Stroza whispering.

Wife. Your Highnesse is most Royall ?

Stro. Her Father shall be in the Campe releiu'd,
She grac'd in Court, how will she braue you then ?
If suffer this take all ? why the meanest Lady
Would neuer brooke an equall ? you a Princeesse ?
And can you brooke a base competitor ?

Iulia. It shall not, we are fixt and stand immou'd,
And will be swaid by no hand.

Duk. *Iulia ?*

Iulia. A Sutor to that Lady Royall Father,
Before she be a widdow that you are
So priuate in discourse ?

Duk. O you mistake,
For shee the futor is, and hath obtain'd.

Iulia. I am glad I haue found you in the giuing
vaine,
Will you grant me one boone to ?

Duk. Question not,
To hast your Marriage with the former Prince,
Or at the least the contract, is't not that ?

Iulia. Say twere my Lord ?

Duk. It could not be denide.
But speake ? thy suite ?

Iulia. To haue this modest Gentlewoman
Banisht the Court.

Wife. My Daughter Royall princeffe;
Show vs some cause I beg it ?

Iulia. Lady though
You be i'th begging vaine, I am not now
In the giuing, will you leaue vs ?

Lauretta. Wherein O Heauen
Haue I deseru'd your wrath, that you should thus
Perfue me ? I haue searcht, indeed beyond
My understanding, but yet cannot finde ?
Wherein I haue offended by my chastity.

Iulia. How chastity ?
A thing long fought, 'mongst Captains wiues and
daughters,
Yet hardly can bee found.

Duk. Faire Lady yeild
Vnto my daughters spleen her rage blowne 'ore,
Feare not, Ile make your peace, as for your suite
Touching your husband, that will I secure.

Iul. Hast *Stroza*, vnto the Prince his chamber,
Giue him this letter, it concernes my honor,
My state, my life, all that I can call good
Depends vpon the safe deliury
Of these few broken Letters.

Str. Maddam, tis done——

Exit.

Iul. What stayes she to out-face me ?

Lau. Madam, I yeild

A Mayden-head well lost.

III

Way to your spleene, not knowing whence it growes,
Bearing your words more heauy then your blowes.

Wife. Small hope there is to see the Father
righted
When the child is thus wrong'd.

Enter a Souldier and Stroza.

Soul. Must speake with the Duke.

Str. Must fellow? stay your howre, and dance attendance

Vntill the Duke's at leisure.

Soul. Ile doe neither,
I come in haste with newes.

Str. Why then keepe out fir.

Soul. Ha Milkop? know percullist gates
Though kept with Pikes & Muskets, could nere keepe
me out

And dost thou thinke to shut me out with Wainscot?

Duk. What's he?

Soul. A Souldier.

Duk. Whence?

Soul. The Campe.

Duk. The newes?

Soul. A mighty losse; a glorious victory.

Duke. But which the greater?

Soul. Tis vncertaine fir:

But will you heare the best or bad newes first?

Duke. Cheere me with conquest first, that being
arm'd

With thy best newes, we better may endure
What sounds more fatall.

Soul. Heare me then my Lord,
We sack't the Citty after nine Moneths siege,
Furnisht with store of all warres furniture,
Our (neuer to be praisd enough) braue Generall
Fought in the Cannons face, their number still
Increast, but ours diminisht; their souldiers pay
Doubled, and ours kept backe: but we (braue spirits)

The lesse we had of Coyne, the more we tooke
 Vnto our selues of Courage, but when all
 Our furniture was spent euen to one day,
 And that to morrow we must be inforc't
 To raise a shamefull siege, then stood our General
 (Our valiant General) vp, and breath'd vpon vs
 His owne vndaunted spirit, which spred through
 The Campe, return'd it doubly arm'd againe :
 For he did meane to lay vpon one shott
 His state and fortune, and then instantly
 He bad vs arme and follow : On then he went,
 We after him ; oh ! 'twas a glorious fight,
 Fit for a Theater of Gods to see,
 How we made vp and mauer all opposure,
 Made way through raging stormes of showring bullets ;
 At last we came to hooke our ladders, and
 By them to skale. The first that mounted, was
 Our bold couragious Generall : after him
 Ten thousand, so we instantly were made
 Lords of the Citty, purchas'd in two houres
 After a nine Moneths siege : all by the valour
 Of our approued Generall.

Duke. I neuer heard a brauer victory,
 But what's our losse ?

Soul. Oh that, which ten such Conquests
 Cannot make good, your worthy Generall.

Wife. My Lord and husband ? spare me passion,
 I must with-draw to death. *Exit.*

Duke. How perish't he ?
 What dy'de he by the sword ?

Soul. Sword ? No alas,
 No sword durst byte vpon his noble flesh,
 Nor bullet raze his skinne : he whom War feared,
 The Cannon spar'd, no steele durst venture on.
 No Duke, 'twas thy vnkinde ingratitude
 Hath flaine braue *Sforza*.

Duke. Speake the cause ?

Soul. I shall :
 This Citty feaz'd, his purpose was the spoyle

To give his Souldiers ; but when his seal'd Commission
He had vnript, and saw expresse command,
To deale no farther then to victory,
And that his great Authority was curb'd,
And giuen to others, that respect their profit
More then the worth of souldiers : euen for grieve,
That he could neither furnish vs with pay
Which was kept back, nor guerdon vs with spoile,
What was about him he distributed,
Euen to the best deseruers, as his garments,
His Armes, and Tent, then some few words spake,
And so opprest with grieve, his great heart brake.

Str. There's one gone then.

Duke. Attend for thy reward,
So leaue vs.

Soul. Pray on whom shall I attend ?
Who is't must pay me ?

Str. I fir.

Soul. You fir ? tell me,
Will it not cost me more the waiting for,
Then the summe comes to when it is receiu'd ?
I doe but aske the question.

Str. You are a bold
And faucy souldier.

Soul. You are a cunning slaue,
And cowardly Courtier.

Duke. See all things be dispatcht
Touching conditions of attoned peace
'Twixt vs and *Naples* : see that souldier to
Haue his reward.

Soul. Come will you pay me fir ? *Exit Soul.*

Str. Sir, will you walke : as for your faucineffe
I'll teach you a Court-tricke : you shal be taught
How to attend.

Duke. But that our General's lost :

Str. Is't not now peace, what should a Generall
doe ?

Had he return'd, he would haue lookt for honours,
This suite and that for such a follower :

Now Royall sir, that debt is quite discharg'd.

Duke. But for his wife, we must be mindefull of her,

And see we doe so.

Exit Duke.

Iul. Speake, will he come?

Str. Madam, I found him ready to depart
The Court with expedition : but at my vrgence
He promis't you a parley.

Iul. It is well :

If prayers or teares can moue him, Ile make way
To saue my owne shame, and enforce his stay.

Exeunt.

Enter three souldiers : one without an arme.

1 *Soul.* Come fellow souldiers, doe you know the reason

That we are summon'd thus vnto the house
Of our dead Generall?

2 *Soul.* Sure 'tis about
Our pay.

3 *Soul.* But stand aside, here comes the Lady.

Enter the Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Wife. Are all these Gentlemen summond together,
That were my Husbands followers, and whose fortunes
Expir'd in him?

Clo. They are if please your Ladiship : though I
was neuer Tawny-coate, I haue playd the summoners
part, and the rest are already paide, onely these three
attend your Ladiships remuneration.

Wife. Welcome Gentlemen,
My Husband led you on to many dangers
Two yeares, and last to pouerty : His reuenewes
Before hand he sold to maintaine his Army,
When the Dukes pay still fail'd, you know you
were
Stor'd euer from his Coffers.

2 *Soul.* He was a right
And worthy Generall.

2. *Soul.* He was no lesse.

Clo. He was no lesse ; and all you know hee was
no more, well, had he liu'd, I had beene plac't in some
house of office or other ere this time.

Wife. It was his will, which to my vtmost power
I will make good, to satisfie his fouldiers
To the vtmost farthing. All his Gold and Iewels
I haue already added, yet are we still
To score to fouldiery ? what is your summe ?

1 *Soul.* Pay for three Moneths.

Wife. There's double that in Gold.

1. *Soul.* I thanke your Ladiship.

Wife. What yours ?

2. *Soul.* Why Madam,
For foure Moneths pay.

Wife. This Iewell surmounts that.

2. *Soul.* I am treble satisfied.

Wife. You are behinde hand too.

Clo. Ey but Madam, I thinke he be no true
fouldier.

Wife. No true Souldier ? your reason ?

Clo. Marry because he walkes without his Armes.

Wife. The Dukes Treasure
Cannot make good that losse, yet are we rich
In one thing :

Nothing we haue that were of nothing made,
Nothing we owe, my Husbands debts are payd.
Morrow Gentlemen.

All. Madam, Hearts, Swords and hands, rest still
At your command.

Wife. Gentlemen I'me sorry that I cannot pay you
better,
Vnto my wishes and your owne desert,
'Tis plainly seene great Perfons oft times fall,
And the most Rich cannot giue more then all.
Good morrow Gentlemen.

All. May you be euer happy.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Clo. I but Madam, this is a hard case being truly confidered, to giue away all, why your Shoe-maker, though he hath many other Toodles to worke with, he will not giue away his All.

Wife. All ours was his alone, it came by him, And for his Honour it was paid againe.

Clo. Why, say I had a peece of Meate I had a mind to, I might perhaps giue away a Modicum, a Morcell, a Fragment or so, but to giue away and bee a hungry my selfe, I durst not doo't for my Guts, or say I should meete with a friend that had but one Penny in his Purse, that should giue mee a Pot of Ale, that should drinke to me, and drinke vp all, I'le stand too't there's no Conscience in't.

Lau. What hath beene done was for my Fathers Honor.

Clo. Shee might haue giuen away a little, and a little, but when all is gone, what's left for me?

Wife. Wee will leaue *Millaine* and to *Florence* straight,

Though wee are poore, yet where we liue vnknowne

'Tis the lesse griefe, firrah, will you comfort With vs, and beare a part in our misfortunes?

Clo. Troth Madam, I could find in my heart to goe with you but for one thing.

Wife. What's that?

Clo. Because you are too liberall a Mistresse : and that's a fault feldome found among Ladies : For looke, you vse to giue away all, and I am all that is left ; and I am affraide when you come into a strange Countrey, you'le give away me too, so that I shall neuer liue to be my owne man.

Wife. Tush, feare it not.

Clo. Why then I'le goe with you in spite of your teeth.

Wife. Leauē *Milleine* then, to *Florence* be our
guide,
Heauen when man failes, muſt for our helpe prouide.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Parma reading a Letter : after him Julia.

Par. This Letter came from you, 'tis your
Character.

Iu. That hand in Contract you ſo long haue had,
Should not ſeeme ſtrange to you now.

Par. You are with - childe,
So doth your Letter ſay : what change your face ?

Iu. My bluſhes muſt ſpeake for me.

Par. And this Childe
You would beſtow on me : y'are very liberall Lady,
You giue me more then I did meane to aſke.

Iu. And yet but what's your owne Sir, I am
ferious,
And it will ill become your Oathes and Vowes
To ieſt at my vndoeing.

Par. You would ſay
Rather your doing.

Iu. In doing thus, you ſhould vndoe me quite.

Par. What doe you weepe, that late did rayle in
clamor ?

Your thunders turnd to ſhowres ? It is moſt ſtrange.

Iu. You haue diſhonoured me, and by your
flattery

Haue rob'd me of my chaſte Virginitie :
Yet ere I yeelded, we were man and wife,
Sauing the Churches outward Ceremony.

Par. But Lady, you that would be wonne by me

To such an act of lust, would soone consent
Vnto another.

Iu. Can this be found in man ?

Par. This *Strozas* language moues me, and I
intend

To try what patience, constancy, and loue
There can be found in woman : why do you weepe ?
You are not hungry, for your bellie's full ;
Lady, be rul'd by me : take the aduice
A Doctōr gaue a Gentleman of late,
That sent to him to know, whether Tobacco
Were good for him or no : My friend quoth he,
If thou didst neuer loue it, neuer take it ;
If thou didst euer loue it, neuer leaue it ;
So I to thee ; if thou wert as thou hast
Beene alwayes honest, I could wish thee still
So to continue ; but being a broken Lady,
Your onely way's to make vse of your Talent,
Farewell, I'le to my Countrey. *Exit Parma.*

Iu. Oh miserable,
Let me but reckon vp ten thousand ills
My loosenesse hath committed, the asperision
And scandalous reputation of my Childe,
My Father too, 'tmust come vnto his eare,
Oh——

Enter Milleine.

Duke. Iulia.

Iu. Away.

Duke. Come hither, but one word.

Iu. That all those blacke occurrents should con-
spire,
And end in my disgrace.

Duke. Ha ! what's the businesse ?

Iu. If all men were such,
I should be sorry that a man begot me,
Although he were my father.

Duke. Iulia, how's that ?

Iul. Oh Sir, you come to know whether Tobacco be good for you or no ; Ile tell you, if you neuer tooke it, neuer take it then, or if you euer vs'd it, take it still ; Nay, I'me an excellent Phisitian growne of late I tell you.

Duke. What meane these strange Anagrams ?
I am thy Father and I loue thee sweete.

Iul. Loue me thou dost not.

Duke. Why thou doest know I doe.

Iul. I say thou doest not : lay no wager with me,
For if thou dost, there will be two to one
On my side against thee.

Duke. Ha ! I am thy Father,
Why *Iulia* ?

Iu. How my Father ! then doe one thing
For me your Daughter.

Duke. One thing ? any thing,
Ey all things.

Iu. Instantly then draw your sword,
And pierce me to the heart.

Duke. I loue thee not so ill,
To be the Author of thy death.

Iu. Nor I my selfe so well, as to desire
A longer life : if you be then my Father,
Punish a sinne that hath disgrac't your Daughter,
Scandald your blood, and poyson'd it with mud.

Duke. Be plaine with vs.

Iu. See, I am strumpeted,
A bastard issue growes within my wombe.

Duke. Whose fact ?

Iu. Prince *Parmaes*.

Duke. *Stroza*.

Str. My Lord.

Duke. Search out
Prince *Parma*, bring the Traytour backe againe
Dead or aliue.

Str. My Lord, he is a Prince.

Duke. No matter ; for his head shall be the
ransome

Of this foule Treafon. When I fay begon.
But as for thee bafe and degenerate——

Iul. Doe fhew your felfe a Prince : let her no
longer
Liue, that hath thus difgrac't your Royall blood.

Duk. Nature preuailes 'boue honour : her offence
Merits my vengeance, but the name of Childe
Abates my Swords keene edge : yet Royalty
Take th' vpper hand of pittie : kill the ftrumpet,
And be renown'd for Iuftice.

Iul. Strike, I'll ftand.

Duke. How eafie could I period all my care,
Could I her kill, and yet her Infant spare :
A double Murder I muft needes commit,
To ruine that which neuer offended yet.
Oh Heauen ! in this I your affiftance craue,
Punifh the faultier, and the innocent faue.

Iul. You are not true to your owne honour
Father,
To let me longer liue.

Duke. Oh *Iulia*, *Iulia*,
Thou haft ouerwhelm'd vpon my aged head
Mountaines of griefe, t'oppreffe me to my graue.
Is *Parma* found ?

Str. My Lord, hee's priuately
Fled from the Court.

Duke. Then flye thou after villaine.

Str. Sir, are you madde ?

Duke. What's to be done ? Alacke,
I cannot change a father and a Prince
Into a cruell Hang-man : tell me *Iulia*,
Is thy guilt yet but priuate to thy felfe ?

Iul. It is my Lord.

Duke. Conceale it then : wee'lle ftudy
To falue thy honour, and to keepe thy loofenefle
From all the world conceal'd, comprefse thy griefe,
And I will ftudy how to shadow mine.
Wipe from thy cheekes thefe teares : oh curfed
Age,

When Children 'gainst their Parents all things dare,
Yet Fathers still proue Fathers in their care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Lauretta, and Clowne.

Moth. Oh misery beyond comparifon !
When faue the Heauens we haue no rooffe at all
To fhelter vs.

Clow. That word all flickes more in my stomacke
then my victuals can : For indeede wee can get none
to eate now : I told you, you were fo prodigall we
fhould pinch for't.

Wife. What place may wee call this ? what Clime ?
what Prouince ?

Clow. Why this is the Duke-dome of *Florence*, and
this is the Forrest where the hard-hearted Duke hunts
many a Hart : and there's no Deere fo deare to him,
but hee'le kill it : as goodly a large place to ftarue
in, as your Ladifhip can defire to fee in a Summers
day.

Wife. Yet here, fince no man knowes vs, no
man can
Deride our misery : better dye ftaru'd,
Then bafely begge.

Clow. How better ftarue then begge ; all the
Ladies of *Florence* fhall neuer make me of that beleefe.
I had rather beg a thoufand times, then ftarue once,
doe you fcorne begging ? Your betters doe not, no
Madam ; get me a Snap-facke, I'le to *Florence* : I'le
make all the high-ways ring of me with for the Lords
fake. I haue ftudied a Prayer for him that giues, and
a Poxe take him that giues nothing : I haue one for
the Horfe-way, another for the Foote-way, and a third
for the turning-ftile. No Madam, begging is growne
a gentleman-like Calling here in our Countrey.

Wife. I haue yet one poore piece of Gold referu'd,
Step to the Village by and fetch fome Wine.

Clow. You had better keepe your Gold, and truft

to my begging Oratory, yet this is the worst they can say to mee, that I am my Ladies Bottle-man.

Exit Clowne.

Wife. Here's a strange change : we must be patient,
Yet can I not but weepe thinking on thee.

Lau. Madam on me ? there is no change of Fortune
Can puffed me or dejected me ; I am all one
In rich abundance and penurious want :
So little doe my miseries vex me,
Or the faire Princeesse wrong,
That I will end my passions in a Song.

A Song.

Sound Hornes within.

Wife. It seemes the Duke is Hunting in the Forrest,
Here let vs rest our selues, and listen to
Their Tones, for nothing but mishap here lies ;
Sing thou faire Childe, I'll keepe tune with my eyes.

*Winde hornes. And enter the Prince of Florence
& Mounseur.*

Prince. This way the voyce was, let vs leaue the Chace.

Moun. Behold my Lord two sad dejected Creatures
Throwne on the humble verdure.

Prince. Here's beauty mixt with teares, that pouerty
Was neuer bred in Cottage : I'll farther question
Their state and fortune.

Wife. Wee're discovered,
Daughter arise.

Prince. What are you gentle Creatures ?

Nay anfwere not in teares.
If you by casuall losse, or by the hand
Of Fortune haue beene crusht beneath these sorrowes,
He demands your grieve
That hath as much will as ability
To succour you, and for your owne faire sake ;
Nay beautilous Damfell, you neede not question that.

Lau. If by the front we may beleue the heart,
Or by the out-side iudge the inward vertue :
You faire Sir, haue euen in your selfe alone
All that this world can promise ; for I ne're
Beheld one so compleate ; and were I sure
Although you would not pittie, yet at least
You would not mocke our misery : I would relate
A Tale should make you weepe.

Prince. Sweete if the Prologue
To thy sad passion mooue thus : what will the Sceane
And tragicke act it selfe doe ? Is that Gentlewoman
Your Mother sweete ?

Lau. My wretched Mother Sir.

Prince. Pray of what Prouince ?

Lau. *Milleine.*

Prince. What fortune there ?

Lau. My Father was a Noble Gentleman,
Rank't with the best in Birth, and which did adde
To all his other vertues, a bold Souldier ;
But when he dy'de——

Prince. Nay, proceede beauteous Lady,
How was your Father stil'd ?

Lau. To tell you that,
Were to exclaime vpon my Prince, my Countrey,
And their Ingratitude : For he being dead,
With him our fortunes and our hopes both fail'd ;
My Mother loath to liue ignobly base,
Where once she flourisht, hauing spent her meanes
Not loofely nor in riot, but in the honour
Of her dead Husband : left th' ingratefull Land,
Rather to spend her yeares in pouerty,
Mongst those that neuer knew her height of Fortune,

Then with her thankelesse Friends and Countrey-men,
Fled here to perish.

Prince. More then her charming beauty
Her passion moues me : where inhabit you ?

Lau. Here, euery where.

Prince. Beneath these Trees ?

Lau. We haue

No other rooffe then what kinde Heanen lends.

Prince. Gentle Creature,
Had you not told me that your Birth was Noble,
I should haue found it in your face and gesture.
Mounfieur.

Mounfieur. My Lord.

Prince. Goe winde thy Horne abroad, and call to
vs

Some of our traine : we pittie these two Ladies,
And we will raise their hope : Cheere you old
Madam,

You shall receiue some bounty from a Prince.

Enter a Huntf-man.

Who keepes the Lodge below ?

Huntf. Your Highnesse Huntf-man.

Prince. Command him to remoue, and instantly
We giue it to these Ladies : besides, adde
Vnto our Guest three thousand pounds a yeare :
We'll see it furnisht too with Plate and Hangings.
'Las pretty Maide, your Father's dead you say,
We'll take you now to our owne Patronage,
And trust me Lady, while wee're Prince of *Florence*,
You shall not want nor foode, nor harborage.

Wife. Pardon Great Sir, this our neglect of
duty

Vnto a Prince so gracious and compleate
In vertuous indowments.

Lau. To excuse
Our former negligence, behold I cast
Me at your foote.

Prince. Arise sweete, pray your name ?

Lau. Lauretta.

Prince. Faire *Lauretta*, you shall be henceforth
ours,

Oh Mounfieur ! I ne're saw where I could loue
Till now.

Moun. How now my Lord, remember pray,
What you are to this poore deiected Maide.

Prince. Well Mounfieur, well ; when e're I match,
pray Heauen,
We loue so well : but loue and toyle hath made vs
Euen somewhat thirsty, would we had some Wine.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Nay, now I thinke I haue fitted you with a
Cup of Mipfilato.

Moun. How now firrah, what are you ?

Clow. What am I ? Nay what art thou ?
I thinke you'le proue little better then a smell-
smocke,
That can finde out a pretty wench in such a Corner.

Wife. Peace firrah, 'tis the Prince.

Clow. What if he be ? he may loue a Wench as
well as another man.

Prince. What hast thou there ?

Clow. A bottle of Wine and a Manchel that my
Lady sent me for.

Prince. Thou ne're couldst come to vs in better
time,
Reach it vs Mounfieur.

Moun. Your bottle quickly firrah, come I say.

Clow. Yes, when ? can you tell ? doe you thinke
I am such an Asse, to part so lightly with my liquor ?
Know thou my friend, before I could get this bottle
fill'd, I was glad to change a piece of gold, and call
for the rest againe : And doe you thinke I'le loose my
liquor, and haue no Gold nor rest againe ? Not so
my Friend, not so.

Moun. There's Gold fir.

Clow. Madam, will you giue me a Licence to fell Wine? I could get no Plate in the Forrest but a wooden Dish.

Wife. Fill to the Prince *Lauretta*.

Lau. Will it please

Your Highnesse drinke out of a wooden Mazer?

Prince. Yes sweete with thee in any thing: you know

Wee are a Prince, and you shall be our taster.

Lau. Why should I loue this Prince? his bounteous gifts

Exalt me not, but make me much more poore,
I'me more deiected then I was before.

Wife. Sir.

Moun. Lady, thanks: I feare me he is caught,
But if he be, my Counsell must diuert him.

Clow. The bottome of the bottle is at your seruice Sir,

Shall you and I part stakes?

Moun. There's more Gold for you.

Clow. I had rather you had broke my pate then my draught, but harke you Sir, are you as a man should say, a belonger to?

Hunt. A belonger to? what's that fir?

Clow. Oh ignorant! are you a follower?

Hunt. I feldome goe before when my betters are in place.

Clow. A Seruing-man I take it.

Hunt. Right fir.

Clow. I desire you the more complement: I haue the courtesie of the Forrest for you.

Hunt. And I haue the courtesie of the Court for you fir.

Clow. That's to bring me to Buttery hatch, and neuer make me drinke.

Prince. Sirrah, conduct those Ladies to the Lodge,
And tell the keeper we haue flor'd for him,
A better fortune: you shall heare further from vs,

You vſher them.

Hunt. Come Ladies will you walke?

Clow. How now ſawce-boxe, know your manners : was not I Gentleman vſher before you came? Am not I hee that did the bottle bring? Come Ladies follow me. *Exit Clowne with Ladies, with Huntſman.*

Moun. Your purpoſe Sir, is to loue this Lady, And hazard all your hopes.

Prince. Oh gentle Friend, Why was I borne high? but to raiſe their hopes That are deieſted—ſo much for my bounty.

Moun. But for your loue.

Prince. It is with no intent To make the Maide my wife, becauſe I know Her fortunes cannot equall mine.

Moun. Then 'twere more diſhonorable To ſtrumpet her.

Prince. Still thou miſtak'ſt, mine Is honourable loue, and built on vertue; Nor would I for the Emperours Diademe Corrupt her whom I loue.

Moun. Braue Prince I'me glad That ere I kept thy company.

Prince. Come Mounſieur, night ſteales on, not many yeares Shall paſſe me, but I purpoſe to reuiſite This my new Miſtreſſe, my auſpicious fate To thee my happy loue I conſecrate. *Exeunt.*

A Dumbe ſhow. *Enter the Duke of Milleine, a Midwife with a young Childe, and after them Stroza: the Duke ſhewes the Childe to Stroza, hee takes it: then the Duke ſweares them both to ſecrecy vpon his Sword, and exit with the Midwife: then Stroza goes to hide it, and Parma dogs him: when hee hath laid the Childe in a Corner, he departs in haſte, and Parma takes vp the Childe and ſpeakes.*

Par. Thou ſhouldſt be mine: and durſt I for my Head

Euen in the open Court I'de challenge thee,
 But I haue so incens'd th' offended Duke,
 And layd such heauy spots vpon her head,
 I cannot doo't with safety : methinks this Child
 Doth looke me in the face, as if 'twould call
 Me Father, and but this suspected *Stroza*
 Stuff my too credulous eares with ieaiousies.
 For thee sweete Babe I'le sweare, that if not all,
 Part of my blood runnes in thy tender veines,
 For those few drops I will not see thee perish ;
 Be it for her sake whom once I lov'd,
 And shall doe euer : Oh iniurious *Stroza* !
 I now begin to feare ; for this sweete Babe
 Hath in his face no bastardy, but shewes
 A Princely semblance : but *Stroza* and the Duke,
 This will I keepe as charie as her honour,
 The which I prize aboue the Vniuerse.
 Though she were forc't to be vnnaturall,
 I'le take to me this Infants pupillage ;
 Nor yet resolu'd, till I a way haue found
 To make that perfect which is yet vnfound. *Exit.*

Explicit Actus Secundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Milleine with Lords and Iulia.

Milleine. Forbeare my Lords for a few priuate
 words :
 Faire Daughter, wee'le not chide you farther now,
 Nor adde vnto your blushes by our rude reproofes :
 Your faults are couered with these your fighes,
 Since all your fire of lust is quencht in ashes.

Iul. Durst I presume my Lord, to know
Whither you haue sent my sonne?

Mil. I'le not haue it question'd.

I strue to salue thy honour, and thou seek'st
To publish thy disgrace: my study is
Where I may picke thee out a noble Husband,
To shadow these dishonours, and keepe thee
From the like scandall.

Iul. Whom but *Parmaes* Prince.

Mil. Oh name him not thou strumpet.

Iul. I haue done.

Mil. There's a Prince of noble hopes and fortunes,

The Prince of *Florence*: what if I sent to him
About a speedy Marriage? for I feare,
Delay may breed strange doubts.

Iul. Since I haue lost the name of Child,
I am a seruant now and must obey.

Enter Stroza and Lords.

Mil. *Stroza.*

Str. Your eare my Lord, 'tis done.

Mil. Laid out?

Str. To safety as I hope.

Mil. What, and suspec'tlesse?

Str. Vnlesse the silent Groue of Trees should
blabe,

There is no feare of scandall, mantled close,
I left the sucking Babe where the next passenger
Must finde it needes, and so it hapned for
Some two yeares after,
Passing that way to know where 'twas become,
'Twas gone, and by some courteous hand I hope
Remou'd to gentle fosterage.

Mil. My excellent friend,
For this wee'le bosome thee: your counsel *Stroza*,
Our Daughter's growne to yeares, and we intend
To picke her out a Husband, in whose issue

Her name may flourish, and her honours liue.

All Lords. Most carefully deuise'd.

Mil. But where my Lords

May we prouide a match to equall her?

1. *Lord.* *Ferrara* hath a faire and hopefull Heire.

2. *Lord.* And so hath *Mantua*.

3. *Lord.* How do you prize the Noble *Florentine*?

1. *Lord.* In fame no whit inferior.

2. *Lord.* But in state

Many degrees excellling : aime no further Sir,

If that may be accepted.

Duke. To *Florence* then wee'le streight dispatch
Embassadours,

Stroza, bee't your care to mannage this high bufinesse.

Oh to see

How Parents loue descends : and howfoe're

The Children proue vngratefull and vnkinde,

Though they deride, we weepe our poore eyes blinde.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne gallant, and the Huntsman.

Clow. Nay, nay, the case is alter'd with mee since you saw me last : I was neuer in any hope to purchase any other suite then that I wore yesterday ; but now I can say *Ecce signum*, the case is alter'd. Now euery begger comes vpon me with *good Gentleman*, *good Gentleman* : when yesterday Gentlemen would haue shun'd the way for feare I should haue begg'd of them. Then comes another vpon mee with *good your Worship*, *good your Worship*, then doe I double my fyles, and cast him a single two pence.

Hunt. Sirrah, thou mayst thanke the Prince for this.

Clow. Thou say'st true ; for he hath chang'd our wooden Dishes to Siluer Goblets : goodly large Arras that neuer yet deseru'd hanging, he hath caus'd to be hang'd round about the Chamber : My Lady and Mistresse, now my Lady and Mistresse lyes ouer head

and eares in Downe and Feathers : well, if they be rul'd by me, I would haue them to keepe their beds.

Hunt. Why wouldst thou haue them lye a bed all day ?

Clow. Oh dull ignorant ! I meane knowing how hard they haue bin lodg'd in the Forrest ; I would not haue them fell away their beds, and lie vpon the boords.

Hunt. Oh now I vnderstand you fir.

Clow. Ey, ey ; thou may'st get much vnderstanding by keeping my company : But Sir, does not the new Gowne the Prince sent my Mistresse, become her most incomparably ?

Hunt. 'Tis true : 'tis strange to see how Apparrell makes or marres.

Clow. Right : for yesterday thou wouldst haue taken me for a very Clowne, a very Clowne ; and now to see, to see.—

Enter Mother and the young Lady gallant.

Wife. Sirrah.

Clow. Madam.

Lau. Why dost view me thus ?

Clow. To see if the Tayler that made your Gowne, hath put ne're an M. vnder your Girdle, there belongs more to beaten Sattin then firrah.

Lau. What thinke you Mother of the Prince his bounty,
His vertue, and perfection ?

Wife. He's a mirrour, and deserues a name
Amongst the famous Worthies.

Lau. Heighoe.

Wife. Why figh you ?

Lau. Pray tell me one thing Mother : when you
were
Of my yeares, and first lou'd, how did you feele
Your selfe ?

Wife. Loue Daughter ?

Clow. Shee talkes now, as if she should be enamored of my comely shape ; for I haue (as they say) such a foolish yong and relenting heart, I should neuer say her nay, I should neuer weare off this.

Lau. Stand farther off fir.

Clow. No, I'll assure your Ladiship 'tis beaten Sattin.

Lau. Then take your Sattin farther.

Clow. Your Ladiship hath coniu'r'd me, and I will auoide Satan.

Lau. Had you not sometimes musings, sometimes extasies,
When some delicate man 'boue other
Was present ?

Wife. I aduise you curbe your fence in time,
Or you will bring your selfe into the way
Of much dishonour.

Lau. And speake you by experience Mother ?
then
I doe begin to feare lest that his shape
Should tempt me, or his bounty worke aboute
My strength and patience ; pray Mother leaue vs
neuer,
Lest that without your Company, my loue
Contending with my weakenesse, should in time
Get of 't the vpper hand.

Wife. For this I loue thee.

Enter Clowne running.

Clow. So hoe Mistris Madam, yonder is the Prince, and two or three Gentlemen come riding vpon the goodliest Horses that euer I set my eyes vpon : and the Princes Horse did no sooner see me, but he weeighed and wagg'd his tayle : now I thinking he had done it to take acquaintance of me, said againe to him, Gramercy Horse ; so I left them, and came to tell you Ladiship.

Lau. Goe see them stabled, my soule leapt within
me
To heare the Prince but named.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prince. Now my faire Friend.

Lau. Your hand-mayd mighty Prince.

Prince. Looke Mounfieur,
Can she be lesse then Noble? nay deserues she
Thus habited, to be tearm'd lesse then Royall,
What thinkst thou Mounfieur?

Moun. Faith my Lord,
I neuer loue a woman for her habite,
When Sir I loue, I'le see my loue starke naked.

Prince. Right courteous Lady,
Our bounty is too sparing for your worth,
Yet such as 'tis accept it.

Wife. Royall sir,
'Tis beyond hope or merit.

Prince. I prithee Mounfieur,
A little complement with that old Lady,
Whilst I conferre with her.

Moun. I thanke you Sir:
See, you would make me a fir Panderus,
Yet farre as I can see you, I will trust you.

Hee talkes with the old Lady.

Sweete Lady, how long is't—nay keepe that hand,
Since those fierce warres 'twixt *Florence* and great
Millaine?

Nay that hand still.

Prince. And haue you ne're a loue then?

Lau. Yes my Lord:
I should belye my owne thoughts to deny,
And say I had none.

Prince. Pray acquaint me with him,
And for thy sake I'le giue him state and Honours,
And make him great in *Florence*. Is he of birth?

Lau. A mighty Duke-domes Heire.

Prince. How now my *Lauretta* ?
I prithee sweete where liues he ?

Lau. In his Countrey.

Prince. Honour me so much
As let me know him.

Lau. In that your Grace must pardon me.

Prince. Must ? then I will. Is he of presence
sweete ?

Lau. As like your Grace as one Prince to another.

Prince. Honour me so much then, as let me know
him.

Lau. In that excuse me Sir.

Prince. Thee, loue I will
In all things : wherefore study you ?

Lau. Why my Lord ?
I was euen wishing you a mighty harme ;
But pardon me 'twas out euen vnawares.

Prince. Harme ? there's none can come from thee
Lauretta,
Thou art all goodnesse, nay confesse it sweete.

Lau. I was wishing with my selfe that you were
poore :

Oh pardon me my Lord, a poore, a poore man.

Prince. Why my *Lauretta* ?

Lau. Sir, because that little
I haue, Might doe you good : I would you had
No money, nay, no meanes : but I speake idly,
Pray pardon me my Lord.

Prince. By all my hopes,
I haue in *Florence*, would thou wert a Dutcheffe,
That I might court thee vpon equall tearmes ;
Or that I were of low deiected fortunes,
To ranke with thee in Birth : for to enioy
Thy beauty, were a greater Dowre then *Florence*
Great Duke-dome.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Are you close at it ? and you too crabbed Age,
And you—there's Rods in pisse for some of you.

Prince. Now sir, the newes ?

Clow. Oh my Lord, there's a Nobleman come
from the Court to speake with you.

Prince. Mounfieur,
Vpon my life 'tis some Embassadour.

Moun. Good Sir make haste, lest I be challeng'd
for you.

Prince. No worthy Friend, for me thou shalt not
suffer,
At our best leasur'd houres we meane to visite you ;
Now giue me leaue to take a short fare-well.

Exeunt Prince and Mounfieur.

Lau. Your pleasure is your owne,
To part from him I am rent quite asunder.

Clow. And you can but keepe your leggs close,
Let him rend any thing else and spare not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Florence and Lords with Stroza Embassadour.

Flo. Speake the true Tenor of your Embassie.

Str. If *Florence* prize the Duke of *Millaines*
loue,
His indear'd Amity : If he haue minde
To mixe with him in consanguinity,
To strengthen both your Realmes : he makes this pro-
iect

To your faire Treaty, that your hopefull Heire
Shall with the Princeesse *Iulia* his faire Daughter,
Be ioynd in Marriage ; her large Dowre shall be
A spacious Duke-dome after his decease.
But which my Lord counts most, is a faire League
'Twixt your diuided Duke-domes.

Florence. We doe conceite you :
But for the Dowre you craue ?

Str. Ten thousand Crownes
By th'yeare.

Flo. 'Tis granted : onely our Sonnes consent
Is wanting : but see here, he wisht for comes.

Enter Prince and Mounseur.

Prince. Mounseur, what are those ?

Moun. Embassadours my Lord.

Prince. Whence are these Lords ?

Dake. From *Millaine*.

Prince. Their businesse Royall Sir ?

Flo. About a match,
Which if you 't please, we highly shall applaud.
They offer you a faire and vertuous Princeesse
Vnto your bed.

Prince. Vnto my bed my Lord ?
I am not so affraide of spirits Sir,
But I can lye alone without a bed-fellow.

Flo. 'Tis the faire Princeesse *Iulia* you must marry.

Prince. Marry my Lord ?

Flo. I marry must you Sir,
Or you diuorce your selfe from our deare loue.

Prince. But is she faire ?

Stro. As euer *Hellen* was.

Prince. What, and as Chaste ?

Stroza. It were not Princely in you, Royall Sir,
To question such a Princeesse Chastity :
I could haue instanc'd *Lucrece*.

Prince. Would you had,
For both were rauisht.

Moun. How's this my Lord ?
They offer loue and beauty, which being both
So freely offer'd, doe deserue acceptance.

Stroza. Your answere Sir ?

Prince. That I am yours : the States ;
And if you please so to dispose me, hers,
What ere she be : come friend, I must impart
My Loue this newes, or it will rend my heart.

Exit Prince.

Stroza. I shall returne this answere.

Flo. Faithfully

As we intend it : But you first shall taste
The bounty of our Court, with royall Presents
Both to the Duke your master, and the Princeesse ;
It done, prepare we for this great solemnity,
Of Hymeneall Iubilies. Fixt is the day,
Wherein rich *Florens* shall her pompe display.

Exeunt.

Enter Parma and a Lord of Millaine.

Parm. Onely to you, of all the *Millaine* Peeres,
I dare expose my safety.

Lord. In these armes
My Lord, you are Sanctuared.

Parm. I doe not doubt it :
But I pray you tell me, since I left the Court,
How is my absence taken ?

Lord. Of the Duke,
With much distaste.

Parm. But of the Princeesse *Julia* ?

Lord. Full two Moneths
Shee kept her Chamber, grievously distracted,
They say, meere grieve for your departure hence.

Parm. Brauely manag'd,
The Duke I see was more kind to her fame,
Then to his prettie grand-childe ; well Ile salt it all,
But what thinke you if after all I should
Send Letters to her, or Ambassadors ?
I should not win her, for I know
They haue her heart in bondage.

Lord. Why worthy Prince,
Haue you not heard the newes : Shee hath beene
offered

Vnto the Florentine, the match accepted,
And the Nuptiall day the tenth of the next Moneth.

Parm. No more : Pray leaue mee Sir.

Lord. I will : Pray Sir

Regard your safety.

Exit *Lord*.

Parm. To bee married, *Ruimus in vestitum semper,*

I did neglect her, but being deni'd,
I doate upon her beautie : Methinkes 'tis fit,
If I begot the Child ? I wed the Mother :
The Prince, I pitie hee should bee so wrong'd,
And I the Instrument : Now helpe mee braine,
That neare was wont to fayle mee : 'Tis decreed
Something to Plot, although I fayle to speede.

Exit *Parma*.

Enter Clowne, Mother, and Lauretta.

Clowne. I wonder you should bee so fad and melanchollie, Ile lay a yeeres wages before hand, Ile tell your disease, as well as any Doctor in *Florence*, and let me but feele your pulse.

Lauret. Away, you are a foole, and trouble vs.

Clowne. That's no matter whether I bee a foole or a phisitian, if I loose, Ile pay, that's certain.

Wife. Try the fooles counsell daughter, but bee fure
To forfit, and to pay.

Lauret. Now fir, your skill.

Clowne. Nay I must feele your pulse first, for if a Womans pulse bee neere a place, I know there's few heere of my yeeres but would bee glad to turne Doctors.

Lauret. Now fir, you see I doe not smile.

Clowne. Nay, if it bee nothing else, Ile fetch that will cure you presently.

Exit *Clowne*.

Wife. Child I must chide you, you giue too much way

Vnto this humour : It alters much your beautie.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. Oh young Mistris, where are you, the Prince,

The Prince.

Lauret. Oh Mother, doe you heare the newes, the Prince,

The Prince is comming : Where is hee, oh where ?

Clowne. Where is hee ? Why at the Court ; where should hee bee ? I did but doo't to make you smile : Nay, Ile tickle you for a Doctor : Madam I haue a yeeres wages before hand.

Lauret. Is hee not come then ?

Clowne. No marrie is hee not.

Lauret. My soule did leape within, to heare the Prince

But nam'd : It started every ioynt.

Clowne. Nay Madam, the Prince is come.

Wife. Away, your foolerie's vnseasonable,
Weele not beleeeve you.

Enter the Prince and Mounſieur.

Clowne. If you will not belieue mee, will you beleeeue theſe ?

Lauret. Welcome my Lord : And wherefore doe you ſigh ?

Prince. I ſigh *Lauretta*, cauſe I cannot chuſe.

Lauret. Nor could I chuſe, ſhould you but ſigh againe.

Prince. Ile tell thee Loue, ſtrange newes : I muſt be married.

Lauret. Married my Lord !

Prince. Why doe you weepe ? You blam'd mee now for fighting :

Why doe you melt in teares ? Sweet what's the cauſe ?

Lauret. Nay, nothing.

Prince. And as I told thee Sweete ; I muſt bee married,

My Father and the State will haue it ſo ;
And I came inſtantly to tell the newes

To thee *Lauretta* ; As to one, from whom
I nothing can conceale.

Lauret. Why should you grieve
For that ? For I, my Lord, must haue a Husband
too.

Prince. Must you ? But when's the day ?

Lauret. When's yours my Lord ?

Prince. The tenth of the next moneth.

Lauret. The selfe same day,
And selfe same houre that you inioy your loue,
My Princely Husband I must then inioy.

Prince. But doe you loue him ?

Lauret. Not my selfe more deere.

Prince. How happie are you aboue mee faire
friend,

That must inioy where you affect ? When I
Am tide to others fancies : It was your promise
That I should know him further.

Lauret. You shall see him
That day, as richly habited as the great
Heire of *Florence* : But royall Sir, what's shee
That you must bed then ?

Prince. 'Tis *Iulia*,
The Duke of *Millaines* daughter : Why change your
Face ? *Lauretta speakes to her selfe.*

Lauret. That shee that hates mee most should liue
to inioy
Him I affect best : O my ominous fate,
I thought to haue hid mee from thee in these
desarts,
But thou dost dogg mee euery where.

Shee Swounes.

Prince. Looke to her safety, not for the Crowne
Of *Florence* I would haue her perish.

Wife. Helpe to support her.

Exit with Mother and Clowne.

Prince. Oh Friend, that I should change my
Royaltie

To weaknesse now: I doe thinke this lodge
A Pallace, and this Beautious Mayden-head
Of greater worth then *Iulia*.

Moun. Come my Lord,
Lay by these idle thoughts, and make you ready
To entertaine your Bride.

Enter Parma disguised.

Parm. The Prince, the Prince,
I come to seeke the Prince, and was directed
Vnto this place.

Prince. Thy newes.

Parm. A Letter.

Prince. Whence?

Parm. Reade, the Contents will shew you; their
eyes are from mee, and I must hence. *Exit Parma.*

The Prince reads.

Prince. The *Millaine* Princeesse is betroathed; de-
flowred,
Not worthy of your loue, beleeeue this true
Vpon a Prince his word; when you shall bed
her,
And find her flawd in her Virginitie,
You shall haue cause to thinke vpon his loue
From whom you had this caution;
But doe it with that Princely management,
Her honour bee not slandered: Hee that loues,
Admires, and honours you:
Where's hee that brought this Letter?

Moun. Fled my Lord.

Prince. Poast after; bring him backe,
Could hee not fet his hand to't——
How now, the newes?

Moun. Hee's fled vpon a milke white Gennet
Sir,
Seeming t' outstrip the winde, and I—lost him.

Prince. Thou hast lost mee quite.

Moun. What meanes this passion Sir ?

Prince. Mounfieur reade there,
What will confound thee : Oh if shee bee vnchast !
Could they find none but mee to worke vpon.

Moun. It confounds mee my Lord.

Prince. If shee bee Chast,
How shall I wrong her, to question her faire Vertues ?

Moun. Right.

Prince. But if shee bee not right ? I wrong my
Honor,

Which after marriage, how shall I recall ?

Moun. 'Tis certaine.

Prince. Yes : Oh how am I perplext !
Come, Ile to Court,

Ile not bee sway'd : Were shee a Potent Queene,
Where Counsell fayles mee, Ile once trust to spleene.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne with his Table-bookes.

Clowne. Let me see, the *Prince* is to bee married to morrow, and my young Mistris meanes to keepe a Feast in the Forrest, in honour of his wedding at the Court : Now am I sent as Caterer into the City to provide them with victualls, which they charg'd me to buy ; no ordinary fare, no more it shall, and therefore I haue cast it thus ; First and foremost, wee will haue—(yes downe it shall) we will haue a Gammon of Bacon roasted, and stufft with Oysters ; And fixe Black-Puddings to bee serued vp in Sorrell-fops ; A pickell'd shoulder of Mutton, and a surloyne of Beefe in White-broth, so much for the first course. Now for the second, we will haue a Cherry-Tart cut into Rashers and broyled ; A Custard Carbonado'd on the coales ; A liue Eele swimming in clowted Creame ; And fixe Sheepes-heads baked, with the hornes peering out of the pasty-crust. The morrall is, because it is a wedding-dinner.

Enter Stroza with another Lord.

Stro. The ioyfull day's to morrow. Passe this
plunge
And we are made for euer.

Clowne. What, my old Polititian? hee that vnder-
min'd my old Lady and my yong Mistris? now that
I could find but one stratagem to blow him vp; I
would tosse him, I would blanket him i' th Ayre, and
make him cut an Italian caper in the Clouds: These
Politicians can doe more execution with a pen, in
their studies, then a good Souldier with his sword in
the field, but he hath spi'd mee.

Stro. Thee friend I should haue knowne?

Clowne. And you too, I should haue knowne, but
whether for a friend, or no, ther's the question?

Stro. Thou seru'st the Generall *Sforza*.

Clow. I confesse it; but whether you haue seru'd
him well, or no, there hangs a Tale.

Stro. How doth thy noble Lady, faire *Lauretta*?
They have left *Millaine* long, reside they here
Neere to the City *Florence*?

Clow. Some three miles off, here in the Forrest,
not halfe an houres riding.

Stro. I pray thee recommend me to them both,
And say, It shall goe hard with mine affaires
But Ile find season'd houres to visit them.

Clow. You shall not want directions to find the
place, come when you will, you shall be most heartily
——poyson'd.

Stro. Tell them, The newes that they are well
Is wondrous pleasing to me, and that power
I haue in *Millaine* is referu'd for them,
To worke them into grace: I can but smile,
To see how close I haue plotted their exile.
Now businesse calls me hence: farewell.

Exit.

Clow. And be hang'd, Mounseur *Stroza*, whose
description my *Muse* hath included in these few
lines;

*Stroza, Thy Head is of a comely Block,
 And would shew well, crown'd with the combe of Cock :
 His Face an Inne, his Brow a fluttish Roome,
 His Nose the Chamberlaine, his Beard the Broome,
 Or like New-market Heath, that makes theeues rich,
 In which his Mouth stands iust like Deuills-ditch.
 And so farewell to your worship, graue Mounseur
 Stroza, for I must about my market. Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

A Dumbe shew. Enter at one doore, the Duke of Millaine, Iulia, Stroza, and a Bishop: At the other doore, the Duke of Florens, the Prince and Mounseur, with attendants: Then the Bishop takes their hands and makes signes to marry them, and then the Prince speakes.

Prince. Stay till we be resolu'd.

Florens. What meanes our sonne ?

Princ. Not to be gull'd by the best Prince in Europe;

Much lesse by *Millaine.*

Millaine. Sir, be plaine with vs.

Prin. I much suspect that Ladies Chastity.

Millaine. Hers.

Prin. I haue said.

Stroza. Ther's Worme-wood.

Millaine. I came in termes of Honour,
 Brought with me, all my comforts here on earth,
 My daughter ; to bestow her on thy son :
 Poore Lady, innocently comming, forsaking all,
 Father and Countrey, to betake her selfe

Vnto his bosome; and is she for all this,
Branded with shame?

Stro. Who can accuse her, speake? what probabilities?

What ground? the place? the meanes? the season how
Shee did become corrupt?

Prince. Sir, so we haue heard.

Stro. Produce the witnesse; and behould, I stand
The Champion for her honour, and will auerre
Her Chaste, aboue degree; infinitely honest:
Oh Prince! what, can you ground such iniury
Vpon vaine heare-say? Speake for your selfe, take
spirit.

Iulia. Came we thus farre, to be thus wrong'd?

Apart to herselfe.

Stro. Was the slaue neuer Christen'd, hath hee no
name?

Iulia. Haue you sent for me, to accuse me heere
In this strange Clime? It is not Princely done.

Prince. O Heauen, how am I perplext!

Floren. Sonne, Sonne, you wrong
Your selfe and me too, to accuse a Lady
Of such high birth and fame; vnlesse you confesse
You selfe to haue err'd, you needs must forfeit vs.

Moun. My Lord, yeeld to your father, lest you draw
His wrath vpon you.

Prince. Well, since I must, I will:
Your pardon, Royall Father: Yours faire Princeesse:
And yours great Duke;
If I shall find my selfe truely to haue err'd,
I shall confesse your chastity much iniur'd.

Iulia. Submission is to me full recompence.

Milla. My daughters honour?

Stro. Doe not stand off my Lord,
If she be wrong'd, shee's not much behind-hand.

Milla. Oh let me alone *Stroza.*

Flor. Nay, good Brother
Accept him as your Sonne.

Milla. My hearts no closet for reuenge; 'tis done.

Prin. Now heare my protestations : I receiue
 This Ladies hand on these Conditions ;
 If you, my Lord, her father, or her selfe,
 Know her selfe faulty, Oh confesse it here,
 Before the Ceremonies fasten on me : for if hereafter
 I find you once corrupted ? by this right hand,
 My future hopes, my Fathers royalty,
 And all the honours due vnto our house,
 Ile haue as many liues and heads for it,
 As he hath Manners, Castles, Liues and Towres ;
 It shall be worthy to be lockt in Chronicles
 Of all strange tongues : And therefore beautious
 Lady,
 As you esteeme a Prince his name or honour,
 That youd be a *Mecenas* vnto vertue ;
 If in the least of these you guilty be,
 Pull backe your hand.

Stro. What if you find her chaste ?

Prin. If chaste, she shall be dearer farre to me
 Then my owne soule : I will respect her honour,
 Equall with that of my great Ancestours ;
 All this I vow, as I am Prince and vertuous.

Stro. Then ioyne their hands.

Prin. Shee's mine : Set forwards then.

Exeunt all but Stroza.

Stro. All goes not well, This iugling will be
 found,
 Then where am I ? would I were safe in *Millaine*.
 Here Matchiuell thou wast hatcht : Could not the
 fame
 Planet inspire this pate of mine with some
 Rare stratagem, worthy a lasting Character :
 No, 'twill not be ; my braine is at a non-plus,
 For I am dull.

Enter Millaine.

Milla. Stroza.

Stro. My Lord.

Milla. Oh now, or neuer *Stroza* !

Stro. I am turn'd Foole, Affe, Iddcot ; Are they married ?

Milla. Yes, and the Prince after the Ceremonie, Imbrac'd her louingly.

Stro. But the hell is
That they must lie together, ther's the Deuill.

Milla. And then——

Stro. And then we are disgrac'd and sham'd.

Milla. Canst thou not help't man ?

Stro. Why you would make
A man—midwife, woo'd you ? I haue no skill.

Milla. *Stroza*, awake, th'art drowfie.

Stro. Peace, interrupt me not,
I ha'te : so to reuenge mee vpon her
Whom most I hate. To Strumpet her 'twere braue.

Milla. Counsell aduise me.

Stro. Youle make me mad my Lord :
And in this sweet reuenge, I am not onely
Pleas'd (with iust satisfaction for all wrongs)
But the great Prince most palpably deceiu'd.

Milla. The time runs on, thinke on my honor
Stroza.

Stro. If youle eate grapes vnripe, edge your owne
teeth,
Ile stay the mellow'd season, doo't your selfe,
Vnlesse you giue me time for't.

Milla. But thinke with mine, on thine owne safety
Stroza.

Stro. Peace, giue me way my Lord, so shall the
Prince
Bee palpably deceiu'd, Faire *Iulia's* honor
Most prosperously preferu'd, The Duke my master,
Freed from all blame, Warre hindred, Peace confirm'd,
And I secur'd ; Oh I am fortunate
Beyond imagination !

Milla. O deare *Stroza*,
Helpe now, or neuer !

Stro. Hee was a meere Affe
That rais'd Troy's Horfe : 'twas a pritty structure.

Milla. Oh mee !

Stro. *Synon*, a foole, I can doe more
With precious Gold, then hee with whining Teares.

Milla. Oh my tormented foule !

Stro. Pray my Lord, giue mee
Fieue hundred crownes.

Milla. What to doe with them man ?

Stro. See how you stand on trifles ; when our
liues,
Your honour ; all our fortunes lie a bleeding ;
What shall I haue the Gold ?

Milla. Thy purpose preethee ?

Stro. I know a desolate Lady, whom with Gold
I can corrupt.

Milla. There are fieue hundred Crownes,
Stroza bethinke thee what thou vndertak'st,
Such an Act, would make huge *Atlas* bend his head
Vnto his heele.

Stro. But say I cannot win her,
They bide the brunt of all, heere let them stay,
With these fieue hundred Crownes Ile poast away.

Exit Stroza, and Duke.

Enter Mother, Daughter, and Clowne.

Clow. Maddam, yonder's a Gentleman comes to
speake with you in all hast.

Lauret. Admit him in.

Enter Stroza.

Stro. Lady bee happy, and from this blest houre
Euer reioyce faire Virgin, for I bring you
Gold, and Inlargement ; with a recouerie
Of all your former losse, and dignitie,
But for a two houres labour : Nay, that no labour
Nor toyle, but a meere pleasure.

Lau. Your words like musick, please me with delight,

Beyond imagination : Offered to vs ?

Being exil'd our Countrey, and our friends,

Therefore good sir, delay not with long complement ;

But tell these hopes more plaine.

Stro. Haue wee not heere

Too many eares ?

Lauret. Wee would bee priuate sirra,

And therefore leaue vs.

Exit Clowne.

Stro. You haue seene the Prince of *Florence* ?

Lauret. Yes I haue.

Stro. Is he not for his Feature, Beauty, Goodnesse,

The most Compleate ? So absolute in all things.

Lauret. All this is granted.

Stro. How happy doe you thinke that Lady then

That shall Inioy him ? Nay, that shall bee the first

To prooue him, and exchange Virginitie,

Were't not bright Lady a great happinesse ?

Lauret. I wish that happinesse were mine alone,

Oh my faint heart : Passion ouer-swayes me quite,

But hide thy grieve *Lauretta* : Sir, you'le make

Me fall in loue with him : Were I his equall,

I then should iudge him worthy of no lesse.

Stro. Loue him : What's she doth not, if shee haue eyes ?

Were I my selfe a Woman : I would lay

My selfe a prostitute vnto the Prince :

Shee is not wise that would refuse him Lady.

Lauret. Good Sir bee briefe :

To what pray tends these speeches ?

Stro. To thee sweete Lady : I offer all these pleasures,

Oh happie fate that hath selected mee

To be your raiser : Lady take this gold,

But that's not all : For there are greater honours

Prepared for you ; the Duke of *Millaine* doth
Commend him to you : *Iulia* his daughter
Hath in her honour late miscarried,
Now't lies in you to salve and make all good.

Wife. Who ? Lies this in my daughter.

Stro. Yes, in her,
Shee hath the power to make the Duke her friend,
Iulia her sifter, and all *Millaine* bound
To offer vp for her their Orrifons.

Lauret. Good Sir bee plaine.

Stro. This night lie with the Prince
In *Iulia's* stead : There's way made for you,
Who would not woo, for what you are wooed too ?

Lauret. Doe you not blush, when you deliuer
this

Pray tell the Duke, all Women are not *Iulia*,
And though wee bee deiected, thus much tell him,
Wee hold our honour at too high a price,
For Gold to buy.

Stro. Nay Lady, heare mee out ;
You shall preferue her honour, gaine the Duke,
Redeeme your fortunes : Strengthen you in friends,
You shall haue many Townes and Turrets standing,
Which future Warre may ruine : Thinke on that.

Wife. *Lauretta*, oh behold thy mothers teares !
Thinke on thy Father, and his honour wonne,
And call to mind our exile : All the wrongs
Wee haue indured by her, to whom wee gaue
No cause, and now are plundg'd in a deepe streame,
Which not resisted, will for euer blemish
The name of *Sforza* thy great Ancestors,
Thou'lt waken thy dead Father from his graue,
And cause his honour'd wounds which hee receiu'd
From that vnthankfull Duke, to bleede afresh,
Powing out new blood from his grisly wounds,
If thou consentest to this abhorred fact,
Thy Mothers curse will seaze on thee for euer :
Oh child, behold me on my knees : Ile follow thee ;

Oh doe not leaue me thus, and pull on thee
An euerlasting flaine, to scandall all
Thy former Vertues, for the momentarie
Short pleasures of one night.

Stro. She doth not counsell well ; 'tis foolish rash-
nes,
Womanish Indiscretion.

Lauret. Sir bee answered,
If *Julia* bee disloyall : Let her bee found
So by the Prince she wedds : Let her be branded
With the vile name of strumpet : Shee disgrac'd
Mee, that nere thought her harme ; publikely strucke
mee,
Nay in the Court : And after that, procur'd
My banishment : These Injuries I reap't
By her alone, then let it light on her.

Stro. Now see your errour,
What better, safer, or more sweete reuenge,
Then with the Husband ? what more could woman
aske ?

Lauret. My blood rebells against my reason, and
I no way can withstand it : 'Tis not the Gold
Mooues mee, but that deere loue I beare the Prince,
Makes me neglect the credit and the honour
Of my deare Fathers house : Sir, what the Duke desires
I am resolued to doe his vtmost will.

Wife. Oh my deare daughter.

Lauret. Good Mother speake not, for my word is
past,
And cannot bee recall'd, Sir will you away ?
I am resolute.

Stro. Shee yeeldes vnto her shame ; which makes
me blest,
Let Millions fall, so I bee crown'd with rest.

Wife. Oh mee, vnhappy, that nere knew grieve
till now.

Exeunt.

Musicke. A Dumb Show. *Enter* Millaine, to
him *Stroza*, and brings in *Lauretta* masked,

the Duke takes her and puts her into the Bed, and Exit.

Enter both the Duke and Iulia, they make signes to her and Exit: Stroza hides Iulia in a corner, and stands before her.

Enter againe with the Prince to bring him to bed. They cheere him on, and others snatch his Pointes, and so Exit. The Dukes Imbrace, and Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Millaine to Stroza.

Milla. Thou art our trusty Counsellor ; if this
passe currant

We're past all feare : What is the preethee ? What ?

Stro. What's that to you, bee shee what ere she
can,

All's one to vs, so she be found a Virgin ;

I haue hyred her, and shee's pleas'd.

Milla. But gaue you charge

Affoone as ere the Prince was fast asleepe,

That shee should rise and giue place to our daughter ?

Stro. Doubt you not that ; what, iealous already ?

Milla. How long she stayer, I faine would be a
bed ;

Pray heauen shee doe not fall

By him asleepe, and so forget her selfe.

Stro. Heer's in my heart, a violent Feauer still ;

Nor shall I find my selfe in my true temper,
Vntill this brunt bee past.

Milla. What, not yet ?
Had she with *Parma* beene a bed so long,
It would haue more perplext mee.

Enter Lauretta.

Stro. See, here shee is ;
The newes ?

Lauret. The Prince is fast, all done.

Milla. Step in her place ;
Nay when ? and counterfeit sleepe presently.

Stro, Away to bed my Lord : You to the For-
rest,
I'll to my Coach, all's well.

Exeunt Stroza and the Duke.

Lauret. And for my part, it was not much amisse,
Because my Lord the Prince had such content
Which caus'd him giue his Charter to my hand,
The full assurance of faire *Iulid's* dowre :
Day gins to breake, and I must to the Lodge.
Oh what a grieve it was to leaue the Prince !
But leaue those thoughts : These Gifts to me assign'd,
Are nothing worth the Iem I left behind. *Exit.*

Enter Prince and Mounſieur with a Torch.

Moun. What doe you not like your bed-fellow, my
Lord,
That you are vp so soone ?

Prin. Oh friend, was neuer man blest with a
Bride
So chaste ! I'me scarce my selfe, till this be knowne
To my faire Forrest friend : Lett's mount away,
The nights quite spent : and now begins the day.

Enter Mother and Clowne.

Wife. And what was it you said firra ?

Clo. Marry, I would intreat your Ladyship to turne away my fellow *Ierom*, for I thinke hee's no true man.

Wife. No true man, Why ?

Clo. Marry, we were both in the *Tauerne* together tother day——

Wife. And hee stole some Plate ?

Clo. No Madam, but there stood at our elbow a pottle Pot——

Wife. And hee stole the Pot ?

Clo. No Madam, but he stole the wine in the Pot, and drunke it off,

And made himselfe so drunke hee be-pist himselfe :
Your Ladyship could not be better be-pist in a Summers-day.

Enter Prince and Mounfieur.

Prin. Good morrow Lady : Wher's your daughter pray ?

Wife. She tooke so little rest last night, my Lord,
I thinke shee is scarce well.

Prin. Pray may wee see her ?

Wife. My Lord, you may.

Shee's drawne out vpon a Bed.

Song.

Hence with *Passion, Sighes and Teares,*
Defasters, *Sorrowes, Cares and Feares.*
See, my Loue (my Loue) appeares,
That thought himselfe exil'd.
Whence might all these loud Ioyes grow ?
Whence might Myrth, and Banquet's flow ?
But that hee's come (hee's come) I know.
Faire Fortune thou hast smil'd.

2.

Giue to these blind windowes, Eyes ;
Daze the Stars, and mocke the Skies,

*And let vs two (vs two) devise,
To lavish our best Treasures
Crowne our Wishes with Content,
Meete our Soules in sweet consent,
And let this night (this night) bee spent
In all abundant pleasures.*

Prince. Oh good morrow Lady,
I come to tell you newes !

Lauret. They are wellcome to me my Lord.

Prin. You know the Princeesse *Iulia* was suppos'd
To bee adulterate——

Lauret. So we haue heard it rumor'd.

Prin. Oh but faire friend, she was indeed bely'd !
And I this morning rose from her chaste bed :
But wherefore sweet cast you that blushing smile ?
But you haue broak promise with me : For you told
me

That the same day and houre I tooke my Bride,
You should Inioy a Princely Husband.

Lauret. Trew
My Lord, I did.

Prin. And are you married then ?

Lauret. And lay with him last night.

Prin. Is hee off fortunes ?

Lauret. That you may soone coniecture by this
gift.

Prin. What haue you then, some tokens that were
his ?

Lauret. Some few my Lord, amongst the rest, this
diamond

Hee put vpon my finger.

Prin. You amaze mee !

Yet Rings may bee alike : If then your husband
Bee of such state and fortunes, What dowre are you
allotted.

Lauret. Sir, ten thousand crownes by th' yeere.

Prin. I gaue no more vnto my *Iulia*.
But where is the security you haue

For the performance of it ?

Lauret. See here, My Lord,
Sir, Is not that sufficient for a dowry ?

Prin. This is the Indenture that I gaue to *Iulia* ;
Preethee *Lauretta*, but resolute me true,
How came you by this Charter ?

Lauret. Pardon great Prince ; for all that loue you
spake
To *Iulia*, you whisper'd in my eare :
Shee is vnchast ; which, lest you should haue found,
Her father sent mee here, five hundred crownes
By *Stroza* ; but neither his gold, nor all
His fly temptations, could one whit moue mee ;
Onely the loue I euer bare your honour,
Made me not prise my owne. No lustfull appetite
Made me attempt such an ambitious practise,
As to aspire vnto your bed my Lord.

Prin. Rise, doe not weepe, Oh I am strangely
rapt
Into deepe strange confusion ?

Moun. *Millaine* should know, were it my case my
Lord,

A better Prince then hee should not wrong me.

Prin. I haue bethought already how to beare
mee ;

This Charter and this Ring, faire Loue, keepe you ;
And when I send for you, you shall repaire
Vnto the Court : This all I shall inioyne you.

Lauret. Great Sir, I shall.

Prin. Come *Mounseieur*, now 'tis cast,
Reuenge neere rules, so it be found at last.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the two Dukes with Iulia, Stroza and
attendants.*

Milla. Who saw the Prince last ? Is't a custome
with him
To rise thus early ?

Floren. Sir, hee neuer sleepes
Longer then th' day, nor keepes his bed by Sunne :
'Tis not the loue of the fairest Lady liues,
Can make him leaue his morning exercife.

Iulia. He neuer exercis'd with me, I'm fure ;
I might haue layne as safe, free, and vntoucht,
By any Lady liuing.

Enter the Prince and Mounfi.

Prince. Pardon Lords,
I haue stay'd you long, your blefsing royall Father.
My custome is, euer to rise before
A womans houre : Now heare me speake my Lords,
I'm married to a Lady, whose chaste honour,
Reports and false Suggestions, did inforce me
To call in publike question ; but that we leaue
Vnto our last nights rest.

Stro. True my good Lord ;
But did you find me faulty ?

Prin. I doe protest, my Lords, I bosom'd with
As true and chaste a Virgin, as ere lodg'd
Within a Princes armes ; All this I vow
As I am Royall.

Stro. All's well my Lord ?

Milla. All's excellent *Stroza.*

Princ. Now for amends and publike fatisfaction,
For the foule wrong I did her, questioning
Her Vertue, Ile confirme her dowre, and that
Before I eate : Sweet Lady, reach the Charter
I gaue you last night, 'fore you were full mine ?

Iulia. I receiu'd none Sir.

Prin. Sweet, will you tell mee that ?
With which you did receiue a Ring the Duke
My father gaue me.

Iulia. When ?

Prince. Last night.

Iulia. Where ?

Prince. In your Bed.

Iulir. 'Twas in my dreame then.

Prince. Being broad awake.

Stro. I like not this : I smell a Rat.

Milla. *Stroza*, I feare too.

Stro. Brazen fore-head, Wilt

Thou leaue me now : 'Tis true my Lord. You did
Receiue them both, Haue you forgot sweet Lady,
This very morning, that you gaue them both
To me ? The Princeffe ieasted, to see how
You woo'd but take it.

Moun. Excellent Villaine !

Prince. 'Twas well put off :

'Tis strange thees so forgetfull : I prethee *Stroza*
Where are they ?

Stroza. Where are they ? they are——

Prince. Where ?

Why studdy you ?

Stro. They are there——

Prince. Where man ?

Stro. I poasted them

To *Millaine*, sent them safe, dare you not trust my
word.

Prince. Not till I see my deeds.

Stro. By one oth' Princes Traine.

Prince. See which of the Traine is wanting.

Moun. I shall my Lord.

Stro. I would I were in *Turkey*.

Milla. Would I were on horse-backe.

Prin. Nay, looke not you deiected beautious
Bride,

For this is done onely to honour you.

Enter a Seruing-man with a child in a couered Dish.

Gent. The Prince, my Master, hearing your so-
lemnities,

Hath sent this dish, to adde a present to
Your royall Feasts, wishing himselfe therein
To be a wellcome guest.

Prince. Your Masters name ?

Gent. Prince *Parma*.

Prince. Giue this Gentleman

A 100. crownes : This will much grace our banquet.

Flo. Ther's in that dish, some Morrall.

Milla. Comming from him,

Meethinks it should be season'd with some strange

And dangerous poyson : Touch't not, my Lord.

Flo. There should be more in't, then a feasting
dish ;

What's here, a Child ?

Julia. O my perplexed heart !

Pri. Upon his brest ther's something writ, Ile
read it.

'Tis fit, if Iustice bee not quite exil'd

That he that wedds the mother, keepe the child.

This Child was sent to me.

Stro. From whom ? whom, *Parma* ? breake the
bastards necke,

As I would doe the Fathers, were hee here.

Prin. Sure spare't for the Mothers sake ; t'was
sent to vs : *Enter Mounseieur.*

Which of the trayne is wanting ?

Moun. None my Lord.

Prin. *Stroza*, where is this Charter and the
Ring ?

Stro. I know of none.

Moun. Why, t'was confest.

Stro. Right, I confest it ; but your grace must
know,

'Twas but to please your humour, which began

To grow into some violence.

Moun. I can forbear no longer ; Impudent

Stroza,

Thou art a Villaine, periur'd, and forsworne :

That Duke dishonourable ; and thee vnchast :

Besides, thou hyredst a Virgin in her roome ;

(Slaue as thou art) to bofome with the Prince ;

Gau't her five hundred Crownes. That this is true,
I will maintaine by combat.

Stro. That I did this? Hee lies below his entayles,
That dares to braue mee with such a proud affront :
And in the honour of my Prince and Countrey
I will approoue thee recreant.

Prin. A strife, that nought faue combat can
deside,
The cause so full of doubts, and intricate.
See, they are both arm'd, and euenly, without odds,
Saue what the iustice of the cause can yeeld.

Exit Mounfieur and Stroza.

Enter Prince Parma.

Par. Bee't no intrusion held, if a strange Prince
(Setting behind, all complementall leaue)
Amongst strange Princes enters : Let me know
Which is the Prince of *Florence* ?

Prince. Wee are hee.

Parm. And *Parma* ?

Iuli. *Parma* ?

Prince. Excuse mee Sir,
I know him not : But if I much mistake not,
Wee are late indebted to you for a present.

Parm. It was a gift, I should bee loath to part
with,

But vpon good conditions. Am I then
To all a stranger : Doe you not know mee Lady ?

Milla. Heare him not speake, I charge thee by
thine honor ?

Prince. *Parma* speake, and if thy speech was bent
to mee ?

Parm. Ere I proceede, let mee behold this babe ;
Nere a Nurse heere ? Pray hand it you sweete Lady,
Till I find out a Mother.

Milla. Touch it not,
I charge thee on my blessing.

Iulia. Pardon Sir,
It well becomes my handling.

Prince. *Parma* proceede.

Parm. Then *Florence* know, thou hast wrong'd me
beyond thought ;
Shipwrackt my Honour, and my Fame ; nay strumpeted
Her, whom I tearme my Bride.

Prince. 'Tis false, I neuer saue with one imbrac'd,
And her, I found to be most truely chaste.

Parm. Then It maintaine : Hast thou a Wife
heere ?

Prince. Yes.

Parm. Then Ile approue her to bee none of
thine,
That thou hast fetch't her from anothers armes.
Nay more, that shee's vnchaste ?

Prin. Know *Parma*, thou hast kindled such a
Flame,
That all the Oceans billowes scarce can quench :
Bee that our quarrells ground.

Florence. Princes, forbear :
First see the Issue of the former Combat,
Before more blood you hazard.

Prince. Wee are pleased.

Parm. And wee content.

*Enter Stroza and the Mounſieur, they fight, and
Stroza is ouercome.*

Moun. Yeeld thy selfe recreant villaine, or thou
dy'ſt.

Stro. Saue mee, I will confesse ; Is *Parma* heere ?

Parm. Yes, heere we are.

Stro. I falsely stuft thy head with Iealouſies,
And for some priuate ends of my reuenge,
Disgrac'd the Generall, and set odds betwixt
Lauretta and the Princeſſe : All these mischiefes
Proceede from my suggestions.

Milla. Damne him for it.

Stro. Is that your kindnesse? giue me leaue to liue,
Bee't but to taynt his honour.

Prince. Tell mee *Stroza*,
Was *Iulia* chaste?

Str. No.

Prince. Did her Father know it?

Str. Yes, and more too: I had the Gold from him,
To bribe the Generalls daughter.

Florence. Iniuries,
Beyond the thought of man.

Milla. Which wee'le no longer striue with, since
the heauens
Haue laid that ope most plaine and palpable,
Which most wee thought to conceale.

Prince. Will *Parma* fight?

Parm. Resolue mee first? Was *Iulia* found chaste?

Priece. I heere protest, wee parted both, as cleere,
As at our first encounter.

Parm. Then I accept her,
If you my Lord bee pleas'd so to part with her.

Prince. Willingly.

Iulia. Now haue I my desires: Had I withall,
The Princely babe I boare.

Parm. See *Iulia*,
Whom thy hard-hearted Father doom'd to death,
My care hath still conferued, Imbrace it Lady;
Nay, tis thy owne nere feare it.

Prince. Then Prince *Parma*,
With your words Ile proceed.

'Tis fit all Iustice bee not quite exil'd,
That hee that wedds the Mother keepe the child.

Florence. But Peeres, the Virgin that this *Stroza*
hired
To Iustifie these wrongs?

Prince. At hand my Lord:
Mounseieur conduēt them hither?

Moun. I shall Sir.

Milla. The Generalls Wife and Daughter.

Enter Lauretta, Wife, and Clowne.

Clow. Yes and their man too; all that's left of him.

Prince. This the Maide,
To whom I am so bound?

Lauret. Oh let me lie
As prostrate at your foot in Vassallage,
As I was at your pleasure.

Prince. Sweete arise.

Clow. Your Lordship hath bin vp already, when
shee was downe: I hope if the thing you wott of goe
no worfe forward then it hath begun, and that you
take charge of my young Lady, you neede not bee
altogether vnmindfull of her Gentleman-Vsher.

Florence. Of what birth is that Lady?

Milla. Euen the least
Enuy can speake, Shee is a Souldiers Daughter,
Descended from a noble parentage.

Wife. Who with her mother,
Thus kneeles to him, as to their Soueraigne.
Intreating grace and pittie.

Milla. You haue both:
Sure, fure, the heauens for our Ingratitude,
To noble *Sforza*, our braue generall,
Hath thus crost our proceedings; which to recom-
pence,
Wee'le take you vnto our best patronage.

Wife. *Millaine* is honorable.

Prince. But by your fauour Sir,
This must bee our owne charge.

Florence. With which we are pleas'd.

Iulia. *Stroza* was cause of all, but his submission
Hath sau'd him from our hate, arise in grace.
Whil'st we thus greete *Lauretta*.

Lauret. Royall Princeesse,
I still shall be your hand-maide.

Stroza. Who would strue,
To bee a villaine, when the good thus thriue ?

Prince, You crowne me with your wishes, Royall
father ;

My Mistris first, and next my bed-fellow,
And now my Bride most welcome. Excellent Sir,
Imbrace the *Millaine* Duke, whil't I change hand
With Princely *Parma* ; *Iulia*, once my Wife ?

Backe to your husband I returne you chaste :
Mounseieur, bee still our friend : You our kind Mother :
And let succeeding Ages, thus much say :
Neuer was Maiden-head better giuen away.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

N*ew Playes, are like new Fashions; If they
take?*

*Followed and worne: And happy's hee can make
First into'th Garbe: But when they once haue past
Censure, and proue not well, they seldome last.*

*Our Play is new, but whether shaped well
In Aēt or Seane, Iudge you, you best can tell:
Wee hope the best, and 'tis our least of feare,
That any thing but comely should shew heere;*

*However Gentlemen, 'tis in your powers,
To make it last; or weare out, in two houres.*



The late Lancashire
VVITCHES.

A well received Comedy, lately
Acted at the *Globe* on the *Banke-side*,
by the Kings Majesties
Actors.

WRITTEN,
By THOM. HEYVWOOD,
AND
RICHARD BROOME.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.



LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Harper* for *Benjamin Fisher*,
and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the
Talbot, without *Alderfgate*.
1634.



THE PROLOGVE.

*C*Orrantoes failing, and no foot post late
Possessing us with Newes of forraine State,
No accidents abroad worthy Relation
Arriving here, we are forc'd from our owne Nation
To ground the Scene that's now in agitation.
The Project unto many here well knowne ;
Those Witches the fat Iaylor brought to Towne,
An Argument so thin, persons so low
Can neither yeeld much matter, nor great show.
Expect no more than can from such be rais'd,
So may the Scene passe pardon'd, though not prais'd.







ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

*Enter Master Arthur, Mr. Shakstone, Mr. Bantam :
(as from hunting.)*

Arthur.



As ever sport of expectation
Thus crost in th' height.

Shak. Tush these are accidents all game
is subjeçt to.

Arth. So you may call them
Chances, or crosses, or what else you please,
But for my part, Ile hold them prodigies,
As things transcending Nature.

Bantam. O you speake this,
Because a Hare hath crost you.

Arth. A Hare? a Witch, or rather a Divell I
think.

For tell me Gentlemen, was't possible
In such a faire course, and no covert neere,
We in pursuit, and she in constant view,
Our eyes not wandring but all bent that way,
The Dogs in chase, she ready to be ceas'd,
And at the instant, when I durst have layd
My life to gage, my Dog had pinch't her, then
To vanish into nothing!

Shak. Somewhat strange,
But not as you inforce it.

Arth. Make it plaine
That I am in an error, sure I am

That I about me have no borrow'd eyes.
They are mine owne, and Matches.

Bant. She might find
Some Muse as then not visible to us,
And escape that way.

Shak. Perhaps some Foxe had earth'd there,
And though it be not common, for I seldome
Have knowne or heard the like, there squat her selfe,
And so her scape appeare but Naturall,
Which you proclaime a Wonder.

Arth. Well well Gentlemen,
Be you of your own faith, but what I see
And is to me apparent, being in fence,
My wits about me, no way toft nor troubled,
To that will I give credit.

Bant. Come, come, all men
Were never of one minde, nor I of yours.

Shak. To leave this argument, are you resolv'd
Where we shall dine to day?

Arth. Yes where we purpos'd.

Bant. That was with Master *Generous*.

Arth. True, the same.
And where a loving welcome is presum'd,
Whose liberall Table's never unprepar'd,
Nor he of guests unfurnisht, of his meanes,
There's none can beare it with a braver port,
And keepe his state unshaken, one who fels not
Nor covets he to purchase, holds his owne
Without oppressing others, alwayes prest
To indeere to him any knowne Gentleman
In whom he finds good parts.

Bant. A Character not common in this age.

Brth. I cannot wind him up
Vnto the least part of his noble worth.
Tis far above my strength.

Enter Whetstone.

Shak. See who comes yonder,

A fourth, to make us a full Messe of guests
At Master *Generous* Table.

Arth. Tush let him passe,
He is not worth our luring, a meere Coxcombe,
It is a way to call our wits in question,
To have him seene amongst us.

Baut. He hath spy'd us,
There is no way to evade him.

Arth. That's my grieve ;
A most notorious lyar, out upon him,

Shak. Let's set the best face on't.

Whet. What Gentlemen ? all mine old acquaint-
ance ?

A whole triplicity of friends together ? nay then
'Tis three to one we shall not soone part Company.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone*.

Bant. Dainty Mr. *Whetstone*.

Arth. Delicate Master *Whetstone*.

Whet. You say right, Mr. *Whetstone* I have bin,
Mr. *Whetstone* I am, and Mr. *Whetstone* I shall be,
and those that know me, know withall that I have not
my name for nothing, I am hee whom all the brave
Blades of the Country use to whet their wits upon ;
sweet Mr. *Shakton*, dainty Mr. *Bantham*, and dainty
Mr. *Arthur*, and how, and how, what all lustick, all
frologozone ? I know, you are going to my Vncles to
dinner, and so am I too, What shall we all make one
randevous there, you need not doubt of your welcome.

Shak. No doubt at all kind Mr. *Whetstone* ; but
we have not seene you of late, you are growne a great
stranger amongst us, I desire sometimes to give you a
visit ; I pray where do you lye ?

Whet. Where doe I lye ? why sometimes in one
place, and then againe in another, I love to shift
lodgings ; but most constantly, whereſbere I dine or
sup, there doe I lye ?

Arth. I never heard that word proceed from him
I durst call truth till now.

Whet. But where so ever I lye 'tis no matter for that,

I pray you say, and say truth, are not you three now Going to dinner to my Vncles?

Bant. I thinke you are a Witch Master *Whetstone.*

Whet. How? A Witch Gentlemen? I hope you doe not meane to abuse me, though at this time (if report be true) there are too many of them here in our Country, but I am sure I look like no such ugly Creature.

Shak. It seemes then you are of opinion that there are Witches, for mine own part, I can hardly be induc'd to think there is any such kinde of people.

Whet. No such kinde of people! I pray you tell me Gentlemen, did never any one of you know my Mother?

Arth. Why was your Mother a Witch?

Whet. I doe not say as Witches goe now a dayes, for they for the most part are ugly old Beldams, but she was a lusty young Lasse, and by her owne report, by her beauty and faire lookes bewicht my Father.

Bant. It seemes then your Mother was rather a yong wanton wench, than an old wither'd witch.

Whet. You say right, and know withall I come of two ancient Families, for as I am a *Whetstone* by the Mother-side, so I am a *By-blow* by the Fathers.

Arth. It appeares then by your discourse, that you came in at the window.

Whet. I would have you thinke I scorne like my Granams Cat to leape over the Hatch.

Shak. He hath confest himselfe to be a Bastard.

Arth. And I beleeeve't as a notorious truth.

Whet. Howsoever I was begot, here you see I am, And if my Parents went to it without feare or wit, What can I helpe it.

Arth. Very probable, for as he was got without feare,
So it is apparent he was borne without wit.

Whet. Gentlemen, it seemes you have some private

business amongst your selves, which I am not willing to interrupt, I know not how the day goes with you, but for mine owne part, my stomacke is now much upon it. You know what houre my Vncle keepes, and I love ever to bee set before the first grace, I am going before, speake, shall I acquaint him with your comming after?

Shak. We meane this day to see what fare he keepes.

Whet. And you know it is his custome to fare well, And in that respect I think I may be his kinsman, And so farewell Gentlemen, Ile be your fore-runner, To give him notice of your visite.

Bant. And so intyre us to you.

Shak. Sweet Mr. *Whetstone*.

Arth. Kind Mr. *Byblow*.

Whet. I see you are perfect both in my name & surname; I have bin ever bound unto you, for which I will at this time be your *Noverint*, and give him notice that you *Vniversi* will bee with him *per præfentes*, and that I take to be presently. *Exit.*

Arth. Farewell *As in præfenti*.

Shak. It seemes hee's peece of a Scholler.

Arth. What because he hath read a little Scriveners Latine, hee never proceeded farther in his Accidence than to *Mentiri non est meum*; and that was such a hard Lesson to learne, that he flucke at *mentiri*; and cu'd never reach to *non est meum*: since, a meere Ignaro, and not worth acknowledgement.

Bant. Are these then the best parts he can boast of?

Arth. As you see him now, so shall you finde him ever: all in one strain, there is one only thing which I wonder he left out.

Shak. And what might that be.

Arth. Of the same affinity with the rest. At every second word, he is commonly boasting either of his Aunt or his Vncle.

Enter Mr. Generous.

Bant. You name him in good time, see where he comes.

Gener. Gentlemen, Welcome, t'is a word I use,
From me expect no further complement :
Nor do I name it often at one meeting,
Once spoke (to those that understand me best,
And know I alwaies purpose as I speake)
Hath ever yet suffiz'd : so let it you ;
Nor doe I love that common phraze of guests,
As we make bold, or we are troublesome,
Wee take you unprovided, and the like ;
I know you understanding Gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade your selves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold,
But still provided for my worthy friends,
Amongst whom you are listed.

Arth. Noble sir,
You generously instruct us, and to expresse
We can be your apt schollers : in a word
Wee come to dine with you.

Gener. And Gentlemen,
Such plainnesse doth best please me, I had notice
Of so much by my kinsman, and to shew
How lovingly I tooke it, instantly
Rose from my chayre to meet you at the gate,
And be my selfe your usher ; nor shall you finde
Being set to meat, that i'le excuse your fare, '
Or say, I am fory it falls out so poore ;
And had I knowne your comming wee'd have had
Such things and such, nor blame my Cooke, to say
This dish or that hath not bin sauc'd with care :
Words, fitting best a common Hostesse mouth,
When ther's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a Gentleman ;
Nor is it my wives custome ; in a word,
Take what you find, & so——

Arth. Sir without flattery
You may be call'd the sole surviving sonne
Of long since banisht Hospitality.

Gener. In that you please me not : But Gentle-
men

I hope to be beholden unto you all,
Which if I proove, Ile be a gratefull debtor.

Bant. Wherein good sir.

Gener. I ever studied plainenesse, and truth
withall.

Shak. I pray expresse your selfe.

Gener. In few I shall. I know this youth to
whom my wife is Aunt

Is (as you needs must finde him) weake and shallow :
Dull, as his name, and what for kindred sake
We note not, or at least, are loath to see,
Is unto such well-knowing Gentlemen
Most grossely visible : If for my sake
You will but seeme to winke at these his wants,
At least at table before us his friends,
I shall receive it as a courtesie
Not soone to be forgot.

Arth. Prefume it sir.

Gener. Now when you please pray Enter Gentle-
men.

Arth. Would these my friends prepare the way
before,

To be resolved of one thing before dinner
Would something adde unto mine appetite,
Shall I intreat you so much.

Bant. O sir you may command us.

Gener. I'th meane time
Prepare your stomackes with a bowle of Sacke.

Exit Bant. & Shak.

My Cellar can afford it ; now Mr. *Arthur*
Pray freely speake your thoughts.

Arth. I come not sir

To presse a promise from you, tak't not so,
Rather to prompt your memory in a motion

Made to you not long since.

Gener. Wast not about
A Mannor, the best part of your estate,
Morgag'd to one slips no advantages
Which you would have redeem'd.

Arth. True fir the same.

Gener. And as I thinke, I promist at that time
To become bound with you, or if the usurer
(A base, yet the best title I can give him)
Perhaps should question that security,
To have the money ready. Wast not so?

Arth. It was to that purpose wee discourst.

Gener. Provided, to have the Writings in my
custody.

Else how should I secure mine owne estate.

Arth. To denie that, I should appeare to th'
World

Stupid, and of no braine.

Gener. Your monie's ready.

Arth. And I remaine a man oblig'd to you.
Beyond all utterance.

Gener. Make then your word good
By speaking it no further, onely this,
It seemes your Vncle you trusted in so far
Hath failed your expectation.

Arth. Sir he hath, not that he is unwilling or
unable,
But at this time unfit to be solicited ;
For to the Countries wonder, and my sorrow,
Hee is much to be pitied.

Gener. Why I intreat you.

Arth. Because hee's late become the sole dis-
course
Of all the countrey ; for of a man respected
For his discretion and knowne gravitie,
As master of a govern'd Family,
The house (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundfils lifted up to make the rooffe)
All now turn'd topsie turvy.

Gener. Strange, but how?

Arth. In such a retrograde & preposterous way
As seldome hath bin heard of. I thinke never.

Gener. Can you discourse the manner?

Arth. The good man,
In all obedience kneeles vnto his son,
Hee with an austere brow commands his father.
The wife presumes not in the daughters sight
Without a prepared courtesie. The girle, shee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks,
And what's as strange, the Maid she dominiers
O're her yong mistris, who is aw'd by her.
The son to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groome his man.
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pittie, and in others wonder;
So in the most part laughter.

Gener. How thinke you might this come.

Arth. T'is thought by Witchcraft.

Gener. They that thinke so dreame,
For my beliefe is, no such thing can be,
A madnesse you may call it: Dinner stayes,
That done, the best part of the afternoone
Wee'le spend about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Seely and Doughty.

Seely. Nay but understand me neighbor *Doughty.*

Doughty. Good master *Seely* I do understand
you, and over and over understand you so much,
that I could e'ene blush at your fondnesse; and had I
a sonne to serve mee so, I would coniure a divell out
of him.

See. Alas he is my childe.

Dough. No, you are his childe to live in feare of
him, indeed they say oldmen become children againe,
but before I would become my childes childe, and

make my foot my head, I would stand upon my head,
and kick my heels at the skies.

Enter Gregory.

See. You do not know what an only son is, O see,
he comes now if you can appease his anger towrad
me, you shall doe an act of timely charity.

Dou. It is an office that I am but weakly
verfd in
To plead to a sonne in the fathers behalfe,
Blesse me what lookes the devilish young Rascall
Frights the poore man withall !

Greg. I wonder at your confidence, and how you
dare appeare before me.

Doug. A brave beginning.

See. O sonne be patient.

Greg. It is right reverend councell, I thanke you
for it, I shall study patience shall I, while you practice
waies to begger mee, shall I ?

Dough. Very handsome.

See. If ever I transgresse in the like againe—

Greg. I have taken your word too often fir and
neither can nor will forbear you longer.

Dough. What not your Father Mr. *Gregory* ?

Greg. Whats that to you fir ?

Dough. Pray tell me then fir, how many yeares has
hee to serve you.

Gre. What do you bring your spokesman now,
your advocat,
What see goes out of my estate now, for his Ora-
tory ?

Dou. Come I must tell you, you forget your
selfe,
And in this foule unnaturall strife wherein
You trample on your father. You are falne
Below humanitie. Y'are so beneath
The title of a sonne, you cannot clayme

To be a man, and let me tell you were you mine
Thou shouldst not eat but on thy knees before me.

See. O this is not the way.

This is to raise Impatience into fury.

I do not seek his quiet for my ease,

I can beare all his chidings and his threats,

And take them well, very exceeding well,

And finde they do me good on my owne part,

Indeed they do reclaim me from those errors

That might impeach his fortunes, but I feare

Th' unquiet strife within him hurts himselfe,

And wastes or weakens Nature by the breach

Of moderate sleepe and dyet ; and I can

No lesse than grieve to finde my weaknesse

To be the cause of his affliction,

And see the danger of his health and being.

Dou. Alas poore man? Can you stand open
ey'd

Or dry ey'd either at this now in a Father?

Greg. Why, if it grieve you, you may look of
ont,

I have seen more than this twice twenty times,

And have as often bin deceiv'd by his dissimu-
lations

I can see nothing mended.

Dou. He is a happy fire that has brought vp his
son to this.

See. All shall be mended son content your selfe,
But this time forget but this last fault.

Greg. Yes, for a new one to morrow.

Dou. Pray Mr. *Gregory* forget it, you see how
Submissive your poore penitent is, forget it,

Forget it, put it out o' your head, knocke it

Out of your braines. I protest, if my Father,

Nay if my fathers dogge should haue sayd

As much to me, I should have embrac't him.

What was the trespasse? It c'ud not be so hainous.

Greg. Wel Sir, you now shall be a Iudge for all
your jeering.

Was it a fatherly part thinke you having a sonne
To offer to enter in bonds for his nephew, so to in-
danger

My estate to redeeme his morgage.

See. But I did it not sonne?

Gre. I know it very well, but your dotage had
done it,

If my care had not prevented it.

Dou. Is that the businesse : why if he had done it,
had hee not bin sufficiently secur'd in having the mor-
gage made over to himselfe.

Greg. He does nothing but practice waies to undo
himselfe, and me : a very spendthrift, a prodigall fire,
hee was at the Ale club but tother day, and spent a
foure-penny.

See. 'Tis gone and past sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace fir ? And not long
ago at the wine he spent his teaster, and two pence
to the piper, that was brave was it not ?

See. Truly we were civily merry. But I have
left it.

Greg. Your civility have you not ? For no longer
agoe than last holiday evening he gam'd away eight
double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the
Curate, and some of his idle companions.

Dou. Fie Mr. *Gregory Seely* is this seemely in a
sonne.

You'll have a rod for the childe your father shortly I
feare.

Alasse did hee make it cry ? Give me a stroke and Ile
beat him,

Blesse me, they make me almost as mad as them-
selves.

Greg. 'Twere good you would meddle with your
own matters fir.

See. Sonne, sonne.

Greg. Sir, Sir, as I am not beholden to you for
house or Land, for it has stood in the name of my an-

cestry the *Seelyes* above two hundred yeares, so will I look you leave all as you found it.

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell ?

Greg. O *Lawrence*, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am fure.

Law. Yie which way con yeow tell, but what the foule evill doone yee, heres sick an a din.

Dou. Art thou his man fellow ha ? that talkest thus to him.

Law. Yie fir, and what ma' yoew o'that, he mainteynes me to rule him, and i'le deu't, or ma' the heart weary o'the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upside downe, the sonne controlls the father, and the man overcrows his masters coxcombe, fure they are all bewitch'd.

Greg. 'Twas but so, truely *Lawrence*; the peevish old man vex't me, for which I did my duty, in telling him his owne, and Mr. *Doughty* here maintaines him against me.

Law. I forbodden yeow to meddle with the old carle, and let me alone with him, yet yeow still be at him, hee serv'd yeow but weell to bast ye for't, ant he were stronk enough, but an I saw foule with yee an I swaddle yee not favorly may my girts braft.

See. Prethee good *Lawrence* be gentle and do not fright thy Master so.

Law. Yie, at your command anon.

See. Enough good *Lawrence*, you have said enough.

Law. How trow yeou that ? A fine World when a man cannot be whyet at heame for busie brain'd neighbors.

Dou. I know not what to say to any thing here, This cannot be but witchcraft.

Enter Ioane and Winny.

Win. I cannot indure it nor I will not indure it.

Dou. Hey day! the daughter upon the mother too.

Win. One of us two, chuse you which, must leave the house, wee are not to live together I see that, but I will know, if there be Law in *Lancashire* for't, which is fit first to depart the house or the World, the mother or the daughter.

Ioane. Daughter I say.

Win. Do you say the daughter, for that word I say the mother, unlesse you can prove me the eldest, as my discretion almost warrant it, I say the mother shall out of the house or take such courses in it as shall sort with such a house and such a daughter.

Foan. Daughter I say, I wil take any course so thou wilt leave thy passion; indeed it hurts thee childe, I'll sing and be merry, weare as fine clothes, and as delicate dressings as thou wilt have me, so thou wilt pacifie thy selfe, and be at peace with me.

Wiu. O will you so, in so doing I may chance to looke upon you, Is this a fit habite for a handsome young Gentlewomans mother, as I hope to be a Lady, you look like one o' the Scottish wayward sisters, O my hart has got the hickup, and all looks greene about me, a merry song now mother, and thou shalt be my white girle.

Ioan. Ha, ha, ha! she's overcome with joy at my conversion.

Dough. She is most evidently bewicht.

Song.

Foane. *There was a deft Lad and a Lasse fell in love,
with a fa la la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly;*

The Witches of Lancashire. 185

*With kissing and toying this Maiden did prove,
with a fa là la, fa la la, Langtidowne dilly ;
So wide i' th wast, and her Belly so high,
That unto her mother the Maiden did cry,
O Langtidowne dilly, O Langtidowne dilly,
fa la la Langtidowne, Langtidowne dilly.*

Enter Parnell.

Parn. Thus wodden yeou doone and I were dead,
but while I live yoeu fadge not on it, is this aw the
warke yeou con fine ?

Dough. Now comes the Mayd to fet her Mistresses
to work.

Win. Nay pri'thee sweet *Parnell*, I was but chiding
the old wife for her unhandfomnesse, and would have
been at my work presently, she tels me now she
will weare fine things, and I shall dresse her head as
I list.

Dough. Here's a house well govern'd ?

Parn. Dresse me no dressings, lessen I dresse yeou
beth, and learne a new lesson with a wainon right now,
han I bin a servant here this halfe dozen o' yeares,
and con I see yeou idler then my selve !

Ioa. Win. Nay prithee sweet *Parnell* content, &
hark thee—

Dough. I have knowne this, and till very lately, as
well govern'd a Family as the Country yeilds, and now
what a nest of severall humors it is growne, and all
divellish ones, fure all the Witches in the Country,
have their hands in this home-spun medley ; and there
be no few 'tis thought.

Parn. Yie, yie, ye shall ye shall, another time, but not
naw I thonke yeou, yeou shall as soone pisse and paddle
in't, as flap me in the mouth with an awd Petticoat, or
a new paire o' shoine, to be whyet, I cannot be whyet,
nor I wonnot be whyet, to see sicky doings I.

Lawr. Hold thy prattle *Parnell*, aw's com'd about
as weene a had it, wotst thou what *Parnell* ? wotst
thou what ? o deare, wotst thou what ?

186 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Parn. What's the fond wexen waild trow I.

Lawr. We han bin in love these three yeares, and ever wee had not enough, now is it com'd about that our love shall be at an end for ever, and a day, for wee mun wed may hunny, we mun wed.

Parn. What the Deowl ayles the lymmer lowne, bin thy braincs broke lowfe trow I.

Lawr. Sick a waddin was there never i' Loncofshire as ween couple at on Monday newft.

Par. Awa awaw, fayn yeou this fickerly, or done you but jaum me ?

Lawr. I jaum thee not nor flam thee not, 'tis all as true as booke, here's both our Masters have consented and concloyded, and our Mistresses mun yeild toyt, to put aw house and lond and aw they have into our hands.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And we mun marry and be master and dame of aw.

Parn. Awa, awaw.

Lawr. And theyn be our Sijourners, because they are weary of the world, to live in frendibleness, and see what will come on't.

Par. Awa, awaw, agone.

Seel. & Greg. Nay 'tis true *Parnell*, here's both our hands on't, and give you joy.

Ioan & Win. And ours too, and 'twill be fine Ifackins.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw !

Dou. Here's a mad businesse towards.

Seel. I will bespeake the Guests.

Greg. And I the meat :

Ioan. I'll dresse the dinner, though I drip my sweate.

Lawr. My care shall sumptuous parrelments provide.

Win. And my best art shall trickly trim the Bride.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

Greg. Ile get choyce musick for the merriment.

Dough. And I will waite with wonder the event.

Parn. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw.

ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

Enter 4. Witches : (severally.)

All.



Oe ! well met, well met.

Meg. What new devise, what dainty
straine

More for our myrth now then our

gaine,

Shall we in practice put.

Meg. Nay dame,

Before we play another game,

We must a little laugh and thanke

Our feat familiars for the pranck

They playd us last.

Mawd. Or they will misse

Vs in our next plot, if for this

They find not their reward.

Meg. 'Tis right.

Gil. Therefore sing *Mawd*, and call each spright.

Come away, and take thy duggy.

Enter foure Spirits.

Meg. Come my *Mamilon* like a Puggy.

Mawd. And come my puckling take thy teat,

Your travels have deserv'd your meat.

Meg. Now upon the Churles ground

On which we're met, lets dance a round ;

That Cogle, Darnell, Poppia wild,

May choake his graine, and fill the field.

Gil. Now spirits fly about the taske,
That we projected in our Maske. *Exit Spirits.*

Meg. Now let us laugh to thinke upon
The feat which we have so lately done,
In the distraction we have set
In *Seelyes* house ; which shall beget
Wonder and forrow 'mongst our foes,
Whilst we make laughter of their woes.

All. Ha, ha ha !

Meg. I can but laugh now to foresee,
The fruits of their perplexity.

Gil. Of *Seely's* family ?

Meg. I, I, I, the Father to the Sonne doth cry,
The Sonne rebukes the Father old ;
The Daughter at the mother Scold,
The wife the husband check and chide,
But that's no wonder, through the wide
World 'tis common.

Gil. But to be short,
The wedding must bring on the sport
Betwixt the hare-brayn'd man and mayd,
Master and dame that over-sway'd.

All. Ha, ha, ha !

Meg. Enough, enough,
Our fides are charm'd, or else this stufte
Would laughter-cracke them ; let's away
About the Iig : we dance to day,
To spoyle the Hunters sport.

Gil. I that,
Be now the subject of our chat.

Meg. Then list yee well, the Hunters are
This day by vow to kill a Hare,
Or else the sport they will forswear ;
And hang their Dogs up.

Mawd. Stay, but where
Must the long threatned hare be found ?

Gill. They'l search in yonder Meadow ground.

Meg. There will I be, and like a wily Wat,
Vntill they put me up ; ile squat.

Gill. I and my puckling will a brace

Of Greyhounds be, fit for the race ;
And linger where we may be tane
Vp for the courſe in the by-lane ;
Then will we lead their Dogs a courſe,
And every man and every horſe ;
Vntill they breake their necks, and fay—

All. The Divell on Dun is rid this way. Ha, ha,
ha, ha.

Meg. All the doubt can be but this,
That if by chance of me they miſſe,
And ſtart another Hare.

Gil. Then we'll not run
But finde ſome way how to be gone.
I ſhal know thee *Peg*, by thy griſſel'd gut.

Meg. And I you *Gilian* by your gaunt thin gut.
But where will *Mawd* beſtow her ſelfe to day ?

Mawd. O' th' Steeple top ; Ile fit and ſee you
play. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Mr. Generous, Arthur, Bantam, Shakſtone,
and Whetſtone.*

Gener. At meeting, and at parting Gentlemen,
I onely make uſe of that generall word,
So frequent at all feaſts, and that but once ; y'are wel-
come.

You are ſo, all of you, and I intreat you
Take notice of that ſpeciall buſineſſe,
Betwixt this Gentleman my friend, and I.
About the Morgage, to which writings drawne,
Your hands are witneſſe.

Bant. & Shak. We acknowledge it.

Whet. My hand is there too, for a man cannot ſet
to his Marke, but it may be call'd his hand ; I am a
Gentleman both wayes, and it hath been held that it
is the part of a Gentleman, to write a ſcurvie hand.

Bant. You write Sir like your ſelfe.

Gener. Pray take no notice of his ignorance,
You know what I foretold you.

Arth. 'Tis confest,
But for that word by you so seldome spoke
By us so freely on your part perform'd,
We hold us much ingag'd.

Gener. I pray, no complement,
It is a thing I doe not use my selfe,
Nor doe I love't in others.

Arth. For my part,
Could I at once dissolve my selfe to words
And after turne them into matter ; such
And of that strength, as to attract the attention
Of all the curious, and most itching eares
Of this our Crittick age ; it cou'd not make
A theame amounting to your noble worth :
You seeme to me to super-arrogate,
Supplying the defects of all your kindred
To innoble your own name : I now have done Sir.

Whet. Hey day, this Gentleman speakes like a
Country Parson that had tooke his text out of *Ovids*
Metamorphosis.

Gener. Sir, you Hyperbolize ;
And I coo'd chide you for't, but whilst you connive
At this my Kinsman, I shall winke at you ;
'Twill prove an equall match.

Gener. Your name proclaimes
To be such as it speakes, you, *Generous*.

Gener. Still in that straine !

Arth. Sir, sir, whilst you persevere to be good
I must continue gratefull.

Gener. Gentlemen,
The greatest part of this day you see is spent
In reading deeds, conveyances, and bonds,
With sealing and subscribing ; will you now
Take part of a bad Supper.

Arth. We are like travellers
And where such bayt, they doe not use to Inne.
Our love and service to you.

Gener. The first I accept,
The Last I entertaine not, farewell Gentlemen.

Arth. We'l try if we can finde in our way home
When Hares come from their coverts, to relieffe,
A course or too.

Whet. Say you so Gentlemen, nay then I am for
your company still, 'tis sayd Hares are like! Hermo-
phrodites, one while Male, and another Female, and
that which begets this yeare, brings young ones the next;
which some think to be the reason that witches take
their shapes so oft: Nay if I lye *Pliny* lyes too, but
come, now I have light upon you, I cannot so lightly
leave you farewell Vnckle.

Gener. Cozen I wish you would comfort your
selfe,
With such men ever, and make them your President
For a more Gentile carriage.

Arth. Good Master *Generous*——

Exeunt, manet Generous.

Enter Robert.

Gen. *Robin.*

Rob. Sir.

Gen. Goe call your Mistresse hither.

Rob. My Mistresse Sir, I doe call her Mistresse, as
I doe call you Master, but if you would have me call
my Mistresse to my Master, I may call lowd enough
before she can heare me.

Gener. Why she's not deafe I hope, I am sure since
Dinner
She had her hearing perfect.

Rob. And so she may have at Supper too for ought
I know, but I can assure you she is not now within my
call.

Gener. Sirrah you trifle, give me the Key oth'
Stable.

I will goe see my Gelding; i'th' meane time
Goe seeke her out, say she shall finde me there.

Rob. To tell you true sir, I shall neither finde my
Mistresse here, nor you your Gelding there.

Gener. Ha ! how comes that to passe ?

Rob. Whilst you were busie about your writings, she came and commanded me to saddle your Beast, and sayd she would ride abroad to take the ayre.

Gener. Which of your fellowes did she take along to wayte on her ?

Rob. None sir.

Gener. None ! hath she us'd it often ?

Rob. Oftner I am sure then she goes to Church, and leave out Wednesdayes and Fridayes.

Gener. And still alone ?

Rob. If you call that alone, when no body rides in her company.

Gener. But what times hath she sorted for these journeyes ?

Rob. Commonly when you are abroad, and sometimes when you are full of businesse at home.

Gener. To ride out often and alone, what sayth she

When she takes horse, and at her backe returne ?

Rob. Onely conjures me that I shall keepe it from you, then clappes me in the fist with some small piece of silver, and then a Fish cannot be more silent then I.

Gener. I know her a good woman and well bred,
Of an unquestiō'd carriage, well reputed
Amongst her neighbors, reckon'd with the best
And ore me most indulgent ; though in many
Such things might breed a doubt and jealousy,
Yet I hatch no such phrensie. Yet to prevent
The smallest jarre that might betwixt us happen ;
Give her no notice that I know thus much.
Besides I charge thee, when she craves him next
He be deny'd : if she be vext or mov'd
Doe not thou feare, Ile interpose my selfe
Betwixt thee and her anger, as you tender
Your duty and my service, see this done.

Rob. Now you have exprest your minde, I know what I have to doe ; first, not to tell her what I have

told you, & next to keep her side-saddle from coming upon your Gueldings backe; but howsoever it is like to hinder me of many a round tester.

Gener. As oft as thou deny'st her, so oft clayme That teaster from me, 't shall be roundly payd.

Rob. You say well in that sir, I dare take your word, you are an honest Gentleman, and my Master; and now take mine as I am your true servant, before she shall backe your Guelding again in your absence, while I have the charge of his keeping; she shall ride me, or Ile ride her.

Gen. So much for that. Sirrah my Butler tels me

My Seller is drunke dry, I meane those Bottles Of Sack and Clare, are all empty growne And I have guests to morrow, my choyse friends. Take the gray Nag i'th' stable, and those Bottles Fill at *Lancaster*, there where you use to fetch it.

Rob. Good newes for me, I shall sir.

Gen. O *Robin*, it comes short of that pure liquor We drunke last Terme in London at the *Myter* In *Fleet-street*, thou remembrest it; me thought It was the very spirit of the Grape, Meere quintessence of Wine.

Rob. Yes sir, I so remember it, that most certaine it is I never shal forget it, my mouth waters ever since when I but think on't, whilst you were at supper above, the drawer had me down into the Cellar below, I know the way in againe if I see't, but at that time to finde the way out againe, I had the help of more eies than mine owne: is the taste of that *Ipsitate* stil in your pallat sir?

Gener. What then? But vaine are wishes, take those bottles And see them fil'd where I command you sir.

Rob. I shall: never c'ud I have met with such a faire opportunity: for iust in the mid way lies my sweet-heart, as lovely a lasse as any is in *Lancashire*,

and kisses as sweetly: i'le see her going or comming,
i'le have one smouch at thy lips, and bee with thee to
bring *Mal Spencer*. *Exit.*

Gen. Go hasten your return, what he hath told
me

Touching my wife is somewhat strange, no matter
Bee't as it will, it shall not trouble me.

Shee hath not lyen so long so neere my side,
That now I should be jealous.

Enter a souldier.

Sold. You seeme fir a Gentleman of quality, and
no doubt but in your youth have beene acquainted
with affaires military, in your very lookes there ap-
peares bounty, and in your person humanity. Please
you to vouchsafe the tender of some small courtesie to
help to beare a souldier into his countrey.

Gen. Though I could tax you friend, & justly too
For begging 'gainst the Statute in that name,
Yet I have ever bin of that compassion,
Where I see want, rather to pittie it
Than to use power. Where hast thou serv'd?

Sold. With the Russian against the Polack, a heavy
war, and hath brought me to this hard fate. I was
tooke prisoner by the Pole, & after some few weeks of
durance, got both my freedom and passe. I have it
about me to show, please you to vouchsafe the
perusal.

Gener. It shall not need. What Countreyman.

Sold. Yorkeshire sir. Many a sharp battell by
land, and many a sharpe storme at sea, many a long
mile, and many a short meale, I have travel'd and
suffer'd ere I c'ud reach thus far, I beseech you sir take
my poore & wretched case into your worships noble
consideration.

Gener. Perhaps thou lov'st this wandring life
To be an idle loitering begger, than
To eat of thine owne labour.

Sold. I fir ! Loitering I defie fir, I hate lazinesse as I do leprosie : It is the next way to breed the scurvie, put mee to hedge, ditch, plow, thresh, dig, delve, any thing : your worship shal find that I love nothing lesse than loitering.

Gener. Friend thou speakest well.

Enter Miller (his hands and face scratcht, and bloody.

Miller. Your Mill quoth he, if ever you take me in your mill againe, i'le give you leave to cast my flesh to the dogges, and grinde my bones to powder, betwixt the Millstones. Cats do you call them, for their hugeness they might bee cat a mountaines, and for their claws, I thinke I have it here in red and white to shew, I pray looke here fir, a murreine take them, ile be sworne they have scratcht, where I am sure it itcht not.

Gener. How cam'st thou in this pickle ?

Mil. You see fir, and what you see, I have felt, & am come to give you to understand i'le not indure such another night if you would give mee your mill for nothing, they say we Millers are theeves : but I c'ud as soone bee hangd as steale one piece of a nap all the night long, good Landlord provide your selfe of a new tenant, the noise of such catterwawling, & such scratching and clawing, before I would indure againe, i'le bee tyed to the saile when the winde blowes sharpest, and they flie swiftest, till I be torne into as many fitters as I have toes and fingers.

Sold. I was a Miller my selfe before I was a souldier. What one of my own trade should be so poorely spirited frighted with cats ?

Sir trust me with the Mill that he forsakes.

Here is a blade that hangs upon this belt

That spight of all these Rats, Cats, Wezells, Witches

Or Dogges, or Divels, shall so coniure them

I'le quiet my possession.

Gener. Well spoke Souldier.
I like thy resolution. Fellow, you then
Have given the Mill quite over.

Mil. Over and over, here I utterly renounce it ;
nor would I stay in it longer, if you would give me
your whole estate ; nay if I say it, you may take my
word Landlord.

Sold. I pray sir dare you trust your mill with me.

Gener. I dare, but I am loth, my reasons these.
For many moneths, scarce any one hath lien there
But have bin strangely frighted in his sleepe,
Or from his warme bed drawne into the floore,
Or clawd and scratcht, as thou seest this poore man,
So much, that it stood long untenanted,
Till he late undertooke it, now thine eies
Witnesse how he hath sped.

Sold. Give me the keies, ile stand it all danger.

Gener. 'Tis a match : deliver them.

Mil. Mary withall my heart, and I am glad, I am
fo rid of em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy with a switch.

Boy. Now I have gathered Bullies, and fild my
bellie pretty well, i'le goe see some sport. There are
gentlemen coursing in the medow hard by ; and 'tis a
game that I love better than going to Schoole ten to
one.

*Enter an invisible spirit. F. Adson with a brace of
greyhounds.*

What have we here a brace of Greyhounds broke
loose from their masters : it must needs be so, for they
have both their Collers and flippes about their neckes.
Now I looke better upon them, me thinks I should
know them, and so I do : these are Mr. *Robinsons*
dogges, that dwels some two miles off, i'le take them
up, & lead them home to their master ; it may be

fomthing in my way, for he is as liberall a gentleman, as any is in our countrie. Come *Hector*, come. Now if I c'ud but start a Hare by the way, kill her, and carry her home to my supper, I should thinke I had made a better afternoones worke of it than gathering of bullies. Come poore cures along with me. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur, Bantam, Shakstone, and Whetstone.

Arth. My Dog as yours.

Shak. For what?

Arth. A piece.

Shak. 'Tis done.

Bant. I say the pide dog shall outstrip the browne.

Whe. And ile take the brown dogs part against the pide.

Bant. Yes when hee's at his lap youle take his part.

Arth. *Bantam* forbear him prethee.

Bant. He talks so like an Ass I have not patience to indure his non sence.

Whe. The browne dogge for two peeces.

Bant. Of what?

Whe. Of what you dare; name them from the last Farthings with the double rings, to the late Coy'ned peeces which they say are all counterfeit.

Bant. Well sir, I take you: will you cover these, give them into the hands of either of these two gentlemen.

Whe. What needs that? doe you thinke my word and my money is not all one?

Bant. And weigh alike: both many graines too light.

Shak. Enough of that, I presume Mr. *Whetstone*, you are not ignorant what belongs to the sport of hunting.

Whe. I thinke I have reason, for I have bin at the death of more Hares.

198 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Bant. More then you shed the last fall of the leafe.

Whet. More then any man here I am sure. I should be loath at these yeares to be ignorant of hairing or whoring. I knew a hare clofe hunted, clime a tree.

Bant. To finde out birds nests.

Whet. Another leap into a river, nothing appearing above water, save onely the tip of her nose to take breath.

Shak. Nay that's verie likely, for no man can fish with an angle but his Line must be made of hare.

Whet. You say right, I knew another, who to escape the Dogges hath taken a house, and leapt in at a window.

Bant. It is thought you came into the World that way.

Whet. How meane you that ?

Bant. Because you are a bastard.

Whet. Bastard ! O base.

Bant. And thou art base all over.

Arth. Needs must I now condemne your indiscretion.

To set your wit against his.

Whe. Bastard ? that shall be tried ; well Gentlemen concerning Hare-hunting you might have hard more, if he had had the grace to have said lesse, but for the word Bastard, if I do not tell my Vncle, I and my Aunt too, either when I would speake ought or goe of the skore for any thing, let me never be trusted, they are older than I, and what know I, but they might bee by when I was begot ; but if thou *Bantam* do'st not heare of this with both thine eares, if thou hast them still, and not lost them by scribbling, instead of *Whet-stone* call me *Grinde-stone*, and for *By-blow*, *Bulfinch*. Gentlemen, for two of you your companie is faire and honest ; but for you *Bantam*, remember and take notice also, that I am a bastard, and so much i'll testifie to my Aunt and Vncle.

Exit.

Arth. What have you done, 'twill grieve the good old Gentleman, to heare him baffled thus.

Bant. I was in a cold sweat ready to faint
The time he staid amongst us.

Shak. But come, now the Hare is found and
started,
She shall have Law, so to our sport. *Exit.*

Enter Boy with the Greyhounds.

A Hare, a Hare, halloe, halloe, the Divell take these cures, will they not stir, halloe, halloe, there, there, there, what are they growne so lither and so lazie? Are Mr. *Robinsons* dogges turn'd tykes with a wanion? the Hare is yet in fight, halloe, halloe, mary hang you for a couple of mungrils (if you were worth hanging), & have you serv'd me thus? nay then ile serve you with the like fauce, you shall to the next bush, there will I tie you, and use you like a couple of curs as you are, & though not lash you, yet lash you whilest my switch will hold, nay since you have left your speed, ile see if I can put spirit into you, and put you in remembrance what halloe, halloe meanes.

As he beats them, there appeares before him, Gooddy Dickifon, and the Boy upon the dogs, going in.

Now blesse me heaven, one of the Greyhounds turn'd into a woman, the other into a boy! The lad I never saw before, but her I know well; it is my gammer *Dickifon*.

G. Dick. Sirah, you have serv'd me well to
fwindge me thus.
You yong rogue, you haue vs'd me like a dog.

Boy. When you had put your self into a dogs skin, I pray how c'ud I help it; but gammer are not you a Witch? if you bee, I beg upon my knees you will not hurt me.

Dickif. Stand up my boie, for thou shalt have no harme.

Be silent, speake of nothing thou hast seene.
And here's a shilling for thee.

Boy. Ile have none of your money gammer, because you are a Witch : and now she is out of her foure leg'd shape, ile see if with my two legs I can out-run her.

Dickif. Nay, firra, though you be yong, and I old, you are not so nimble, nor I so lame, but I can overtake you.

Boy. But Gammer what do you meane to do with me
Now you have me ?

Dickif. To hugge thee, stroke thee, and embrace thee thus,
And teach thee twentie thousand prety things.
So thou tell no tales ; and boy this night
Thou must along with me to a brave feast.

Boy. Not I gammer indeedla, I dare not stay out late,
My father is a fell man, and if I bee out long, will both chide and beat me.

Dickif. Not firra, then perforce thou shalt along,
This bridle helps me still at need,
And shall provide us of a steed.
Now firra, take your shape and be
Prepar'd to hurrie him and me. *Exit.*
Now looke and tell mee wher's the lad become.

Boy. The boy is vanisht, and I can see nothing in his stead
But a white horse readie fadled and bridled.

Dickif. And thats the horse we must bestride,
On which both thou and I must ride,
Thou boy before and I behinde,
The earth we tread not, but the winde,
For we must progresse through the aire,
And I will bring thee to such fare
As thou ne're saw'st, up and away,
For now no longer we can stay.

She catches him up, & turning round. Exit.

Boy. Help, help.

Enter Robin and Mall.

Thanks my sweet Mall for thy courteous entertainment, thy creame, thy cheefe-cakes, and every good thing, this, this, & this for all. *kisse.*

Mal. But why in such hast good *Robin*?

Robin. I confesse my stay with thee is sweet to mee, but I must spur Cutt the faster for't, to be at home in the morning, I have yet to Lancaster to ride to night, and this my bandileer of bottles, to fill to night, and then halfe a score mile to ride by currie-combe time, i' the morning, or the old man chides *Mal.*

Mal. Hee shall not chide thee, feare it not.

Robin. Pray *Bacchus* I may please him with his wine, which will be the hardest thing to do ; for since hee was last at London and tasted the Divinitie of the Miter, scarce any liquour in Lancashire will go downe with him, sure, sure he will never be a Puritane, he holds so well with the Miter.

Mal. Well *Robert*, I find your love by your haste from me, ile undertake you shal be at Lancaster, & twise as far, & yet at home time enough, and be rul'd by me.

Rob. Thou art a witty rogue, and thinkst to make me believe any thing, because I saw thee make thy broome sweepe the house without hands t'other day.

Mal. You shall see more than that presently, because you shall beleve me ; you know the house is all a bed here : and I dare not be mist in the morning. Besides, I must be at the wedding of *Lawrence* and *Parnell* to morrow.

Rob. I your old sweet heart *Lawrence*? Old love will not be forgotten.

Mal. I care not for the losse of him, but if I fit him not hang me : but to the point, if I goe with you

to night, and help you to as good wine as your master desires, and you keepe your time with him, you will give me a pinte for my company.

Rob. Thy belly full wench.

Mal. I'le but take up my milk payle and leave it in the field, till our comming backe in the morning, and wee'll away.

Rob. Goe fetch it quickly then.

Mal. No *Robert*, rather than leave your company so long, it shall come to me.

Rob. I would but see that.

The Payle goes.

Mal. Looke yonder, what do you thinke on't.

Rob. Light, it comes ; and I do thinke there is so much of the Divell in't as will turne all the milke shall come in't these seven yeares, and make it burne too, till it flinke worfe than than the Proverbe of the Bishops foot.

Mal. Looke you sir, heere I have it, will you get up and away.

Rob. My horse is gone, nay prithee *Mal.* thou hast fet him away, leave thy Roguerie.

Mal. Looke againe.

Rob. There stands a black long-fided jade : mine was a trufs'd gray.

Mal. Yours was too short to carrie double such a journey. Get up I say, you shall have your owne againe i'th morning.

Rob. Nay but, nay but.

Mal. Nay, and you stand butting now, i'le leave you to look your horse. Payle on afore to the field, and staie till I come.

Rob. Come away then, hey for *Lancaster* : stand up.

Exeunt.



ACTVS, III. SCENA, I.

Enter old Seely and Ioane his wife.

Seely.

Come away wife, come away, and let us be ready to breake the Cake over the Brides head at her entrance ; we will have the honour of it, we that have playd the Steward and Cooke at home, though we lost Church by't, and saw not Parson *Knit-knot* doe his office, but wee shall see all the house rites perform'd ; and——oh what a day of jollity and tranquility is here towards ?

Ioane. You are so frolick and so cranck now, upon the truce is taken amongst us, because our wrangling shall not wrong the Wedding, but take heed (you were best) how ye behave your selfe, lest a day to come may pay for all.

Seel. I feare nothing, and I hope to dye in this humor.

Foan. Oh how hot am I ! rather then I would dresse such another dinner this twelve moneth, I would wish Wedding quite out of this yeares Almanack.

Seel. Ile fetch a Cup of Sack Wife——

Ioan. How brag he is of his liberty, but the holy-day carries it.

Seel. Here, here sweet-heart, they are long me thinks a comming, the Bels have rung out this halfe

houre, harke now the wind brings the found of them sweetly againe.

Ioan. They ring backwards me thinks.

Seel. Ifack they doe, fure the greatest fire in the Parish is in our Kitchin, and there's no harme done yet, no 'tis some merry conceit of the stretch-ropes the Ringers, now they have done, and now the Wedding comes, hearke, the Fidlers and all, now have I liv'd to see a day, come, take our stand, and be ready for the Bride-cake, which we will so cracke and crumble upon her crowne: o they come, they come.

Enter Musicians, Lawrence, Parnell, Win. Mal. Spencer, two Country Lasses, Doughty, Greg. Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, and Whetstone.

All. Ioy, health, and children to the married paire.

Lawr. & Parn. We thanke you all.

Lawr. So pray come in and fare.

Parn. As well as we and taste of every cate:

Lawr. With bonny Bridegroom and his lovely mate.

Arth. This begins bravely.

Doug. They agree better then the Bels eene now, 'slid they rung tunably till we were all out of the Church, and then they clatter'd as the divell had beene in the Bellfry: on in the name of Wedlocke, Fidlers on.

Lawr. On with your melody.

Bant. Enter the Gates with joy,
And as you enter play the sack of *Troy*.

The Fidlers passe through, and play the battle.

The Spirit appeares.

Ioan. Welcome Bride *Parnell*.

Seel. Bridegroom *Lawrence* eke,
In you before, for we this cake must breake.

Exit Lawrence.

Over the Bride——

*As they lift up the Cake, the Spirit snatches it,
and poures down bran.*

Forgi' me—what's become
O' th' Cake wife !

Ioan. It flipt out of my hand, and is falne into
crums I think.

Dought. Crums? the divell of crum is here, but
bran, nothing but bran, what prodigie is this ?

Parn. Is my best Brides Cake come to this ? o
wea warth it.

Exit Parn. Seely, Foane, and Maides.

Whet. How daintily the Brides haire is powder'd
with it.

Arth. My haire stands an end to fee it.

Bant. And mine.

Shak. I was never so amaz'd !

Dough. What can it meane ?

Greg. Pax, I think not on't, 'tis but some of my
Father and Mothers roguery, this is a Law-day with
'em, to doe what they list.

Whet. I never feare any thing, so long as my
Aunt has but bidden me thinke of her, and she'll war-
rant me.

Dough. Well Gentlemen, let's follow the rest in,
and feare nothing yet, the house smels well of good
cheere.

Seel. Gentlemen, will it please you draw neere,
the guests are now all come, and the house almost
full, meat's taken up.

Dough. We were now comming.

Seel. But sonne *Gregory*, Nephew *Arthur*, and the
rest of the young Gentlemen, I shall take it for a
favor if you will (it is an office which very good
Gentlemen doe in this Country) accompane the Bride-
groome in serving the meat.

All. With all our hearts.

Seely. Nay neighbor *Doughty*, your yeares shall
excuse you.

Dough. Peugh, I am not so old but I can carry more meate then I can eate, if the young rascals coo'd carry their drinke as well, the Country would be quieter——

Knock within, as at dresser.

Seel. Well fare your hearts,—the dresser calls in Gentlemen,

Exeunt Gentlemen.

'Tis a busie time, yet will I review the Bill of fare, for this dayes dinner——(*Reades*) for 40. people of the best quality, 4. messes of meat; *viz.* a leg of Mutton in plum-broth, a dish of Marrow-bones, a Capon in white-broth, a Surloyne of beefe, a Pig, a Goose, a Turkie, and two Pyes: for the second course, to every messe 4. Chickens in a dish, a couple of Rabbets, Custard, Flawn, Florentines, and stewd pruines,—all very good Country fare, and for my credit,——

Enter Musicians playing before, Lawrence, Doughty, Arthur, Shakton, Bantam, Whetstone, and Gregory, with dishes: A Spirit (over the doore) does some action to the dishes as they enter.

The service enters, O well sayd Musicke, play up the meat to the Table till all be serv'd in, Ile see it passe in answer to my bill.

Dough. Hold up your head Mr. Bridegroome.

Lawr. On afore Fidlers, my doubler cewles in my honds.

Seely. *Imprimus*, a leg of Mutton in plum-broth,—how now Mr. Bridegroome, what carry you?

Lawr. 'Twere hot eene now, but now it's caw'd as a fleane.

Seel. A stone, 'tis horne man.

Lawr. Aw——

Exit Fidlers.

Seely. It was Mutton, but now 'tis the horns on't.

Lawr. Aw where's my Bride——

Exit.

Dough. 'Zookes, I brought as good a Surloyne of Beefe from the Dresser as Knife coo'd be put to, and see—Ile stay i' this house no longer.

Arth. And if this were not a Capon in white broth, I am one i'the Coope.

Shak. All, all's transform'd, looke you what I have !

Bant. And I.

Whet. And I ! Yet I feare nothing thank my Aunt.

Greg. I had a Pie that is not open'd yet, Ile see what's in that—live Birds as true as I live, look where they flye !

Exit Spirit.

Dough. Witches, live Witches, the house is full of witches, if we love our lives let's out on't.

Enter Joane and Win.

Ioan. O husband, O guests, O sonne, O Gentlemen, such a chance in a Kitchin was never heard of, all the meat is flowne out o' the chimney top I thinke, and nothing instead of it, but Snakes, Batts, Frogs, Beetles, Hornets, and Humble-bees ; all the Sallets are turn'd to Iewes-eares, Mushromes, and Puckfists ; and all the Custards into Cowheards !

Dought. What shall we doe, dare we stay any longer ?

Arth. Dare we ! why not, I defie all Witches, and all their workes ; their power on our meat, cannot reach our persons.

Whet. I say so too, and so my Aunt ever told me, so long I will feare nothing ; be not afrayd Mr. *Doughty.*

Dough. Zookes, I feare nothing living that I can see more then you, and that's nothing at all, but to thinke of these invisable mischiefes, troubles me I confesse.

Arth. Sir I will not goe about to over-rule your reason, but for my part I will not out of a house on a Bridall day, till I see the last man borne.

Dough. Zookes thou art so brave a fellow that I will stick to thee, and if we come off handsomely,

208 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

I am an old Batchelour thou know'st, and must have an heyre, I like thy spirit, where's the Bride ? where's the Bridegroom ? where's the Musicke ? where be the Lasses ? ha' you any wine i' the house, though we make no dinner, lets try if we can make an after-noone.

Ioan. Nay sir if you please to stay, now that the many are frighted away, I have some good cold meates, and halfe a dozen bottles of Wine.

Seel. And I will bid you welcome.

Dough. Say you me so, but will not your sonne be angry, and your daughter chide you.

Greg. Feare not you that sir, for look you I obey my Father.

Win. And I my Mother.

Ioan. And we are all at this instant as well and as sensible of our former errors, as you can wish us to be.

Dough. Na, if the Witches have but rob'd of your meat, and restor'd your reason, here has beene no hurt done to day, but this is strange, and as great a wonder as the rest to me.

Arth. It seemes though these Hags had power to make the Wedding cheere a *Deceptio visus*, the former store has scap'd 'em.

Dough. I am glad on't, but the divell good 'hem with my Surloyne, I thought to have set that by mine owne Trencher——But you have cold meat you say ?

Joan. Yes Sir.

Dought. And Wine you say ?

Ioan. Yes sir.

Dought. I hope the Country wenches and the Fiddlers are not gone.

Win. They are all here, and one the merriest Wench ; that makes all the rest so laugh and tickle.

Seel. Gentlemen will you in ?

All. Agreed on all parts.

Dough. If not a Wedding we will make a Wake

on't, and away with the Witch ; I feare nothing now you have your wits againe : but look you, hold 'em while you have 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Generous, and Robin, with a Paper.

Gener. I confesse thou hast done a Wonder in fetching me so good Wine, but my good Servant *Robert*, goe not about to put a Myracle upon me, I will rather beleeve that *Lancaster* affords this Wine, which I thought impossible till I tasted it, then that thou coo'dst in one night fetch it from *London*.

Rob. I have known when you have held mee for an honest fellow, and would have beleev'd me.

Gener. Th'art a Knave to wish me to beleeve this, forgi' me, I would have sworne if thou had'st stayd but time answerable for the journey (to his that flew to *Paris* and back to *London* in a day) it had been the same Wine, but it can never fall within the compasse of a Christians beleefe, that thou cou'dst ride above three hundred miles in 8. houres : You were no longer out, and upon one Horse too, and in the Night too !

Rob. And carry a Wench behind me too, and did something else too, but I must not speak of her lest I be divell-torne.

Gen. And fill thy bottles too, and come home halfe drunke too, for so thou art, thou wouldst never a had such a fancy else !

Rob. I am sorry I have sayd so much, and not let *Lancaster* have the credit o' the Wine.

Gen. O are you so ! and why have you abus'd me and your selfe then all this while, to glorifie the *Myter* in *Fleet-street* ?

Rob. I could say fir, that you might have the better opinion of the Wine, for there are a great many pallats in the Kingdome that can relish no Wine, unlesse it be of such a Taverne, and drawne by such a Drawer——

Gen. I sayd, and I say againe, if I were within ten mile of *London*, I durst sweare that this was *Myter Wine*, and drawn by honest *Jacke Paine*.

Rob. Nay then fir I fwore, and I sweare againe, honest *Jack Paine* drew it.

Gener. Ha, ha, ha, if I coo'd beleewe there were such a thing as Witchcraft, I should thinke this slave were bewitch'd now with an opinion.

Rob. Much good doe you fir, your Wine and your mirth, and my place for your next Groome, I desire not to stay to be laught out of my opinion.

Gen. Nay be not angry *Robin*, we must not part so, and how does my honest Drawer? ha, ha, ha; and what newes at *London*, *Robin*? ha, ha, ha; but your stay was so short I think you coo'd heare none, and such your haste home that you coo'd make none: is't not so *Robin*? ha, ha, ha, what a strange fancy has good Wine begot in his head?

Rob. Now will I push him over and over with a peece of paper: Yes fir, I have brought you something from *London*.

Gen. Come on, now let me heare.

Rob. Your honest Drawer fir, considering that you consider'd him well for his good wine——

Gen. What shall we heare now?

Rob. Was very carefull to keepe or convey this paper to you, which it seemes you dropt in the roome there.

Gener. Blessè me! this paper belongs to me indeed, 'tis an acquittance, and all I have to shew for the payment of one hundred pound, I tooke great care for't, and coo'd not imagine where or how I might loose it, but why may not this bee a tricke? this Knave may finde it when I lost it, and conceale it till now to come over me withall. I will not trouble my thoughts with it further at this time, well *Robin* looke to your businesse, and have a care of my Guelding.

Exit Generous.

Robin. Yes Sir. I think I have netled him now,

but not as I was netled last night, three hundred Miles a Night upon a Rawbon'd Divell, as in my heart it was a Divell, and then a Wench that shar'd more o' my backe then the sayd Divell did o' my Bum, this is ranke riding my Masters : but why had I such an itch to tell my Master of it, and that he should beleeve it ; I doe now wish that I had not told, and that hee will not beleeve it, for I dare not tell him the meanes : 'Sfoot my Wench and her friends the Fiends, will teare me to pieces if I discover her ; a notable rogue, she's at the Wedding now, for as good a Mayd as the best o' em——O my Mistresse.

Enter Mrs. Generous, with a Bridle.

Mrs. Robin.

Rob. I Mistresse.

Mrs. Quickly good *Robin*, the gray Gueiding.

Rob. What other horse you please Mistresse.

Mrs. And why not that ?

Rob. Truly Mistresse pray pardon me, I must be plaine with you, I dare not deliver him you ; my master has tane notice of the ill case you have brought him home in divers times.

Mrs. O is it so, and must he be made acquainted with my actions by you, and must I then be controll'd by him, and now by you ; you are a sawcy Groome.

Rob. You may say your pleasure.

He turnes from her.

Mrs. No sir, Ile doe my pleasure.

She Bridles him.

Rob. Aw.

Mrs. Horse, horse, see thou be,
And where I point thee carry me. *Exeunt Neighing.*

Enter Arthur, Shakston, and Bantam.

Arth. Was there ever such a medley of mirth, madnesse, and drunkennesse, shuffled together.

Shak. Thy Vnckle and Aunt, old Mr. *Seely* and his wife, doe nothing but kisse and play together like Monkeyes.

Arth. Yes, they doe over-love one another now.

Bant. And young *Gregory* and his sifter doe as much over-doe their obedience now to their Parents.

Arth. And their Parents as much over-doat upon them, they are all as farre beyond their wits now in loving one another, as they were wide of them before in crossing.

Shak. Yet this is the better madnesse.

Bant. But the married couple that are both so daintily whittled, that now they are both mad to be a bed before Supper-time, and by and by he will, and she wo' not : streight she will and he wo' not, the next minute they both forget they are married, and desie one another.

Arth. My fides eene ake with laughter.

Shak. But the best sport of all is, the old Batchelour Master *Doughty*, that was so cautious, & fear'd every thing to be witchcraft, is now wound up to such a confidence that there is no such thing, that hee dares the Divell doe his worst, and will not out o' the house by all persuation, and all for the love of the husbandmans daughter within, *Mal Spencer*.

Arth. There I am in some danger, he put me into halfe a beliefe I shall be his heire, pray love shee be not a witch to charme his love from mee. Of what condition is that wench do'st thou know her?

Sha. A little, but *Whetstone* knowes her better.

Arth. Hang him rogue, he'le belye her, and speak better than she deserves, for he's in love with her too. I saw old *Doughty* give him a box o' the eare for kissing her, and he turnd about as he did by thee yesterday, and swore his Aunt should know it.

Bant. Who would ha' thought that impudent rogue would have come among us after such a baffle.

The Witches of Lancashire. 213

Sha. He told me, hee had complain'd to his Aunt on us, and that she would speak with us.

Arth. Wee will all to her, to patch vp the bufinesse, for the respect I beare her husband, noble *Generous*.

Bant. Here he comes.

Enter Whetstone.

Arth. Hearke you Mr. *Byblow*, do you know the lassie within? What do you call her, *Mal Spencer*?

Whet. Sir, what I know i'll keepe to my selfe, a good civile merry harmlesse rogue she is, and comes to my Aunt often, and thats all I know by her.

Arth. You doe well to keepe it to your selfe sir.

Whet. And you may do well to question her if you dare. For the testy old coxcombe that will not let her goe out of his hand.

Sha. Take heed, he's at your heels.

Enter Doughty, Mal, and two countrey Lasses.

Dough. Come away Wenches, where are you Gentlemen? Play Fiddlers: lets have a dance, ha my little rogue.

Kisses Mal.

Zookes what ayles thy nose.

Mal. My nose! Nothing fir.——turnes about——
Yet mee thought a flie toucht it. Did you see any thing?

Dou. No, no, yet I would almost ha' sworn, I would not have sprite or goblin blast thy face, for all their kingdome. But hangt there is no such thing: Fiddlers will you play?

Selengers Round.

Gentlemen will you dance?

All. With all our hearts.

Arth. But stay wheres this household?
This Family of love? Let's have them into the revels.

214 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Dou. Hold a little then.

Sha. Here they come all
In a Truc-love knot.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Greg, Win.

Greg. O Father twentie times a day is too little to
aske you blessing.

See. Goe too you are a rascall : and you houswife
teach your daughter better manners : i'le ship you all
for New England els.

Bant. The knot's untied, and this is another
change.

Ioane. Yes I will teach her manners, or put her
out to spin two penny tow : so you deare husband will
but take mee into favor : i'le talke with you dame
when the strangers are gone.

Greg. Deare Father.

Win. Deare Mother,

Greg. Win. Deare Father and Mother pardon us
but this time.

See. Ioa. Never, and therefore hold your peace.

Dough. Nay thats unreasonable.

Greg. Win. Oh !——— *Weepe.*

See. But for your sake i'le forbear them, and
beare with any thing this day.

Arth. Doe you note this? Now they are all
worse than ever they were, in a contrary vaine : What
thinke you of Witchcraft now?

Dou. They are all naturall fooles man, I finde it
now.

Art thou mad to dreame of Witchcraft?

Arth. He's as much chang'd and bewicht as they
I feare.

Dough. Hey day ! Here comes the payre of boyld
Lovers in Sorrell fops.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Lawr. Nay deare hunny, nay hunny, but eance,
eance.

The Witches of Lancashire. 215

Par. Na, na, I han' fwarne, I han' fwarne, not a bit afore bed, and look yeou it's but now dauncing time.

Dough. Come away Bridegroom, wee'll flay your stomack with a daunce. Now masters play a good : come my Lasse wee'l shew them how 'tis.

Musicke. *Selengers round.*

*As they beginne to daunce, they play another tune,
then fall into many.*

Ar. Ban. Sha. Whether now, hoe ?

Dou. Hey day ! why you rogues.

Whet. What do's the Divell ride o' your Fiddle-stickes.

Dou. You drunken rogues, hold, hold, I say, and begin againe soberly the beginning of the World.

Musicke. *Every one a severall tune.*

Arth. Bant. Shak. Ha, ha, ha, How's this ?

Bant. Every one a severall tune.

Dou. This is something towards it. I bad them play the beginning o' the World, and they play, I know not what.

Arth. No 'tis running o' the country severall waies.

But what do you thinke on't.

Musicke cease.

Dough. Thinke ! I thinke they are drunke. Pri-thee doe not thou thinke of Witchcraft ; for my part, I shall as soone thinke this maid one, as that theres any in *Lancashire*.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Why do'st thou laugh ?

Mal. To thinke this Bridegroom should once ha' bin mine, but he shall rue it, ile hold him this point on't, and thats all I care for him.

Dough. A witty Rogue.

Whet. I tell you sir, they say shee made a payle follow her t'other day up two payre of stayres.

216 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Dough. You lying Rascall.

Arth. O fir forget your anger.

Mal. Looke you Mr. Bridegroome, what my care provides for you.

Lawrence. What, a point?

Mal. Yes put it in your pocket, it may stand you instead anon, when all your points be tane away, to truffle up your trinkits, I meane your slopes withall.

Lawr. *Mal* for awd acquaintance I will ma' thy point a point of preferment. It shan bee the Foreman of a haell Iewrie o' points, and right here will I weare it.

Par. Wy'a, wy'a, awd leave wo no be forgotten, but ay's never be jealous the mare for that.

Arth. Play fidders any thing.

Dou. I, and lets see your faces, that you play fairely with us.

Musitians shew themselves above.

Fid. We do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Sha. Play out that we may heare you.

Fid. So we do fir, as loud as we can possibly.

Dough. Doe you heare any thing?

All. Nothing not we fir.

Dough. 'Tis so, the rogues are brib'd to crosse me, and their Fiddles shall suffer, I will breake em as small as the Bride cake was to day.

Arth. Looke you fir, they'l fave you a labour, they are doing it themselves.

Whet. Oh brave Fidders, there was never better fuffling for the Tudberry Bull.

Mal. This is mother *Johnson* and Gooddy *Dickifons* roguerie, I finde it, but I cannot helpe it, yet I will have musicke: fir theres a Piper without, would be glad to earne money.

Whet. She has spoke to purpose, & whether this were witchcraft or not: I have heard my Aunt say

twentie times, that no Witchcraft can take hold of a *Lancashire* Bag-pipe, for it felfe is able to charme the Divell, ile fetch him.

Dough. Well said, a good boy now ; come bride and bridegroom, leave your kissing and fooling, and prepare to come into the daunce. Wee'le have a Horne-pipe, and then a posset and to bed when you please. Welcome Piper, blow till thy bagge cracke agen, a lusty Horne-pipe, and all into the daunce, nay young and old.

*Daunce. Lawrence and Parnell reele in the daunce.
At the end, Mal vanishes, and the piper.*

All. Bravelly performd.

Dou. Stay, wheres my lassie ?

Arth. Ban. Shak. Vanisht, she and the Piper both vanisht, no bodie knowes how.

Dou. Now do I plainly perceive again, here has bin nothing but witcherie all this day ; therfore into your posset, & agree among your selves as you can, ile out o' the house. And Gentlemen, if you love me or your selves, follow me.

Ar. Bant. Sha. Whet. I, I, Away, away.

Exeunt.

See. Now good son, wife and daughter, let me intreat you be not angry.

Win. O you are a trim mother are you not ?

Ioa. Indeed childe, ile do so no more.

Greg. Now fir, i'le talke with you, your champions are al gon.

Laver. Weell fir, and what wun yeou deow than ?

Par. Whay, whay, whats here to doe ? Come awaw, and whickly, and see us into our Brayd Chamber, & delicatly ludgd togeder, or wee'l whap you out o' dores ith morne to sijourne in the common, come away.

All. Wee follow yee.

Exeunt.

ACTVS, IIII. SCÆNA, I.

Enter Mistresse Generous and Robin.

Now you this gingling bridle, if you see' agen? I wanted but a paire of gingling spurs to make you mend your pace, and put you into a sweate.

Robin. Yes, I have reason to know it after my hard journey, they say there be light women, but for your owne part, though you be merry. Yet I may be forry for your heavinesse.

Mrs. Gener. I see thou art not quite tyr'd by shaking of thy selfe, 'tis a signe that as thou hast brought mee hither, so thou art able to beare mee backe, and so you are like good *Robert*. You will not let me have your masters gelding, you will not. Wel sir, as you like this journey, so deny him to me hereafter.

Rob. You say well mistresse, you have jaded me (a pox take you for a jade.) Now I bethinke my selfe how damnably did I ride last night, and how divellishly have I bin rid now.

Mrs. Doe you grumble you groome? Now the bridl's of, I turne thee to grazing, gramercy my good horse, I have no better provender for thee at this time, thou hadst best like *Æsops* Ass to feed upon Thistles, of which this place will afford thee plenty. I am bid to a better banquet, which done, ile take thee up from grasse, spur cutt, and make a short cutt home. Farewell.

Robin. A pox upon your tayle.

Enter all the Witches and Mal, at severall dores.

All. The Lady of the feast is come, welcome, welcome.

Mrs. Is all the cheare that was prepared to grace the wedding feast, yet come?

Gooddy Dick. Part of it's here.

The other we must pull for. But whats hee?

Mrs. My horse, my horse, ha, ha, ha.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

Rob. My horse, my horse, I would I were now some country Major, and in authority, to see if I would not venter to rowze your Satanicall sifterhood: Horse, horse, see thou be, & where I point thee, cary me: is that the trick on't? the diuel himselve shall be her carrier next if I can shun her: & yet my Mr. will not beleve theres any witches: theres no running away, for I neither know how nor whether, besides to my thinking, theres a deepe ditch, & a hye quick-set about mee, how shall I passe the time? What place is this? it looks like an old barne: ile peep in at some cranny or other, and try if I can see what they are doing. Such a bevy of beldames did I never behold; and cramming like so many Cormorants: Marry choke you with a mischiefe.

Gooddy Dickifon. Whoope, whurre, heres a flurre, never a cat, never a curre, but that we must have this demurre.

Mal. A second course.

Mrs. Gen. Pull, and pull hard
For all that hath lately bin prepar'd
For the great wedding feast.

Mal. As chiefe.

Of *Doughtyes* Surloine of rost Beefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Meg. 'Tis come, 'tis come.

Mawd. Where hath it all this while beent?

Meg. Some

Delay hath kept it, now 'tis here,
For bottles next of wine and beere,
The Merchants cellers they shall pay for't.

Mrs. Gener. Well,
What fod or rost meat more, pray tell.

220 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Good. Dick. Pul for the Poultry, Foule, & Fish,
For emptie shall not be a dish.

Robin. A pox take them, must only they feed upon
hot meat, and I upon nothing but cold fallads.

Mrs. Gener. This meat is tedious, now some
Farie,
Fetch what belongs unto the Dairie.

Mal. Thats Butter, Milk, Whey, Curds and
Cheese,
Wee nothing by the bargain leefe.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Goody Dickifon. Boy, theres meat for you.

Boy. Thanke you.

Goody Dickif. And drinke too.

Meg. What Beast was by thee hither rid?

Mawd. A Badger nab.

Meg. And I bestrid
A Porcupine that never prickt.

Mal. The dull fides of a Beare I kickt.
I know how you rid Lady Nan.

Mrs. Gen. Ha, ha, ha, upon the knave my man.

Rob. A murrein take you, I am fure my hooves
payd for't.

Boy. Meat lie there, for thou hast no taste, and
drinke there, for thou hast no relish, for in neither of
them is there either salt or favour.

All. Pull for the posset, pull.

Robin. The brides posset on my life, nay if they
come to their spoone meat once, I hope theil breake
up their feast presently.

Mrs. Gen. So those that are our waiters nere,
Take hence this Wedding cheere.
We will be lively all, and make this barn our hall.

Goody Dick. You our Familiars, come,
In speech let all be dumbe,
And to close up our Feast,
To welcome every giest
A merry round let's daunce.

Meg. Some Musicke then ith aire

The Witches of Lancashire. 221

Whilest thus by paire and paire,
We nimbly foote it ; strike.

Musick.

Mal. We are obeyd.

Sprite. And we hels ministers shall lend our aid.

*Dance and Song together. In the time of which the Boy
speakes.*

Boy. Now whilest they are in their jollitie, and do
not mind me, ile steale away, and shift for my selfe,
though I lose my life for't. *Exit.*

Meg. Enough, enough, now part,
To see the brides vext heart,
The bridegroomes too and all,
That vomit up their gall
For lacke o'th wedding chere.

Goody Dickison. But stay, wheres the *Boy*, looke
out, if he escape us, we are all betrayed.

Meg. No following further, yonder horsemen
come,

In vaine is our pursuit, let's breake up court.

Goody Dickison. Where shall we next met?

Mawd. At Mill.

Meg. But when ?

Mrs. At Night.

Meg. To horse, to horse.

2. Where's my *Mamili*an.

1. And my *Incubus*. *Robin stands amaz'd at this.*

3. My Tyger to bestri'd.

Mal. My Puggie.

Mrs. Gen. My horse.

All. Away, away,

The night we have Feasted, now comes on the
day.

Mrs. Come sirrah, floope your head like a tame
jade,

Whil'st I put on your Bridle.

Rob. I pray Mistresse ride me as you would be
rid.

Mrs. That's at full speed.

222 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Rob. Nay then Ile try Conclusions.

A great noyse within at their parting.

Mare Mare, fee thou be,

And where I point thee carry me.

Exeunt.

Enter Mr. Generous, making him ready.

Gen. I see what Man is loath to entertaine,
Offers it selfe to him most frequently,
And that which we most covet to embrace,
Doth feldome court us, and proves most averse ;
For I, that never coo'd conceive a thought
Of this my woman worthy a rebuke,
(As one that in her youth bore her so fairely
That she was taken for a seeming Saint)
To render me such just occasion,
That I should now distrust her in her age ;
Distrust ! I cannot, that would bring me in
The poore aspersiō of fond jealousie ;
Which even from our first meeting I abhorr'd.
The Gentile fashion sometimes we observe
To funder beds ; but most in these hot monthes
Jun, Iuly, August, so we did last night.
Now I (as ever tender of her health)
And therefore rising early as I use,
Entring her Chamber to bestow on her
A custom'd Visite ; finde the Pillow swell'd,
Vnbruise'd with any weight, the sheets unruffled,
The Curtaines neither drawne, nor bed layd down ;
Which shoves, she slept not in my house to night.
Should there be any contract betwixt her
And this my Groome, to abuse my honest trust ;
I should not take it well, but for all this
Yet cannot I be jealous. *Robin*——

Enter Robin.

Gen. Is my horse safe, lusty, and in good plight ?
What, feeds he well ?

Rob. Yes fir, he's broad buttock'd and full
flanck'd, he doth not bate an ace of his flesh.

Gen. When was he rid last?

Rob. Not fir since you backt him.

Gen. Sirrah, take heed I finde you not a Knave,
Have you not lent him to your Mistresse late?
So late as this last Night?

Rob. Who I fir, may I dye fir, if you finde me in a
lye fir.

Gen. Then I shall finde him where I left him
last.

Robin. No doubt Sir.

Gener. Give me the Key o'th Stable.

Robin. There Sir.

Gen. Sirrah, your Mistresse was abroad all night,
Nor is she yet come home, if there I finde him not,
I shall finde thee, what to this present houre
I never did suspect; and I must tell thee
Will not be to thy profit. *Exit.*

Rob. Well fir, finde what you can, him you shall
finde, and what you finde else; it may be for that,
instead of Gramercy horse, you may say Gramercy
Robin; you will beleeve there are no Witches! had I
not been late brideled, I coo'd have sayd more, but I
hope she is ty'd to the racke that will confesse some-
thing, and though not so much as I know, yet no
more then I dare justifie——

Enter Generous.

Have you found your Gelding fir?

Gen. Yes, I have.

Rob. I hope not spurr'd, nor put into a sweat, you
may see by his plump belly and fleeke legs he hath
not bin fore travail'd.

Gener. Y'are a sawcy Groome to receive horses
Into my Stable, and not aske me leave.
Is't for my profit to buy Hay and Oates
For every strangers jades?

Rob. I hope fir you finde none feeding there but

your owne, if there be any you suspect, they have nothing to champe on, but the Bridle.

Gener. Sirrah, whose jade is that ty'd to the Racke?

Rob. The Mare you meane sir?

Gener. Yes, that old Mare.

Rob. Old doe you call her? You shall finde the marke still in her mouth, when the Bridle is out of it? I can assure you 'tis your owne Beast.

Gen. A beast thou art to tell me so, hath the wine

Not yet left working? not the *Myter* wine?

That made thee to beleeeve Witchcraft?

Prithee perfwade me,

To be a drunken Sot like to thy selfe;

And not to know mine owne.

Rob. Ile not perfwade you to any thing, you will beleeeve nothing but what you see, I say the Beast is your owne, and you have the most right to keepe her, shee hath cost you more the currying, then all the Combs in your Stable are worth. You have paid for her Provender this twentie yeares and upwards, and furnisht her with all the Caparisons that she hath worne, of my Knowledge, and because she hath been ridden hard the last Night, doe you renounce her now?

Gener. Sirrah, I feare some stolne jade of your owne

That you would have me keepe.

Rob. I am sure I found her no jade the last time I rid her, she carried me the best part of a hundred Miles in lesse then a quarter of an houre.

Gener. The divell she did!

Robin. Yes so I say, either the divell or she did; an't please you walke in and take off her Bridle, and then tell me who hath more right to her, you or I.

Gen. Well *Robert*, for this once Ile play the Groome,

And doe your office for you.

Exit.

Rob. I pray doe Sir, but take heed lest when the Bridle is out of her mouth, she put it not into yours ; if she doe, you are a gone man : if she but say once— Horfe, horfe, see thou be.

Be you rid (if you please) for me.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Mrs. Generous, he with a Bridle.

Gener. My blood is turn'd to Ice, and my all
vitals

Have ceas'd their working ! dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation ; Which till now
Exprest a life within me : I me thinks
Am a meere Marble statue, and no man ;
Unweave my age O time, to my first thread ;
Let me loose fiftie yeares in ignorance spent :
That being made an infant once againe,
I may begin to know, what ? or where am I
To be thus lost in wonder.

Mrs. Gen. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I
chang'd
Or brought ere I can understand my selfe,
Into this new World.

Rob. You will beleeve no Witches ?

Gen. This makes me beleeve all, I any thing ;
And that my selfe am nothing : prithee *Robin*
Lay me to my selfe open, what art thou,
Or this new transform'd Creature ?

Rob. I am *Robin*, and this your wife, my Mrs.

Gen. Tell me the Earth
Shall leave it's seat, and mount to kisse the
Moone ;
Or that the Moone enamour'd of the Earth,
Shall leave her sphere, to stoop to us thus low.
What ? what's this in my hand, that at an instant

226 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Can from a foure leg'd Creature, make a thing
So like a wife ?

Rob. A Bridle, a jugling Bridle Sir.

Gage. A Bridle, hence enchantment,
A Viper were more safe within my hand
Then this charm'd Engine.

Casts it away. Robin takes it up. -

Rob. Take heed Sir what you do, if you cast it
hence, and she catch it up, we that are here now, may
be rid as far as the *Indies* within these few houres,
Mistresse down of your Mares bones, or your Mary-
bones whether you please, and confesse your selfe to
be what you are ; and that's in plaine *English* a Witch,
a grand notorious Witch.

Gen. A Witch ! my wife a Witch !

Rob. So it appeares by the storie.

Gener. The more I strive to unwind
My selfe from this *Meander*, I the more
Therein am intricatèd ; prithee woman
Art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. It cannot be deny'd,
I am such a curst Creature.

Gen. Keep aloofe,
And doe not come too neareme, O my trust ;
Have I since first I understood my selfe,
Bin of my foule so charie, still to studie
What best was for it's health, to renounce all
The workes of that black Fiend with my best force
And hath that Serpent twin'd me so about,
That I must lye so often and so long
With a Divell in my bosome !

Mrs. Pardon sir.

Gen. Pardon ! Can such a thing as that be
hop'd ?

Lift up thine eyes (loft woman) to yon Hills ;
It must be thence expected : look not down
Vnto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast fought
At such deare rate to purchase, prithee tell me,
(For now I can beleeeve) art thou a Witch ?

Mrs. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstrooke,
And know not what to answer, yet resolve me
Hast thou made any contract with that Fiend
The Enemy of Mankind ?

Mrs. O I have.

Gen. What ? and how farre ?

Mrs. I have promis'd him my soule.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy Body had
Bin promis'd to the Stake, I and mine too,
Then such a compact ever had bin made. Oh——

Rob. What cheere sir, show your selfe a man,
though she appear'd so late a Beast ; Mistresse con-
fesse all, better here than in a worse place, out
with it.

Gen. Resolve me, how farre doth that contract
stretch ?

Mrs. What interest in this Soule, my selfe coo'd
claime
I freely gave him, but his part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning Divell, foolish woman know
Where he can clayme but the least little part,
He will usurpe the whole ; th'art a lost woman.

Mrs. I hope not so.

Gen. Why hast thou any hope ?

Mrs. Yes Sir I have.

Gen. Make it appeare to me.

Mrs. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further then penitent teares have power to quench.

Gen. I would see some of them.

Mrs. You behold them now.
(If you looke on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart,
Sir I am sorry ; when I looke towards Heaven
I beg a gracious Pardon ; when on you
Me thinkes your Native goodnesse should not be
Lesse pittifull than they : 'gainst both I have err'd,
From both I beg attonement.

228 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Gener. May I presum't ?

Mrs. I kneele to both your Mercies.

Gener. Know'st thou what a Witch is ?

Mrs. Alas, None better,
Or after mature recollection can be
More sad to thinke on't.

Gen. Tell me, are those teares
As full of true hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow, to behold what state
What desperate state th'art false in.

Mrs. Sir they are.

Gen. Rise, and as I doe, so heaven pardon me ;
We all offend, but from such falling off,
Defend us. Well, I doe remember wife,
When I first tooke thee, 'twas for good and bad ;
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
As then we past our faiths, till Death us sever.
I will not aggravate thy griefe too much,
By Needles iteration : *Robin* hereafter
Forget thou hast a tongue, if the least Syllable
Of what hath past be rumour'd, you loose me ;
But if I finde you faithfull, you gaine me ever.

Rob. A match sir, you shall finde me as mute as if
I had the Bridle still in my mouth.

Gen. O woman thou had'st need to weepe thy
selfe
Into a fountaine, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames
In which my eyes shall ayde ; too little all,
If not too little, all's forgiven, forgot ;
Only thus much remember, thou had'st extermin'd
Thy selfe out of the blest society
Of Saints and Angels, but on thy repentance
I take thee to my Bosome, once againe,
My wife, sister, and daughter : faddle my Gelding,
Some businesse that may hold me for two dayes
Calls me aside. *Exeunt.*

Rob. I shall Sir, well now my Mistresse hath promis'd to give over her Witchery, I hope though I still

continue her man, yet she will make me no more her journey-man ; to prevent which the first thing I doe shall be to burne the Bridle, and then away with the Witch. *Exit.*

Enter Arthur and Doughty.

Arth. Sir you have done a right noble courtesie, which deserves a memory, as long as the name of friendship can beare mention.

Dough. What I have done, I ha' done, if it be well, 'tis well, I doe not like the bouncing of good Offices, if the little care I have taken shall doe these poore people good, I have my end in't, and so my reward.

Enter Bantam.

Bant. Now Gentlemen, you seeme very serious.

Arth. 'Tis true we are so, but you are welcome to the knowledge of our affayres.

Bant. How does thine Vncle and Aunt, *Gregory* and his sifter, the Families of *Seelyes* agree yet, can you tell?

Arth. That is the businesse, the *Seely* household is divided now.

Bant. How so I pray?

Arth. You know, and cannot but with pittie know

Their miserable condition, how
The good old couple were abus'd, and how
The young abus'd themselves ; if we may say
That any of them are their selves at all
Which fure we cannot, nor approve them fit
To be their owne disposers, that would give
The governance of such a house and living
Into their Vassailes hands, to thrust them out on't
Without or Law or order, this consider'd
This Gentleman and my selfe have taken home

230 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

By faire entreaty, the old folkes to his house,
The young to mine, untill some wholesome order
By the judicious of the Common-wealth,
Shall for their persons and estate be taken.

Bant. But what becomes of *Lawrence* and his
Parnell?

The lusty couple, what doe they now?

Dough. Alas poore folks, they are as farre to seeke
of how they doe, or what they doe, or what they
should doe, as any of the rest, they are all growne
Ideots, and till some of these damnable jades, with
their divellish devises bee found out, to discharme
them, no remedy can be found, I mean to lay the
Country for their Hagships, and if I can anticipate
the purpose, of their grand Mr. Divell to confound
'em before their lease be out, be sure ile do't.

A shout within.

Cry. A Skimington, a Skimmington, a Skimming-
ton.

Dough. Whats the matter now, is Hell broke
loose?

Enter Mr. Shakstone.

Arth. *Tom Shakstone*, how now, canst tell the
newes?

Sha. The news, ye heare it up i'th aire, do you
not?

Within. A Skimington, a Skimington, a Skimming-
ton.

Sha. Hearke ye, do you not heare it? theres a
Skimington, towards gentlemen.

Dou. Ware Wedlocke hoe.

Bant. At whose suit I prithee is Don Skimington
come to towne.

Sha. Ile tell you gentlemen, since you have taken
home old *Seely* and his wife to your house, and you
their son and daughter to yours, the house-keepers

Lawrence, and his late bride *Parnell* are fallen out by themselves.

Arth. How prithee?

Sha. The quarell began they fay upon the wedding night, and in the bride bed.

Bant. For want of bedstaves?

Sha. No but a better implement it seemes the bridegroom was unprovided of, a homely tale to tell.

Dou. Now out upon her shee has a greedy worme in her, I have heard the fellow complain'd on, for an over mickle man among the maids.

Arth. Is his haste to goe to bed at afternoone come to this now?

Dough. Witchery, witchery, more witcherie still flat and plaine witchery. Now do I thinke upon the codpeece point the young jade gave him at the wedding: shee is a witch, and that was a charme, if there be any in the World.

Arth. A ligatory point.

Bant. Alas poore *Lawrence*.

Sha. He's comming to make his mone to you about it, and she too, since you have taken their masters & mistresses to your care, you must do them right too.

Dough. Marry but ile not undertake her at these yeares, if lusty *Lawrence* cannot do't.

Bant. But has she beaten him?

Sha. Grievously broke his head in I know not how many places: of which the hoydens have taken notice, and will have a Skimmington on horse-backe presently. Looke ye, here comes both plaintiffe and defendant.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell.

Dough. How now *Lawrence*, what has thy wedlock brought thee already to thy night-cap?

Lawr. Yie gadwat fir, I ware wadded but aw to feun.

Par. Han yeou reefon to complayne or ay trow yeou gaffer Downought? Wa warth the day that ever I wadded a Downought.

Ar. Ban. Sha. Nay hold *Parnel* hold.

Dough. We have heard enough of your valour already, wee know you have beaten him, let that suffice.

Parn. Ware ever poore mayden betrayed as ay ware unto a swagbellied Carle that cannot aw waw that cannot.

Dou. What faies she?

Dou. I know not, she catterwawles I think. *Parnel* be patient good *Parnell*, and a little modest too, 'tis not amisse, wee know not the relish of every eare that heares vs, lets talke within our selves. Whats the defect? Whats the impediment? *Lawrence* has had a lusty name among the Batchellors.

Par. What he ware when he ware a Batchelor, I know better than the best maid ith tawne. I wad I had not.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace *Parnell*.

Par. 'Tware that, that coffen'd me, he has not now as he had than?

Ar. Ba. Sha. Peace good *Parnell*.

Parn. For then he could, but now he connot, he connot.

Ar. B. Sha. Fie *Parnel* fie.

Par. I fay agean and agean, hee connot, he connot.

Ar. Ba. Sha. Alas poore *Parnel*.

Par. I am not a bit the better for him sin wye ware wad. *Cries.*

Dou. Heres good stufte for a jurie of women to passe upon.

Arth. But *Parnel*, why have you beaten him so grievously? What would you have him doe in this case?

Dou. He's out of a doing case it feemes.

Par. Marry fir, and beat him will I into his grave,

or backe to the Priest, and be unwadded agone, for I wonot bee baund to lig with him and live with him, the laife of an honest woman for aw the layves good i' *Loncoshire*.

Dou. An honest woman : thats a good mind *Parnel*. What say you to this *Lawrence*?

Law. Keepe her of o'me, and I shan teln yeou, and she be by I am no body : But keep her off and searck me, let me be searckt as never witch was searckt, and finde ony thing mor or lasse upo me than a sufficient mon shold have, and let me me be honckt by't.

Art. Do you heare this *Parnell*?

Par. Ah leear, leear, deell tacke the leear, troist yee and hong yee.

Dou. Alasse it is too plaine, the poore fellow is bewicht.

Heres a plaine *Maleficium versus hanc* now.

Ar. And so is she bewicht too into this immodesty.

Ban. She would never talke so else.

Law. I prayn yeow gi' me the lere o' that Latine fir.

Dough. The meaning is, you must get halfe a dozen bastards Within this twelvemoneth, and that will mend your next marriage.

Law. And I thought it would ma' *Parnel*, love me i'd be sure on't, and gang about it now right.

Sha. Y'are soone provided it seems for such a journey.

Dou. Best tarry till thy head be whole *Lawrence*.

Pa. Nay, nay, ay's white casten away ent I be unwadded agen : And then ine undertack to find 3 better husbands in a bean cod.

Sha. Hearke gentlemen, the shew is comming.

Ar. What shall we stay & see't.

Ban. O by all means Gent.

Dou. 'Tis best to have these away first.

Par. Nay mary shan yeou not fir, I heare yeou

234 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

well enogh, & I con the meaning o' the show well enogh, & I stay not the show & see not the show, & ma' one i' the show, let me be honck't up for a show ile ware them to mel or ma with a woman that mels or mae's with a testril a longie, a dowlittle losell that connot, & if I skim not their skimingtons cockskeam for't, ma that warplin boggle me a week lonker, & thats a curse eno' for any wife I tro.

Dough. Agreed, perhaps 'twill mend the sport.

Enter drum (beating before) a Skimington, and his wife on a horse; Divers country rusticks (as they passe)
Par. (puls Skimington of the horse: and *Law.* Skimingtons wife: they beat em. *Drum beats alar.*
horse comes away: The hoydens at first oppose the Gentlemen: who draw: the clownes vaile bonnet,
(make a ring Par. and Skim. fight.

Dou. Beat drum alarum.

Enough, enough, here my masters: now patch up your shew if you can, and catch your horse again, and when you have done drinke that.

Rabble. Thanke your worship. *Exeunt shout.*

Par. Lat'hem as they laik this gang a proceffion with their aydoll Skimington agean.

Arth. *Parnel*, thou didst bravely.

Parn. I am fure I han drawne blood o' theyr aydoll.

Law. And I thinke I tickled his waife.

Par. Yie to be fure, yeou bene eane of the owd ticklers.

But with what con yeou tell?

Law. Yieu with her owne ladel.

Par. Yie marry a ladell is something.

Dou. Come you have both done well, goe in to my house, see your old master and mistresse, while I travell a course to make yee all well againe, I will now a witch hunting.

Par. Na course for hus but to be unwadded agone.

The Witches of Lancashire. 235

Arth. Sha. Bant. Wee are for *Whit.* and his Aunt you know.

Dou. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Generous, and Mal. Spencer.

Welcome, welcome, my girle, what hath thy puggy Yet fuctt upon thy pretty duggy?

Mal. All's well at home, and abroad too. What ere I bid my Pug, hee'l doo. You sent for mee?

Mrs. I did.

Mal. And why?

Mrs. Wench ile tell thee, thou and I Will walk a little, how doth *Meg*? And her Mamillion.

Mal. Of one leg Shee's growne lame.

Mrs. Because the beaft Did misse us last *Goodfriday* Feast, I gest as much.

Mal. But *All-Saints* night She met though she did halt downe right.

Mrs. *Dickison* and *Hargrave* prithee tel, How do they?

Mal. All about us well. But Puggy whisperd in mine eare That you of late were put in feare.

Mrs. The flave my man.

Mal. Who *Robin*?

Mrs. Hee.

Mal. My Sweet-heart?

Mrs. Such a tricke serv'd me.

Mal. About the bridle, now alacke.

Mrs. The villain brought me to the rack. Tyed was I both to rack and manger.

Mal. But thence how scap't you?

Mrs. Without danger,

I thank my spirit.

Mal. I but than

236 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

How pacified was your good man ?

Mrs. Some passionate words mixt with forc t
tears

Did so inchant his eyes and eares
I made my peace, with promise never
To doe the like ; but once and ever
A Witch thou know'st. Now understand
New businesse wee tooke in hand.
My Husband packt out of the towne
Know that the house, and all's our owne.

Enter Whetstone.

Whet. Naunt, is this your promise Naunt ? (What
Mal ! How doest thou *Mal* ?) You told mee you
would put a tricke upon these Gentlemen, whom you
made mee invite to supper, who abused and called me
bastard. (And when shall I get one upon thee my
sweet Rogue ?) And that you would doe I know not
what ; for you would not tell mee what you would
doe. (And shall you and I never have any doing
together) supper is done, and the table ready to
withdraw : And I am risen the earliest from the
boord, and yet for ought I can see I am never
a whit the neerer. What not one kisse at parting
Mal ?

Mrs. Well Cozen this is all you have to do :
Retire the Gallants to some privat roome,
Where call for wine, and juncquets what you please,
Then thou shalt need to do no other thing
Than what this note directs thee, observe that
And trouble me no farther.

Whet. Very good, I like this beginning well : for
where they sleighted me before, they shall finde me a
man of note. *Exit.*

Mal. Of this the meaning.

Mrs. Marry Lasle
To bring a new conceit to passe.
Thy Spirit I must borrow more,

To fill the number three or foure ;
Whom we will use to no great harm,
Only affist me with thy charme.
This night wee'l celebrate to sport :
'Tis all for mirth, we mean no hurt.

Mal. My Spirit and my selfe command ;
Mamillion, & the rest at hand,
Shall all affist.

Mrs. Withdraw then, quicke,
Now gallants, ther's for you a trick. *Exeunt.*

Enter Whetstone, Arthur, Shakstone, Bantam.

Whet. Heer's a more privat roome gentlemen, free
from the noise of the Hall. Here we may talke, and
throw the chamber out of the casements. Some wine
and a short banquet.

Enter with a Banquet, Wine, and two Tapers.

Whet. So now leave us.

Arth. Wee are much bound to you master *Whetstone* for this great entertainment : I see you command
the house in the absence of your vnkle.

Whet. Yes, I thanke my Aunt ; for though I
be but a daily guest yet I can be welcome to her at
midnight.

Shak. How shall we passe the time ?

Bant. In some discourse.

Whet. But no such discourse as we had last, I be-
seech you.

Bant. Now master *Whetstone* you reflect on me.
'Tis true, at our last meeting some few words
Then past my lips, which I could wish forgot :
I thinke I call'd you Bastard.

Whet. I thinke so too ; but whats that amongst
friends, for I would faine know which amongst you all
knowes his owne father.

Bant. You are merrie with your friends, good

238 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

master *By-Blow*, and wee are guests here in your Vnckles house, and therefore privileged.

Enter Mistresse Generous, Mal and Spirits.

Whet. I presume you had no more privilege in your getting than I. But tell me gentlemen, is there any man here amongst you, that hath a minde to see his father?

Bant. Why, who shall shew him?

Whet. Thats all one; if any man here desire it, let him but speake the word, and 'tis sufficient.

Bant. Why, I would see my father.

Mistresse Gener. Strike. *Musique.*

Enter a Pedant dauncing to the musique; the strain don, he points at Bantam, & looks full in his face.

Whet. Doe you know him that lookes so full in your face?

Bant. Yes well, a pedant in my fathers house. Who beeing young, taught me my A, B, C.

Whet. In his house, that goes for your father you would say: For know one morning, when your mothers husband rid early to have a *Nisi prius* tryed at *Lancaster* Syzes, hee crept into his warme place, lay close by her side, and then were you got. Then come, your heeles and tayle together, and kneele unto your own deare father.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bant. I am abused.

Whet. Why laugh you Gentlemen? It may be more mens cafes than his or mine.

Bant. To be thus geer'd.

Arth. Come, take it as a jest.
For I presume 'twas meant no otherwise.

Whet. Would either of you two now see his father in earnest.

The Witches of Lancashire. 239

Shak. Yes, canst thou shew me mine ?

Mrs. Gen. Strike.

Enter a nimble Taylor dauncing, using the same posture to Shakstone.

Whet. Hee lookes on you, speake, doe yon know him ?

Shak. Yes, he was my mothers Taylor, I remember him ever since I was a childe.

Whet. Who when hee came to take meafure of her upper parts had more minde to the lower, whilest the good man was in the fields hunting, he was at home whoring.

Then, since no better comfort can be had,
Come downe, come downe, aske bleffing of your dad.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Bont. This cannot be indur'd.

Arth. It is plaine Witchcraft.

Nay since we are all bid unto one feast,
Lets fare alike, come shew me mine too.

Mrs. Gener. Strike.

Enter Robin with a fwitch and a Currycombe, he points at Arthur.

Whet. He points at you.

Arth. What then ?

Whet. You know him.

Arth. Yes, *Robin* the groome belonging to this house.

Whet. And never served your father ?

Arth. In's youth I thinke he did.

Whet. Who when your supposed father had businesse at the Lord Presidents Court in Yorke, stood for his Attorney at home, & so it seems you were got by deputy : what all a mort ? if you will have but a little patience, stay & you shall see mine too :

240 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

And knew I shew you him the rather,
To finde who hath the best man to his Father.

Mrs. Strike——

Musicke. *Enter a Gallant, as before to him.*

Whet. Now Gentlemen make me your President,
learne your duties, and doe as I doe——A blessing
Dad.

Bant. Come, come, let's home, we'l finde some
other time,
When to dispute of these things——

Whet. Nay Gent. no parting in spleene, since we
have begun in mirth, let's not end in melancholy ; you
see there are more By-blowes than beare the name ; It
is growne a great kindred in the Kingdome. Come,
come, all friends ; Let's into the Cellar and conclude
our Revels in a lusty health.

Shak. I faine would strike, but cannot.

Bank. Some strange fate holds me.

Arth. Here then all anger end,
Let none be mad at what they cannot mend.

Exeunt.

Mal. Now say what's next ?

Mrs. I'th' Mill there lyes
A Souldier yet with unscratcht eyes,
Summon the Sister-hood together
For we with all our Spirits will thither ;
And such a Catterwalling keepe,
That he in vaine shall thinke to sleepe.
Call *Meg*, and *Doll*, *Tib*, *Nab*, and *Jug*,
Let none appeare without her Pug.
We'l try our utmost Art and skill.
To fright the stout Knave in the Mill.

Exeunt.



ACTVS, V. SCENA I.

Enter Doughty, Miller, Boy in a Cap.

Doughty.

THou art a brave Boy, the honour of thy Country; thy Statue shall be fet up in brasse upon the Market Crosse in *Lancaster*, I blesse the time that I answered at the Font for thee: 'Zookes did I ever thinke that a Godson of mine should have fought hand to fist with the Divell!

Mil. He was ever an unhappy Boy Sir, and like enough to grow acquainted with him; and friends may fall out sometimes.

Dought. Thou art a dogged Sire, and doest not know the vertue of my Godsonne, my sonne now; he shall be thy sonne no longer: he and I will worry all the Witches in *Lancashire*.

Mil. You were best take heed though.

Dough. I care not, though we leave not above three untainted women in the Parish, we'll doe it.

Mil. Doe what you please Sir, there's the Boy flout enough to justifie anything he has sayd. Now 'tis out, he should be my Sonne still by that: Though he was at Death's dore before he would reveale any thing, the damnable jades had so threatned him, and as soone as ever he had told he mended.

Dought. 'Tis well he did so, we will so fwing them in twopenny halters Boy.

Mil. For my part I have no reason to hinder any

thing that may root them all out ; I have tasted enough of their mischiefe, witnesse my usage i' the Mill, which could be nothing but their Roguerie. One night in my sleepe they set me a stride stark naked a top of my Mill, a bitter cold night too ; 'twas daylight before I waked, and I durst never speake of it to this houre, because I thought it impossible to be beleev'd.

Dought. Villanous Hags !

Mil. And all last Summer, my Wife could not make a bit of butter.

Dough. It would not come, would it ?

Mill. No Sir, we could not make it come, though she and I both together, churn'd almost our harts out, and nothing would come, but all ran into thin waterish geere : the Pigges would not drinke it.

Dought. Is 't possible ?

Mil. None but one, and he ran out of his wits upon't, till we bound his head, and layd him a sleepe, but he has had a wry mouth ever since.

Dought. That the Divell should put in their hearts to delight in such Villanies ! I have fought about these two dayes, and heard of a hundred such mischievous tricks, though none mortall, but could not finde whom to mistrust for a Witch till now this boy, this happy boy informes me.

Mil. And they should neere have been fought for me if their affrightments and divellish devices, had not brought my Boy into such a sicknesse ; Whereupon indeed I thought good to acquaint your worship, and bring the Boy unto you being his Godfather, and as you now stick not to say his Father.

Dought. After you I thanke you Gossip. But my Boy thou hast satisfied me in their names, and thy knowledge of the women, their turning into shapes, their dog-trickes, and their horfe trickes, and their great Feast in the Barne (a pox take them with my Surloyne, I say still.) But a little more of thy combat with the Divell, I prithee ; he came to thee like a Boy thou sayest, about thine owne bignesse ?

Boy. Yes Sir, and he asked me where I dwelt, and what my name was.

Dough. Ah Rogue !

Boy. But it was in a quarrellsome way ; Where-upon I was as stout, and ask'd him who made him an examiner ?

Dough. Ah good Boy.

Mil. In that he was my Sonne.

Boy. He told me he would know or beat it out of me,
And I told him he should not, and bid him doe his worst ;
And to't we went.

Dough. In that he was my sonne againe, ha boy ; I see him at it now.

Boy. We fought a quarter of an houre, till his sharpe nailes made my eares bleed.

Dough. O the grand Divell pare 'em.

Boy. I wondred to finde him so strong in my hands, seeming but of mine owne age and bignesse, till I looking downe, perceived he had clubb'd cloven feet like Oxe feet : but his face was as young as mine.

Dough. A pox, but by his feet, he may be the Club-footed Horfe-courfers father, for all his young looks.

Boy. But I was afraid of his feet, and ran from him towards a light that I saw, and when I came to it, it was one of the Witches in white upon a Bridge, that scar'd me backe againe, and then met me the Boy againe, and he strucke me and layd mee for dead.

Mil. Till I wondring at his stay, went out and found him in the Trance ; since which time, he has beene haunted and frighted with Goblins, 40. times ; and never durst tell any thing (as I sayd) because the Hags had so threatned him till in his sicknes he revealed it to his mother.

Dough. And she told no body but folkes on't.

VVell Gossip *Gretty*, as thou art a Miller, and a close thiefe, now let us keepe it as close as we may till we take 'hem, and see them handsomly hanged o' the way : Ha my little Cuffe-divell, thou art a made man. Come, away with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Souldier.

Soul. These two nights I have slept well and heard
no noife
Of Cats, or Rats ; most sure the fellow dream't,
And scratcht himselfe in 's sleepe. I have traveld'
Desarts,
Beheld Wolves, Beares, and Lyons : Indeed what
not ?
Of horrid shape ; And shall I be afrayd
Of Cats in mine owne Country ? I can never
Grow so Moufe-hearted. It is now a Calme
And no winde stirring, I can beare no fayle ;
Then best lye downe to sleepe. Nay rest by me
Good *Morglay*, my Comrague and Bedfellow
That never sayl'd me yet ; I know thou did'st not.
If I be wak'd, see thou be stirring too ;
Then come a *Gib* as big as *Ascapart*
We'll make him play at Leap-frog. A brave Souldiers lodging,
The floore my Bed, a Milstone for my Pillow,
The Sayles for Curtaines. So good night.
Lyes downe.

Enter Mrs. Generous, Mall, all the Witches and their Spirits(at severall dores.)

Mrs. Is *Nab* come ?

Mal. Yes.

Mrs. Where's *Fug* ?

Mal. On horseback yet,
Now lighting from her Broome-staffe.

Mrs. But where's *Peg* ?

Mal. Entred the Mill already.

Mrs. Is he fast ?

Mal. As fencelesse as a Dormouse.

Mrs. Then to work, to work my pretty Lap-lands

Pinch, here, scratch,

Doe that within, without we'l keep the watch.

The Witches retire : the Spirits come about him with a dreadfull noise ; he starts.

Sold. Am I in Hell, then have among't you divels ;

This side, and that side, what behinde, before ?

Ile keep my face unscratch'd disfight you all :

What, doe you pinch in private, clawes I feele

But can see nothing, nothing pinch me thus ?

Have at you then, I and have at you still ;

And stil have at you.

Beates them off, followes them in, and Enters againe.

One of them I have pay'd,

In leaping out oth' hole a foot or eare

Or something I have light on. What all gone ?

All quiet ? not a Cat that's heard to mew ?

Nay then Ile try to take another nap,

Though I sleepe with mine eyes open.

Exit.

Enter Mr. Generous, and Robin.

Gen. *Robin*, the last night that I lodg'd at home
My Wife (if thou remembrest) lay abroad,
But no words of that.

Rob. You have taught me silence.

Gen. I rose thus early much before my houre,
To take her in her bed ; 'Tis yet not five :

The Sunne scarce up. Those horses take and lead
'em

Into the Stable, see them rubb'd and drest,
 We have rid hard. Now in the interim I
 Will step and see how my new Miller fares,
 Or whether he slept better in his charge,
 Than those which did precede him.

Rob. Sir I shall.

Gen. But one thing more——

Whispers.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Now from the last nights witchcraft we are
 freed,
 And I that had not power to cleare my selfe
 From base aspersiō, am at liberty
 For vow'd revenge : I cannot be at peace
 (The night-spell being took of) till I have met
 With noble Mr. *Generous* : in whose search
 The best part of this morning I have spent,
 His wife now I suspect.

Rob. By your leave Sir.

Arth. O y'are well met, pray tell me how
 long is't
 Since you were first my Father ?

Rob. Be patient I beseech you, what doe you meane
 Sir ?

Arth. But that I honour
 Thy Master, to whose goodnesse I am bound,
 And still must remaine thankfull, I should prove
 Worfe then a Murderer, a meere Paricide
 By killing thee my Father.

Rob. I your Father? he was a man I alwayes
 lov'd
 And honour'd. He bred me.

Arth. And you begot me ? oh you us'd me finely
 last night ?

Gen. Pray what's the matter Sir ?

Arth. My worthy friend, but that I honour you
 As one to whom I am so much oblig'd,
 This Villaine could not stirre a foot from hence

Till perisht by my sword.

Gener. How hath he wrong'd you?
Be of a milder temper I intreat,
Relate what and when done?

Arth. You may command me,
If aske me what wrongs, know this Groome pre-
tends
He hath strumpeted my mother, if when, blaz'd
Last night at midnight. If you aske me further
Where, in your owne house; when he pointed
to me
As had I been his Bastard.

Rob. I doe this? I am a horse agen if I got you,
Master, why Master.

Gen. I know you Mr. *Arthur*, for a Gentle-
man
Of faire endowments, a most solid braine,
And settled understanding. Why this fellow
These two dayes was scarce fundred from my side,
And for the last night I am most assur'd
He slept within my Chamber, 12. miles off,
We have nere parted since.

Arth. You tell me wonders.
Since all your words to me are Oracles,
And such as I most constantly beleeeve.
But Sir, shall I be bold and plaine withall,
I am suspitious all's not well at home;
I dare proceed no farther without leave,
Yet there is something lodged within my breast
Which I am loath to utter.

Gen. Keepe it there,
I pray doe a feason (O my feares)
No doubt ere long my tongue may be the Key
To open that your secret: Get you gone sir
And doe as I commanded.

Rob. I shall Sir. Father quoth he
I should be proud indeed of such a sonne. *Exit.*

Gen. Please you now walk with me to my Mill, I
faine would see

248 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

How my bold Soldier speeds. It is a place
Hath beene much troubled.

Enter Soldier.

Arth. I shall waite on you.—See he appeares.

Gen. Good morrow Soldier.

Sold. A bad night I have had
A murrin take your Mill-frights.

Gen. Prithee tell me, hast thou bin frighted then?

Sold. How frighted Sir,
A Doungecart full of Divels coo'd not do't.
But I have bin so nipt, and pull'd, and pinch'd,
By a company of Hell-cats.

Arth. Fairies fure.

Sold. Rather foule fiends, Fairies have no such
clawes;

Yet I have kept my face whole thanks my Semiter,
My trusty Bilbo, but for which I vow,
I had been torne to pieces. But I thinke
I met with some of them. One I am fure
I have sent limping hence.

Gen. Didst thou fasten upon any?

Sold. Fast or loofe, most fure I made them flye,
And skip out of the Port-holes. But the last
I made her squeake, she had forgot to mew,
I spoyl'd her Catter-wawling.

Arth. Let's see thy sword.

Sold. To look on, not to part with from my
hand,
'Tis not the Soldiers custome.

Arth. Sir, I observe 'tis bloody towards the
point.

Sold. If all the rest scape scot-free, yet I am
fure
There's one hath payd the reckoning.

Gen. Looke well about,
Perhaps there may be feene some tract of bloud.

Lookes about and findes the hand.

Sold. What's here? is't possible Cats should have hands

And rings upon their fingers.

Arth. Most prodigious.

Gen. Reach me that hand.

Sold. There's that of the three I can best spare.

Gen. Amazement upon wonder, can thls be ;
I needs must know't by most infallible markes.
Is this the hand once plighted holy vowes,
And this the ring that bound them? doth this last
age

Afford what former never durst beleieve?

O how have I offended those high powers?

That my great incredulity should merit

A punishment so grievous, and to happen

Vnder mine owne roofe, mine own bed, my bosome.

Arth. Know you the hand Sir?

Gen. Yes and too well can reade it.

Good Master *Arthur* beare me company

Vnto my house, in the society

Of good men there's great solace.

Arth. Sir Ile waite on you.

Gen. And Soldier do not leave me, lock thy
Mill,

I have imployment for thee.

Sold. I shall sir, I think I have tickled some of
your Tenants at will, that thought to revell here rent-
free; the best is if one of the parties shall deny the
deed, we have their hand to shew. *Exeunt.*

*A Bed thrust out, Mrs. Gener. in't; Whetstone,
Mal Spencer by her.*

Whet. Why Aunt, deere Aunt, honey Aunt, how
doe you, how fare you, cheere you, how is't with you!
you have bin a lusty woman in your time, but now
you look as if you could not doe with all.

Mrs. Good *Mal* let him not trouble me.

Mal. Fie Mr. *Whetstone* you keep such a noise in

the chamber that your Aunt is desirous to take a little rest and cannot.

Whet. In my Vncles absence who but I should comfort my Aunt,
Am not I of the Bloud, am not I next of Kin ?
Why Aunt ?

Mrs. Gen. Good Nephew leave me.

Whet. The Divell shall leave you ere ile forsake you, Aunt, you know, *Sic* is *So*, and being so sicke doe you thinke ile leave you, what know I but this Bed may prove your death-bed, and then I hope you will remember me, that is, remember me in your Will.—(*Knocke within.*) Who's that knocks with such authority. 'Ten to one my Vncles come to towne.

Mrs. Gen. It it be so, excuse my weaknes to him, say I can speake with none.

Mal. I will, and scape him if I can ; by this accident all must come out, and here's no stay for me—(*Knock again*) Againe, stay you here with your Aunt, and ile goe let in your Vncle.

Whet. Doe good *Mal*, and how, and how sweet Aunt ?

Enter Mr. Gener., Mal, Arthur, Soldier, and Robin.

Gen. Y'are well met here, I am told you oft frequent
This house as my Wives choyse companion,
Yet have I feldome seene you.

Mal. Pray, by your leave Sir,
Your wife is taken with a suddaine qualme
She hath sent me for a Doctor.

Gen. But that labour ile save you, Soldier take her to your charge.
And now where's this sicke woman.

Whet. O Vncle you come in good time, my Aunt is so suddainly taken as if she were ready to give up the spirit.

Gen. 'Tis almost time she did, speake how is't
wife

My Nephew tels me you were tooke last night
With a shrewd sicknesse, which this Mayde confirms.

Mrs. Yes sir, but now desire no company.
Noyse troubles me, and I would gladly sleepe.

Gener. In company there's comfort, prithee wife
Lend me thy hand, and let me feele thy pulse,
Perhaps some Feaver, by their beating I
May guesse at thy disease.

Mrs. Gen. My hand, 'tis there.

Gen. A dangerous sicknes, and I feare t death,
'Tis oddes you will not scape it. Take that backe
And let me prove the t' other, if perhaps
I there can finde more comfort.

Mrs. Gen. I pray excuse me.

Gener. I must not be deny'd,
Sick folkes are peevish, and must be ore-rul'd, and so
shall you.

Mrs. Gen. Alas I have not strength to lift it up.

Gener. If not thy hand Wife, shew me but thy
wrist,
And see how this will match it, here's a Testate
That cannot be out-fac'd.

Mrs. Gener. I am undone.

Whet. Hath my Aunt bin playing at handee dan-
dee, nay then if the game goe this way I feare she'l
have the worst hand on't.

Arth. 'Tis now apparant
How all the last nights businesse came about,
In this my late suspicion, is confirm'd.

Gen. My heart hath bled more for thy curst re-
lapse
Than drops hath issu'd from thy wounded arme.
But wherefore should I preach to one past hope?
Or where the divell himselfe claimes right in all,
Seeke the least part or interest? Leave your Bed,

252 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Vp, make you ready ; I must deliver you
 Into the hand of Iustice. O deare friend
 It is in vaine to guesse at this my grieve
 'Tis so inundant. Soldier take away that young
 But old in mischief. And being of these *Apostat's* rid so well,
 Ile see my house no more be made a Hell.
 Away with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bantam, and Shakston.

Ban. Ile out o' the Country, and as soone live in
Lapland as *Lancashire* hereafter.

Shak. What for a false illusive apparition ? I hope
 the divell is not able to perswade thee thou art a
 Bastard.

Bant. No, but I am afflicted to thinke that the
 divell should have power to put such a trick upon us,
 to countenance a Rascal, that is one.

Shak. I hope *Arthur* has taken a course with his
 Vncle about him by this time, who would have
 thought such a foole as hee could have beene a
 Witch ?

Bant. Why doe you thinke there's any wise folks
 of the quality ; Can any but fooles be drawne into a
 Covenant with the greatest enemy of mankind ? yet I
 cannot thinke that *Whetstone* is the Witch ? The young
 Queane that was at the Wedding was i' th house yee
 know.

Enter Lawrence and Parnell, in their first Habits.

Shak. See *Lawrence* and *Parnell* civilly accorded
 againe it seems, and accoutred as they were wont to be
 when they had their wits.

Law. Blest be the houre I say may hunny, may
 sweet *Pall*, that Ay's becom'd thaine agone, and thou's

becom'd maine agone, and may this ea kisse ma us tway
become both eane for ever and a day.

Parn. Yie marry *Lall*, and thus shadden it be, there
is nought gotten by sawing out, we mun saw in or we
get nought.

Bant. The world's well mended here; we cannot
but rejoyce to see this, *Lawrence*.

Lawr. And you been welcome to it Gentle-
men.

Parn. And we been glad we han it for you.

Shak. And I protest I am glad to see it.

Parn. And thus shan yeou see't till our deeing
houre.

Ween eon leove now for a laife time, the Dewle shonot
ha the poore to put us to peeces agone.

Bant. Why now all's right and straight and as it
should be.

Lawr. Yie marry that is it, the good houre be
blessed for it, that put the wit into may head, to have
a mistrust of that pestilent Codpeece-point, that the
witched worch *Mal Spencer* go me, ah woe worth her,
that were it that made aw so nought.

Bant. & Shak. Is't possible?

Parn. Yie marry it were an Inchauntment, and
about an houre since it come intill our hearts to doe,
what yeou thinke, and we did it.

Bant. What *Parnell*?

Parn. Marry we take the point, and we casten
the point into the fire, and the point spitter'd and
spatter'd in the fire, like an it were (love bleffe us) a
laive thing in the faire; and it hopet and skippet, and
riggled, and frisket in the faire, and crept about laike
a worme in the faire, that it were warke enough for us
both with all the Chimney tooles to keepe it into the
faire, and it stinket in the faire, worsen than ony brim-
stone in the faire.

Bant. This is wonderfull as all the rest.

Lawr. It wold ha scar'd ony that hadden their
wits till a seen't, and we werne mad eont it were
deone.

254 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Parn. And this were not above an houre fine, and you cannot devaife how we han lov'd t' on t' other by now, yeou woud een blisse your feln to see't.

Lawr. Yie an han pit on our working geere, to fwinke and serve our Master and Maistresse like intill painfull servants agone, as we shudden.

Bant. 'Tis wondrous well.

Shak. And are they well agen ?

Parn. Yie and weel's laike heane blisse them, they are awas weel becom'd as none ill had ever beene aneast 'hem ; Lo ye, lo ye, as they come.

Enter Seely, Ioane, Gregory, and Win.

Greg. Sir, if a contrite heart strucke through with
fence

Of it's sharpe errors, bleeding with remorse
The blacke polluted staine it had conceived
Of foule unnaturall difobedience
May yet by your faire mercy finde Remission ;
You shall upraise a Sonne out o' the gulph
Of horreur and despaire, unto a blisse
That shall for ever crowne your goodnesse, and
Instruative in my after life to serve you,
In all the duties that besit a sonne.

Seel. Enough, enough, good boy, 'tis most apparant

We all have had our errors, and as plainly
It now appearse, our judgments, yea our reason
Was poyson'd by some violent infection,
Quite contrary to Nature.

Bant. This sounds well.

Seely. I feare it was by Witchcraft : for I now
(Blest be the power that wrought the happy means
Of my delivery) remember that
Some 3. months since I crost a wayward woman
(One that I now suspect) for bearing with
A most unseemly difobedience,
In an untoward ill-bred sonne of hers,

When with an ill looke and an hollow voyce
She mutter'd out, these words. Perhaps ere long
Thy selfe shalt be obedient to thy sonne.
She has play'd her pranke it seemes.

Greg. Sir I have heard, that Witches apprehended
under hands of lawfull authority, doe loose their
power ;

And all their spells are instantly dissolv'd.

Seel. If it be so, then at this happy houre,
The Witch is tane that over us had power.

Foane. Enough Childe, thou art mine and all
is well.

Win. Long may you live the well-spring of my
blisse,

And may my duty and my fruitfull Prayers,
Draw a perpetuall streame of blessings from you.

Seely. Gentlemen welcome to my best friends
house,

You know the unhappy cause that drew me hether.

Bant. And cannot but rejoyce to see the remedy
so neere at hand.

Enter Doughty, Miller, and boy.

Dought. Come Gossip, come Boy——Gentlemen
you are come to the bravest discovery——Mr. *Seely*
and the rest, how is't with you? you look reasonable
well me thinkes.

Seely. Sir, we doe find that we have reason enough
to thank you for your Neighbourly and pious care of
us.

Doughty. Is all so well with you already? goe to,
will you know a reason for't Gentlemen : I have catcht
a whole Kennel of Witches. It seemes their Witch is
one of 'hem, and so they are discharm'd, they are all
in Officers hands, and they will touch here with two
or three of them for a little private parley, before they
goe to the Iustices. Master *Generous* is comming

256 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

hither too, with a supply that you dreame not of, and your Nephew *Arthur*.

Bant. You are beholden Sir to Master *Generous* in behalfe of your Nephew for saving his land from forfeiture in time of your distraction.

Seely. I will acknowledge it most thankfully.

Shak. See he comes.

Enter Mr. Generous, Mrs. Generous, Arthur, Whetstone, Mal, Soldier, and Robin.

Seel. O Mr. *Generous*, the noble favour you have shew'd

My Nephew for ever bindes me to you.

Gener. I pittied then your misery, and now Have nothing left but to bewayle mine owne In this unhappy woman.

Seel. Good Mistresse *Generous*——

Arth. Make a full stop there Sir, fides, fides, make fides,

You know her not as I doe, stand aloofe there Mistresse with your darling Witch, your Nephew too if you please, because though he be no witch, he is a wel-willer to the infernal science.

Gener. I utterly discard him in her blood And all the good that I intended him I will conferre upon this vertuous Gentleman.

Whet. Well Sir, though you be no Vnckle, yet mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and shall be to her dying day.

Doug. And that will be about a day after next Sizes I take it.

Enter Witches, Constable, and Officers.

O here comes more o' your Naunts, Naunt *Dickenson* & Naunt *Hargrave*, ods fish and your Granny *Fohnson* too ; we want but a good fire to entertaine 'em.

Arth. See how they lay their heads together?

Witches charme together.

Gill. No succour.

Maud. No reliefe.

Peg. No comfort !

All. *Mawfy*, my *Mawfy*, gentle *Mawfy* come.

Maud. Come my sweet *Puckling*.

Peg. My *Mamilion*.

Arth. What doe they fay ?

Bant. They call their Spirits I thinke.

Dough. Now a shame take you for a fardell of fooles, have you knowne so many of the Divels tricks, and can be ignorant of that common feate of the old Iugler ; that is, to leave you all to the Law, when you are once seized on by the tallons of Authority ? Ile undertake this little *Demigorgon* Constable with these Common-wealth Characters upon his staffe here, is able in spite of all your bugs-words, to flave off the grand Divell for doing any of you good till you come to his Kingdome to him, and there take what you can finde.

Arth. But Gentlemen, shall we try if we can by examination get from them something that may abbreviate the cause unto the wiser in Commission for the peace before wee carry them before 'em.

Gen. & Seel. Let it be so.

Dought. Well say, stand out Boy, stand out Miller, stand out *Robin*, stand out Soldier, and lay your accusation upon 'em.

Bant. Speake Boy doe you know these Creatures, women I dare not call 'em ?

Boy. Yes Sir, and saw them all in the Barne together, and many more at their Feast and Witchery.

Rob. And so did I, by a Divellish token, I was rid thither, though I rid home againe as fast without switch or spur.

Mill. I was ill handled by them in the Mill.

Sold. And I sliced off a Cats foot there, that is since a hand, who ever wants it.

Seel. How I and all my family have suffered you all know.

258 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Lawr. And how I were betwitcht my *Pall*. here knowes.

Parn. Yie *Lall*, and the Witch I know, an I prayen yeou goe me but leave to scrat her well-favorely.

Bant. Hold *Parnell*.

Parn. Yeou can blame no honest woman, I trow, to scrat for the thing she leoves.

Mal. Ha, ha, ha.

Dough. Doe you laugh Gentlewoman? what say you to all these matters?

Mrs. Gen. I will say nothing, but what you know you know,
And as the law shall finde me let it take me.

Gil. And so say I.

Mawd. And I.

Mal. And I, other confession you get none from us.

Arth. What say you Granny?

Peg. *Mamilion*, ho *Mamilion*, *Mamilion*.

Arth. Who's that you call?

Peg. My friend, my Sweet-heart, my *Mamilion*.

Witches. You are not mad?

Dought. Ah ha, that's her Divell, her *Incubus* I warrant; take her off from the rest they'l hurt her. Come hether poore old woman. Ile dandle a Witch a little, thou wilt speake, and tell the truth, and shalt have favour doubt not. Say art not thou a Witch?

They storme.

Peg. 'Tis folly to dissemble yie fir, I am one.

Dought. And that *Mamilion* which thou call'st upon

Is thy familiar Divell is't not? Nay prithee speake.

Peg. Yes Sir.

Dough. That's a good woman, how long haft had's acquaintance, ha?

Peg. A matter of fixe yeares Sir.

Dough. A pretty matter. What was he like a man?

Peg. Yes when I pleas'd.

Dought. And then he lay with thee, did he not sometimes?

Peg. 'Tis folly to dissemble; twice a Week he never fail'd me.

Dough. Humh—and how? and how a little? was he a good Bedfellow?

Peg. 'Tis folly to speake worse of him than he is.

Dough. I trust me is't. Give the Divell his due.

Peg. He pleas'd me well Sir, like a proper man.

Dought. There was sweet coupling.

Peg. Onely his flesh felt cold.

Arth. He wanted his great fires about him that he has at home.

Dough. Peace, and did he weare good clothes?

Peg. Gentleman like, but blacke blacke points and all.

Dought. I, very like his points were blacke enough. But come we'l trifle w' yee no longer. Now shall you all to the Iustices, and let them take order with you till the Sizes, and then let Law take his course, and *Vivat Rex*. Mr. *Generous* I am sorry for your cause of sorrow, we shall not have your company?

Gener. No sir, my Prayers for her soules recovery Shall not be wanting to her, but mine eyes Must never see her more.

Rob. *Mal*, adiew sweet *Mal*, ride your next journey with the company you have there.

Mal. Well Rogue I may live to ride in a Coach before I come to the Gallowes yet.

Rob. And Mrs. the horse that stayes for you rides better with a Halter than your gingling bridle.

Exeunt Gen. & Robin.

Dought. Mr. *Seely* I rejoyce for your families attonement.

Seel. And I praise heaven for you that were the means to it.

260 *The Witches of Lancashire.*

Dough. On afore Drovers with your untoward
Cattell. *Exeunt severally.*

Bant. Why doe not you follow Mr. *By-blow.* I
thanke your Aunt for the tricke she would have
father'd us withall.

Whet. Well Sir, mine Aunt's mine Aunt, and for
that trick I will not leave her till I see her doe a
worfe.

Baut. Y'are a kinde Kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

FINIS.



Song. II. Act.

*Come Mawly, come Puckling,
And come my sweet Suckling,
My pretty Mamillion, my Ioy,
Fall each to his Duggy,
While kindly we huggie,
As tender as Nurse over Boy.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we sing, hey Trolly Lolly.*

*We'l dandle and clip yee,
We'l stroke yee, and leape yee,
And all that we have is your due;
The feates you doe for us,
And those which you store us
Withall, tyes us onely to you.
Then suck our blouds freely, and with it be jolly,
While merrily we sing, hey Trolly Lolly.*



THE EPILOGUE.



*N*ow while the Witches must expect their due
By lawfull Iustice, we appeale to you
For favourable censure; what their crime
May bring upon 'em, ripenes yet of time
Has not reveal'd. Perhaps great Mercy may
After just condemnation give them day
Of longer life. We represent as much
As they have done, before Lawes hand did touch
Vpon their guilt; But dare not hold it fit,
That we for Iustices and Iudges sit,
And personate their grave wisedomes on the Stage
Whom we are bound to honour; No, the Age
Allows it not. Therefore unto the Lawes
We can but bring the Witches and their cause,
And there we leave 'em, as their Divels did,
Should we goe further with 'em? Wit forbid;
What of their storie, further shall ensue,
We must referre to time, our selves to you.



Londons Ius Honorarium.

Exprest in fundry Triumphs, pagiants, and shews :

At the Initiation or Entrance of the Right Honourable
George Whitmore, into the Maioralty of the famous and
farre renowned City of London..

All the charge and expence of the laborious pro-
iects, and obiects both by Water and Land, being the
sole vndertaking of the Right Worshipfull, the
society of the Habburdashers.

Redeunt spectacula.





So To the Right Honourable, *George*
Whitmore, Lord Maior of this renowned
Metrapolis, London.

Right Honorable,

T was the speech of a Learned and grave Philosopher the Tutor and Counfeler to the Emperour *Gratianus, Pulcrius multo parari, quam creari nobilem.* More faire and famous it is to be made, then to be borne Noble, For that Honour is to be most Honored, which is purchast by merrit, not crept into by descent: For you; whose goodnesse, hath made you thus great, I make my affectionate presentment of this annuall Celebration, concerning which: (without flattery be it spoken) there is nothing so much as mentioned (much less enforced) in this your *Ius honorarium*, which rather commeth not short, then any way exceedeth the hope and expectation which is now vpon you, and therefore worthily was your

fo free Election, (without either emulation, or competitorship conferd vpon you, since of you it may be vndeniably spoken : that none euer in your place was more sufficient or able, any cause whatfoeuer shall be brought before you, more truly to discerne ; being apprehended more aduisedly to dispose, being digested, more maturely to despatch. After this short tender of my seruice vnto you, I humbly take my leaue, with this sentence borrowed from *Seneca* : *Decet timeri Magistratum, at plus diligere.*

Your Lordships in all
obseruance,

Thomas Heywood.



So To the Right Worshipfull *Samuell Cranmer*, and *Henry Pratt*, the two Sheriffs of the Honourable City of *London, Lately Elected.*

Right Worshipfull,

T*He cheife Magistrats next vnto the Lord Maior, are the two sheriffes, the name Sheriffe implyeth as much as the Reeue and Gouvernour of a Sheire, for Reeue: is Graue Count or Earle (for so saith Master Verstigan :) and these, were of like authority with the Censors, who were reputed in the prime and best ranke amongst the Magistrates of Rome? They were so cal'd a Cessendo, of ceasing, for they set a rate vpon euery mans estate: registering their names, and placing them in a fit century: A second part of their Office consisted in the reforming of maners, as hauing power to inquire into cuery mans life and carriage. The Embleame of which Authority was their Tirgula censoria borne before them: they are (by others) resembled to the Tribunes of*

the people, and these are cal'd Sacro Sancti, whose persons might not be iniured, nor their names any way scandaliz'd, for whosoever was proued to be a delinquent in either, was held to be Homo facer; an excommunicated person, and hee that slew him was not liable vnto any Iudgement: their Houses stand open continually, not onely for Hospitality, but for a Sanctuary to all such as were distrest: neither was it lawfull for them to be absent from the Colledge one whole day together, during their Yeare. Thus you see how neere the Dignities of this Citty, come neere to these in Rome, when it was most flourishing. The first Sheriffes that bore the name and office in this Citty, were Peter Duke, and Thomas Neale, Anno 1209. The nouissimi, now in present Samuell Cranmer and Henry Pratt. Anno 1631. To whom I direct this short Remembrance.

Your Worships euer

Attendant,

Thomas Heywood.



L O N D O N S

Ius Honorarium.

When *Rome* was erected: at the first establishing of a common weale, *Romulus* the founder of it, instituted a prime officer to gouerne the Citty, who was cald *præfectus urbis*, i.e. the præfect of the City, whose vncontroulable authority, had power, not onely to examine, but to determine, all causes & controuersies, & to sit vpon, and censure all delinquents, whether their offences were capitall or criminall: *Intra centissimum lapidem*, within an hundred miles of the City, in proceſſe of time the *Tarquins* being expeld, & the prime ſoueraignty remaining in the conſuls. They (by reaſon of their forraigne imployments) hauing no leaſure to adminiſter Juſtice at home, created two cheife officers, the one they cald *prætor urbanus*, or *Maior*, the other *peregrinus*: The firſt had his iuriſdiction, in and ouer the Citty, the other exerciſed his authority meerely vpon ſtrangers.

The name *Prætor* is deriued from *Præſendo* or *Præundo*, from priority of place, which as a learned Roman Author writs, had abſolute power ouer all

publique and priuat affaires, to make new Lawes, and abolish old, without controwle, or contradiction : His authority growing to that height, that whatsoeuer he decreed or censured in publique, was cald *Ius Honorarium*, the first on whome this dignity was conferrd in *Rome*, was *spur ; furius Camillus*, the sonne of *Marcus* : And the first *Prætor* or Lord Maior appointed to the Gouvernement of the Honorable City of *London*, was *Henry Fitz Allwin*, aduanced to that Dignity, by King *Iohn*, *Anno. 1210.* so much for the Honor and Antiquity of the name and place, I proceede to the shewes.

Vpon the water.

Are two craggy Rockes, plac'd directly opposit, of that distance that the Barges may passe betwixt them : these are full of monsters, as Serpents, Snakes, Dragons, &c. some spitting Fier, others vomiting water, in the bases thereof, nothing to be seene, but the sad relicks of shipwracke in broken Barkes and split Vessels, &c. The one is cald *Silla*, the other *Charibdis*, which is scituate directly against *Messana* ; *Scilla* against *Rhegium* : and what soever shippe that passeth these Seas, it it keepe not the middle Channell, it is either wrackt upon the one, or deuoured by the other ; *Medio tutissimus ibit.* Vpon these Rocks are placed the *Syrens*, excellent both in voyce and Instrument : They are three in number, *Telsipio*, *Iligi*, *Aglaosi* ; or as others will have them called, *Parthenope*, skilfull in musicke ; *Leucosia*, upon the winde Instrument ; *Ligni*, upon the Harpe. The morrall intended by the Poets, that whosoever shall lend an attentive eare to their musicke, is in great danger to perish ; but he that can warily avoyd it by stopping his eares against their enchantment, shall not onely secure themselves, but bee their ruine : this was made good in *Vlisses* the speaker, who by his wisedome and pol-

licy not onely preserved himfelfe and his people, but was the caufe that they from the rocks caft themfelves headlong into the Sea. In him is perfonated a wife and difcreete Magiftrate.

Vliffes his fpeech.

B*Ehold great Magiftrate, on either hand
Sands, fhelves, and Syrtes, and upon them ftand
Two dangerous rocks, your fafety to ingage,
Boafting of nought fave fhipwrake fpoyle and ftrage.
This Sylla, that Charibdis, (dangerous both)
Plac't in the way you rowe to take your oath.*

*Yet though a thoufand monfters yawne and gape
To ingurdge and fwallow you, ther's way to fcape;
Vliffes by his wifedome found it, fteare
You by his Compaffe, and the way lyes cleare,
Will you know how ? looke upward then; and fayle
By the figne Libra, that Celeftiall fcale,
In which (fome write) the Sunne at his creation
Firft fhone; and is to thefe times a relation
Of Divine Juftice: It in juftice fhind,
Doe you fo (Lora) and be like it divid.*

*Keepe the even Channell, and be neither fwayde,
To the right hand nor left, and fo evade
Malicious envie (never out of action,)
Smooth vifadgd flattery, and blacke mouthd detraction,
Sedition, whifprings, murmuring, private hate,
All ambuſhing, the godlike Magiftrate.*

*About thefe rockes and quickfands Syrens haunt,
One finges connivence, th' other would inchaunt
With partiall fentence; and a third afcribes,
In pleaſing tunes, a right to gifts and bribes;
Sweetning the eare, and every other fence,
That place, and office, may with thefe difpence.
But though their tones be fweete, and shrill their
notes,*

*They come from foule breſts, and impoſtum'd throats,
Sea monſters they be ſtiled, but much (nay more,
'Tis to be doubted,) they frequent the ſhoare.*

*Yet like Vliſſes, doe but ſlop your eare
To their inchantments, with an heart ſincere ;
They ſayling to indanger your eſtate,
Will from the rocks themſelves precipitate.*

*Procede then in your bleſt Inauguration,
And celebrate this Annual Ovation ;
Whiſt you nor this way, nor to that way leane,
But ſhunne th' extreames, to keepe the golden meane.
This glorious City, Europs chiefeſt minion,
Moſt happy in ſo great a Kings dominion :
Into whoſe charge this day doth you inveſt,
Shall her in you, and you in her make bleſt.*

The firſt ſhow by land.

THe firſt ſhow by Land, (preſented in *Pauls* Church yard, is a greene and pleaſant Hill, adorned with all the Flowers of the ſpring, upon which is erected a faire and flouriſhing tree, furniſhed with variety of faire and pleaſant fruite, under which tree, and in the moſt eminent place of the Hill, ſitteth a woman of beautiful aſpect, apparrelled like Summer : Her motto, *Civitas bene Gubernata. i.* a Citty well governed. Her Attendants (or rather Affociats) are three Damſels habited according to their qualitie, and repreſenting the three Theologicall vertues, *Faith, Hope, and Charity* : Amongſt the leaves and fruits of this Tree, are inſcerted diſerſe labels with ſeverall ſentences expreſſing the cauſes which make Cities to flouriſh and proſper : As, *The feare of God, Religious zeale, a Wiſe Magiſtrate, Obedience to rulers, Vnity, Plaine and faithfull dealing*, with others of the like nature. At the foot of the Hill ſitteth old Time, and

by him his daughter Truth, with this inscription ; *Veritas est Temporis Filia*, i. Truth is the Daughter of Time ; which Time speaketh as followeth.

Tymes speech.

Non nova sunt semper, & quod fuit Ante relictum est fit que quod haud fuerat, &c.

IF Time (some say) have bin here oft in view

Yet not the same, old Time is each day new,

Who doth the future lockt up houres in large,

To welcome you to this great Cities charge.

Time, who hath brought you hither (grave and great)

To inaugure you, in your Prætorium seate :

Thus much with grieve doth of him selfe professe

Nothing's more precious, and esteemed lesse.

Yet you have made great use of me, to aspire

This eminence, by desert, when in full quire

Avees and Acclamations, with loud voyce,

Meete you on all sides, and with Time re'oyce.

This Hill, that Nymph apparreld like the Spring,

These Graces that attend her, (every thing)

As fruitful trees, greene plants, flowers of choise smell,

All Emblems of a City governd well ;

Which must be now your charge. The Labels here

Mixt with the leaves will shew what fruit they beare :

The feare of God, a Magistrate discreete,

Iustice and Equity : when with these meete,

Obedience unto Rulers, Vnity,

Plaine and just dealing, Zeale, and Industry :

In such blest symptoms where these shall agree,

Cities, shall like perpetuall Summers bee.

You are now Generall, doe but bravely lead,

And (doubtlesse) all will march, as you shall tread :

You are the Captaine, doe but bravely stand

To oppose vice, see, all this goodly band

Now in their City Liveries will apply

Themselves to follow, where your Colours fly.

You are the chiefe, defend my daughter Truth,

*And then both Health and Poverty, Age and Youth,
Will follow this your Standard, to oppose
Errour, Sedition, Hate, (the common foes.)*

*But pardon Time (grave Lord) who speaks to thee,
As well what thou now art, as ought to be.*

Then Time maketh a pause, and taking up a leave-
lesse & withered branch, thus proceedeth.

*See you this withered branch, by Time o're growne
A Cities Symbole, ruind, and trod downe.
A Tree that bare bad fruit ; Dissimulation,
Pride, Malice, Envy, Atheisme, Supplantation,
Ill Government, Prophannes, Fraud, Oppression,
Neglect of vertue, Freedome to transgression,
Obedience, here with power did disagree,
All which faire London be still farre from thee.*

The second show
by land.

The second show by Land, is presented in the upper part of Cheapside, which is a Chariot ; The two beasts that are placed before it, are a Lyon passant, and a white Vnicorne in the same posture, on whose backs are seated two Ladies, the one representing *Iustice* upon the Lyon, the other *Mercy* upon the Vnicorne. The motto which *Iustice* beareth, is *Rebelles protero* ; the inscription which *Mercy* carrieth, is *Imbelles protego* : Herein is intimated, that by these types and symboles of Honour (represented in these noble beasts belonging to his Majestie) all other inferiour magistracies and governments either in Common weales, or private Societies, receive both being and supportance.

The prime Lady seated in the first and most eminent place of the Chariot, representeth *London*, behinde whom, and on either side, diverse others of the chiefe Cities of the Kingdome take place : As *Westminster*, *Yorke*, *Bristol*, *Oxford*, *Lincolne*, *Exeter*, &c. All these are to be distinguished by their severall Escutchons ; to them *London* being Speaker, directeth he first part of her speech as followeth.

London the speaker. *You noble Cities of this generous Isle,
May these my two each Ladies ever
smile.*

*(Justice, and mercy) on you. You we know
Are come to grace this our triumphant show.
And of your curtesy, the hand to kiste
Of London, this faire lands Metropolis.*

*Why sister Cittyes sit you thus amazed?
Ist to behold above you, windows glas'd
With Diamonds 'sted of glasse? Starres hither sent,
This day to deck our lower Firmament?*

*Is it to see my numerous Children round
Incompasse me? So that no place is found.
In all my large streets empty? My yssue spred
In number more then stones whereon they tread.
To see my Temples, Houses, even all places,
With people covered, as if Tyld with faces?*

*Will you know whence proceedes this faire increase,
This ioy? the fruits of a continued peace,
The way to thrive; to prosper in each calling,
The weake, and shrinking states, to keepe from falling,
Behold; my motto shall all this dis-*

Serve and obey: the
Motto of the Worshp.
Company of the Hab-
berd.

play,

*Reade and observe it well: Serve
and obay.*

*Obedience though it humbly doth begin,
It soone augments unto a Magazin
Of plenty, in all Citties 'tis the grownd,
And doth like harmony in musicke found:
Nations and Common weales, by it alone
Flourish: It incorporates, many into one,
And makes unanimous peace content and joy,
Which pride, doth still Insidiate to destroy.*

*And you grave Lord, on whom right honour calls.
Both borne and bred i' th circuit of my wals,
By vertue and example, have made plaine,
How others may like eminence attaine.*

*Perfist in this blest concord, may we long,
That Citties to this City may still throng,*

*To view my annuall tryumphs, and so grace,
Those honored Pretors that supply this place.*

Next after the Chariot, are borne the two rocks, *Sylla* and *Caribdis*, which before were presented upon the water : upon the top of the one stands a Sea Lyon vpon the other a Meare-maide or *Sea-Nimphe*, the *Sirens* and *Monsters*, beeing in continuall agitation and motion, some breathing fire, others spowting water, I shall not neede to spend much time in the Description of them, the worke being sufficiently able to Commend it selfe.

The third shew by Land Presented neere vnto the great Crosse in Cheape-side, beareth the title of the *Palace of Honour* : A faire and curious structure archt and Tarrest aboue, on the Top of which standeth *Honour*, a Glorious presens, and rightly habited, shee in her speech directed to the right Honorable : the Lord Maior, discouers all the true and direct wayes to attaine vnto her as, first :

A King : Eyther by succeffion or Election.

A Souldier, by valour and martiall Discipline.

A Churchman by Learning and degrees in scooles.

A Statesman by Trauell and Language, &c.

A Lord Maior by Commerce and Trafficke both by Sea and Land, by the Inriching of the Kingdome, and Honour of our Nation.

The Palace of Honour is thus governed

Industry *Controwler*, his Word

Negotior

Charity *Steward*, the Word

Miferior.

Liberality *Trefurer*, the Word

Largior.

Innocence and
Deuotion

} *Henchmen*, the words,

Patior : Precor.

And so of the rest, and according to this Pallace of *Honour* is facioned not onely the management of the

whole *Citty* in generall : but the House and Family of the *Lord Maior* in particular.

Before in the Front of this pallace is feated Saint *Katherin*, the Lady and Patroneffe of this Worshipfull Society of whom I will giue you this short Character, the name it selfe imports in the Originall, *Omnis ruina*, which (as some interpret it) is as much as to say, the fall and ruin of all the workes of the Diuell : Others deriue the word from *Catena*, a Chaine wherein all cheife Vertues and Graces are concatenated and link't together, so much for her namé.

For her birth, shee was lineally descended from the Roman Emperours, the daughter of *Costus* the sonne of *Constantine* which *Costus* was Crowned King of *Armenia*, for *Constantine* hauing conquered that Kingdome, grew Inamored of the Kings Daughter by whom he had Issue, this *Costus* who after succeeded his Grand Father.

Constantine after the death of his first Wife made an expedition from *Roome*, and hauing Conquered this Kingdome of Great Britaine : he tooke to his Second Wife *Helena*, which *Helena* was she that found the Crosse vpon which the Sauour of the World was Crucified, &c.

Costus Dying whilst *Katherine* was yet young, and shee being all that Time liuing in *Famogosta*, (a cheife City) because shee was there Proclaimes and Crowned was called *Queene* of *Famogosta*, she liued and dyed a Virgin and a *Martyr* vnder the Tiranny of *Maxentius*, whose Empreffe, with many other great and eminent persons she had before conuerted to the Faith. So much for her character. Her speech to the Lord Maior as followeth.

I Katherine, long since Sainted for true piety,
The Lady patronesse of this Society,
A queene, a Virgin, and a Martir : All
My Attributes : Inuite you to this Hall

*Cald Honours pallace : nor is this my Wheele,
Blind Fortunes Embleame, she that makes to reele ;
Kingdomes and Common weales, all turning round,
Some to aduance, and others to Confound :*

*Mine is the Wheele of Faith, (all wayes in motion)
Stedfast in Hope, and Constant in Deuotion.*

*It imitates the Spheres swift agitation,
Orbicularly, still mouing to Saluation :*

*That's to the Primus motor : from whom Flowes,
All Goodnesse, Vertue : There, true Honour growes.*

*Which : If you will attaine t' must be your care,
(Graue Magistrate) Instated as you are,
To keepe this Curoular action, in your charge,
To Curbe the opressor, the opprest to inlarge ;
To be the Widdowes Husband, th' Orphants Father,
The blindmans eye, the lame mans foot : so gather
A treasure beyond valew, by your place ;
(More then Earths Honour,) trew Cœlestiall grace,
Ayme first at that : what other Honors be,
Honour Her selfe can best Instruēt thats shee.*

At that word shee poynteth vpward to a Glorious
prefens which personates *Honor* in the top of the pal-
lace, who thus secondeth *Saint Katherens Speech*.

Honours Speech.

*The way to me though not debard,
Yet it is difficult and hard.
If Kings arrive to my profection
Tis by Succession, or Election
When Fortitude doth Action grace,
The Souldier then with me takes place
When Stooddy, Knowledge and degree
Makes Scollers Eminent heere with mee ;
They 'are listed with the Honored : and
The Trauilar, when many a land*

*He hath 'peirst for language, and much knowes
A great respected statesman growes.*

*So you, and such as you (Graue Lord)
Who weare this Scarlet, vse that Sword
Collar, and Cap of Maintenance.
These are no things, that come by chance
Or got by sleeping but auerfe
From these I am gain'd : by care, Commerce,
The hazarding of Goods, and men
To Pyrats Rocks, shelues, Tempest, when ?
You through a Wilder nesse of Seas,
Dangers of wrack, Surprise, Desease
Make new discoveryes, for a lasting story
Of this our Kingdomes fame and Nations glory
Thus is that Collar, and your Scarlet worne,
And for such cause, the Sworde before you Borne.
They are the emblems of your Power, and heere
Though curb'd within the Limmet of one yeare,
Yet manadge as they ought by your Indeuour,
Shall make your name (as now) Honored for euer.
Vnto which Pallace of peace, rest and blisse,
Supply of all things, where nought wanting is
Would these that shall succeede you know the way ?
Tis plaine, God, the King Serue and Obay.*

I cannot heare forget that in the presentment of my papers to the Master, Wardens, & Committies of this Right Worshipfull Company of the Haberdashers (at whose sole expence and charges all the publick Triumphes of this dayes Solemnity both by water and land, were Celebrated) nothing here deuised or expresseed was any way forraigne vnto them, but of all these my conceptions, they were as able to Iudge, as ready to Heare, and to direct as well as to Censure ; nether was there any difficulty which needed a comment, but as soone known as showne, and apprehended as read : which makes me now confident of the best ranke of the Cittizens : That as to the Honour and strength both of the Citty and Kingdome in generall, they excercise

Armes in publicke, so to the benefit of their Iudgements, and enriching of their knowledge, they neglect not the study of arts, and practise of literature in priuate, so that of them it may be truly said they are, *Tam Mercurio quam Marte periti*: I proceede now to the last Speech at night in which *Vlisses* at the taking leaue of his Lordship at his Gate, vseth this short Commemoration, of all that hath been included in the former pageants, poynting to them in order, the manner thereof thus.

*Night growes, Inuiting you to rest, prepare
To rise to morrow to a whole Yeares care,
Enuy still waites on Honour, then prouide
Vlisses Wisdome may be still your guide
To stere you through all dangers: Husband Time
That this day brings you to a place sublime,
By the Supporture of his daughter Truth
This Ancient Citty in her pristline Youth,
Your sword may reestablish: and so bring
Her still to florish; like that lasting Spring
That London in whose Circuit you were bred
And borne therein, to be the Cheife and Head
Drawne by these two beasts in an Equall line
May in your Mercy and your Iustice shine.
So Honour who this day did you Inuite
Vnto Her palace bids you thus Good Night,
No following day but adde to your Renowne
And this your Charge, with numerous Blessings
crowne.*

I haue forborne to spend much paper in needeleffe and Inpertinent deciphering the worke, or explaining the habits of the persons, as being freely exposed to the publicke view of all the Spectators. The maine shew, being performed by the most excellent in that kind, Maister *Gerard Christmas* hath exprest his Modals to be exquisite (as hauing spared nei-ther Cost

nor care, either in the Figures or ornaments. I shall not neede to point vnto them to say, this is a Lyon, and that an Vnicorne, &c. For of this Artift, I may bouldly and freely thus much speake, though many about the towne may enuie their worke, yet with all their indeuor they shall not be able to compare with their worth. I Conclude with *Plautus in flichio* : *Nam curiosus est nemo qui non sit malevolus.*

FINIS.



Londini Sinus Salutis,

OR,

LONDONS *Harbour of Health,
and Happinesse.*

Expresse'd in fundry Triumphs, Pageants
and Showes; at the Initiation of the
Right Honorable,

CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE,
Into the Maioralty of the farre Renowned
City LONDON.

All the Charges and Expences of this present
Ovation; being the sole undertaking of the Right
Worshipfull Company of the
Ironmongers.

The 29. of October, Anno Salutis. 1635.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

—Redeunt Spectacula,—

Printed at London by Robert Raworth. 1635



TO THE RIGHT
Honorable, *Christopher Clethrowe*,
Lord Maior of this Renowned
Metropolis, L O N D O N,

RIGHT HONOURABLE,



*T*is one of Erasmus his undeniable Apothegms, that there is no Citie can bee so strongly immur'd or Defenc'd, but may bee either by Engins defaced, by Enemies inuaded, or by Treason surprized; but the Counsell and Decrees of a wise Magistrate, are in-expugnable. Time, and your Merit, have call'd you to this Office and Honor: As all eyes are upon you, so all hearts are towards you; never was any more freely voyc't in his Election, and therefore none more hopefull in expectation: your Abilitie, what you can doe, is known; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; your purpose, what you intend, you have amply delivered; onely the Performance remaines: In which, there is no question, but that you will accommodate all your future Proceedings to these three heads: Pro Rege, pro Lege, pro Grege; for as you are a Magistrate, so you are a Iudge: A calling, both of Trust, and Trouble: Of Trust; because all such as sit in Iudicature, are Persons ordained by GOD, to examine Causes discretely; Heare both Parties Considerately,

*and Censure all matters unpartially: For Iustice is the Badge of Vertue, the staffe of Peace, and the main-
tainance of Honor. Of Trouble; because in no part of
your Time; during your regency, neither in publicke, or
private, forraine, or domestick things, whether you medi-
tate alone, or conuerse with others, you shall find the
least vacancie, which remembers me of that which Dion
witnesseth of one Similis, who living long in great Place
and Authoritie under the Emperour Adrian, after much
intreaty, got leave to retire himselfe into the Countrey,
where after seaven contented yeeres expiring, hee caused
this Epitaph to be Insculpt upon his tombe: Similis hic
jacet, cujus ætas multorum fuit annorum. Septem
tamen Duntaxat, Annos vixit. Lanctantius further
teacheth us, that it is most requisite, in all such as have
charge in the Common Weale, under their Prince and
Governour, so to know the bownds of their Calling, and
understand the full effects of their dutie, that by executing
Iustice, they may be feared, and by shewing Mercy, bee
loved: I conclude all in this short sentence, Non, quid
Ipse velis, sed quod lex & Religio Cogat, Cogita, Ever
submitting my selfe to your better Iudgement, and re-
maining, to your Lordship most obsequious.*

THO. HEYWOOD.



L O N D O N S

SINVS SALVTIS.



I shall not neede to borrow my Induction from the Antiquitie of this Famous *Metropolis*, nor to enter into a large discourse, of the noble Magistracy and government thereof; being Arguments already granted, and therefore unnecessary to be disputed: and yet I hold it not altogether Impertinent to remember some few things of remarke, which have happened in the Prætorships of the Right Honourable, the Lord Maiors of this Renowned Citie, who have beene Free of the Right Worshipfull Company of the *Iron-mongers*.

In the year 1409, RICHARD MARLOE, of the fame Fraternitie, bearing the Sword, there was a Show presented by the Parish *Clerkes* of *London*, at a place called *Skinners Well*, and now *Clerken Well*, which was of matter from the Creation of the World; and lasted for the space of Eight Intyre dayes: EDWARD the *Fourth* (then King) being present with his Queene, and the greatest part of his Nobilitie, which RICHARD MARLOE, was after Inaugurated Into the fame Honor, *Anno* 1417. In the yeere 1566. Sir CHRISTOPHER DRAPER, being Lord Maior, King JAMES, of late and most Sacred memory, was borne the Sixth day of *June*, *Anno* 1569. In Sir ALEXANDER AVE-

NONS Maioralty, was the suppression of the Rebels in the *North*, Anno 1581. Sir FRANCIS HARVEY being Mayor, was the *French Mounsters* comming over into *England*, and his Royall entertainment by Queene ELIZABETH, Anno 1607. Sir THOMAS CAMBEL being Invested into the same Honor: All the like Showes and Triumphs belonging unto the solemnitie of this day, which for some yeeres, had beene omitted and neglected, were by a speciall commandement from his Majestie, King JAMES, againe retained, and have beene till this present day continued; whom since hath succeeded in the same Honor, Sir JAMES CAMBEL, his Sonne, a worthy Senator of this Citie, yet living. (The last of this worthy and Worshipfull Company, who hath fate in that feate of Iustice) now this day succeeded by the Right Honourable, CHRISTOPHER CLETHROWE: but I leave all circumstances, and come to the Showes, now in present Agitation.

The first Showe by Water :

IS an Artificiall Moddell, partly fashioned like a Rock, and beautified with sundry varieties, and rarities, in all which Art (in Imitating) striveth to exceed Nature: The Decorements that adorne the Structure, I omit, and descend to the Persons that furnish it, which are the Three Cælestiall Goddeses, *Iuno*, *Pallas*, *Venus*: In *Iuno*, is figured Power and State; In *Pallas* or *Minerua*, Arms and Arts; In *Venus*, Beautie and Love: The first best knowne by her *Peacocks*; the second by her *Owles*; the third by her *Swans* & *Turtles*, who is also attended by her Sonne *Cupid*, in whom is Emblem'd *Love*; by whom some have thought, the Vniverse to have beene Created, because of the Beautie, Glory, and Flourishing forme thereof, as also, that *Love* (though pictured young) yet in Age exceeds all things: But *Venus*, because borne of the Seas, I hold most proper to speake upon the Waters: These Three Goddeses are

sent from *Jupiter*, with severall Presents, to honour this dayes Triumphs, and him to whom they are devoted ; *Iuno* brings Power, *Pallas* Wifedome, *Venus* Love ; whose Speech is as followeth :

Venus the Speaker.

THe Three Cœlestiall goddeses this day
Descend (*Grave Prætor*) to prepare your way
To your new Oath, and Honor : Iove, whose station
Is still above, hath sent to this Ovation.
And glorious Triumph, Vs : *Iuno* the great
And Potent Queene ; who to your Iurall seat,
Brings State and Power : *Pallas*, who from Ioves
brain

Derives her selfe, and from the highest straine
Of all the other gods, claimes her descent,
Her Divine Wifedome, doth this day present.

But I, Emergent *Venus*, Loves faire Queene,
Borne of the Seas ; and therefore best besene
To speake upon the Waters, bring a gift,
Priz'd equally with theirs ; that which shall lift
You up on voyces, and from the low frame
Of sordid Earth, give you (above) a name :
From iust affections. and pure thoughts, Love springs,
And these are Impt with no *Icarian* wings,
But Plumes Immortall, such as Angels beare,
To fixe your Name in an eternall spheare.

Which to attaine ; Take *Iuno* for your guide,
Maintaine her Peacocks riches, not her pride ;
Who to prove all Earths glory is but vaine,
Lookes but upon her feete, and flags her traine.

Obserue next *Pallas* Owles, and from them take
This notion ; you must watch even as they wake :
For all such as the management of state
Shall undergoe, rise earlie, and bed late,
So Wifedome is begot ; from Wifedome Love,
(Sweete Child of such a Parent) may't then prove :
That as this day you doe attract the eyes,

And expectation of the great, and wise,
 So in the happy progresse of your yeere,
 You may their hearts and joules to you Indeere :
 From Love, your Waters passage understand,
 But Power and Wisedome wellcoms you on land.

THE next Modell by Land, which was onely showne upon the Water, is one of the twelue Cælestiall signes : *Sagittarius* called *Croton* ; hee, before he was translated into the Heavens, was said to bee the Sonne of *Pan*, and the Nimph *Euphemes*, and in his Infancy, was *Conlaæteus Musarum. i.* Hee suckt of the same brest with the *Muses*, his mother being their Nurse and dwelt in *Helicon* ; hee was Famous for his skill in Archerie, wonderous swift of foote, and when the Nine *Sisters* fung to their severall instruments of Musick, his custome was to dance before them in sundry active figures and postures. For which, and other indowments, knowne to be eminent in, hee was at their request to *Iupiter* translated amongst the starres, in the plat-forme, on which hee is borne : at the foure corners, are seated foure other dignified with the like Constellations : *Virgo*, best knowne by the name of *Astrea* and *Iusta*, the daughter of *Iupiter*, and *Themis* ; and for her Iustice and Integritye, thither transferr'd, and numbred amongst the Twelue : Next *Ariadne*, best knowne amongst the *Astrologians*, by the name of *Corona*, the Crowne, which was said to bee forged by *Vulcan* in *Lemnos*, the materialls thereof were Gold, and *Indian* Gemmes, of extraordinary splendor, which shee lending to *Theseus* at that time when her Father *Minos* had expos'd him to the *Minotaure*, by the luster thereof, hee passed freely through the darknesse of the Labirinth : Some say, it was first given her by *Liberpater*, or *Bacchus*, the Sonne of *Iupiter* and *Semele*, and was the price of her Virginitie : but howsoever, shee being most ingratfully forsaken by *Theseus*, in the Ile of *Naxos* ; was there found by *Bacchus*, who having

espoused her with great solemnitie, caused her after her death, with this Crowne to bee Inuested in the Firmament. The Third, *Cassiopeia*, Cassiopeia. the wife of *Cepheus*, who preferring her owne beautie before the *Nereides*, who were the daughters of *Neptune*, was for that insolence, doom'd to be bownd in a chayre, hand and foote, and so placed amongst the spheares, where shee remaines Conspicuous, in Thirteene Starres. The Fourth, is *Andromeda*, the Daughter of *Cepheus* and *Cassiopeia*, Andromeda. who by the wrath of *Neptune*, being chain'd unto a Rocke, and ready to bee devoured by a Sea Monster, was delivered thence by *Perseus*, the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and *Danae*, to whom being after married, was call'd *Perfa*, and Stellified by *Minerua* : The Speaker is an *Astrologian*.

¶ The Speech followeth :

L *Ate risen in the Heaven is Sagitary,*
(With you, great Lora) who doth about him carry
Fifteene bright Starres, most Influent, and these all
Appearing in the Circle hiemall :
His Bow devided in that beaten roade,
Call'd Galaxia, where the gods have troade
So oft ; that looke upon it in the night,
When all the rest's dull, that alone shines bright :
(As you now at this instant :) Hee fifteene
Starres, did I say ? How you then ; who betweene
Your landing and repose, by power divine,
Have full Three-score, about your state to shine :
For every Company's a Starre this day,
Visible to all, and over these you sway :
But twelue in chiefe ; and those wee must confesse,
Of greater lustere made, to guide the lesse :
All enioy one like Freedome, all are Free,
And all (Great Prætor) to bee rul'd by thee :
Commanding all the rest, who in thy spheare,
Now rising, art to shine a compleate yeere.

*You may obserue his Bow still ready bent,
In which there is a perfect Emblem ment
Of Divine Iustice : Th' Arrow, with a Starre
Headed, Implies, that her power reacheth farre ;
And no opposure, fraude, violence, or rape,
Can (when shee aimes to strike) her vengeance scape ;
Yet though the string be drawne up to his eare,
(As alwayes prest) hee rather seemes with feare
To threat, then punish, and though hee can still
Let loose his shafts, hee seldome shoots to kill.*

*Obserue it well, the Morrall doth imply,
All Iustice should be mixt with lenitie,
So, Imitate the gods, since them wee know,
Apt still to Mercie, but to vengeance slow :
And the Cœlestiall bodies, though they trade
Above, yet were for our example made.
As oft as man sinnes, should Ioue punnish vice,
His Quiver would be emptied in a trice,
And man-kind, at once perish : O mixe them
Mercy with Iustice, Interweave againe
Iustice with Mercy ; so shall you in your state,
Not Starres alone, but the gods Imitate :
So shall your Terrene body, in the end,
All the Cœlestiall bodies farre transcend,
And deckt with better lights then those you see
Above the spheares, shine to eternitie.*

THe Third Plat-forme, is contrived onely for Pastime, to please the vulgar, and therefore deserves no further Charracter, then a plaine nomination, as devised onely to please the eye, but no way to feast the eare : and so I leave it to proceede to the next.

THe Fourth Moddell, is a Castle munified with sundry Peeces of Ordnance ; and Accomodated with all such Persons as are needfull for the defence of such a Citadell : the Gunner being ready to give fire upon all occasions ; as for the curious Art in the

contriving thereof, I make no question but the worke it selfe is sufficiently able to commend the Workeman, being knowne to be an excellent Artift, of which, the Spectatours may best censure; I will onely deliver unto you a word or two concerning the presenter, which is *Mars*.

Mars. Hee is styled the third amongst the gods, because hee stands in that degree amongst the Planets; and is said to be the sonne of *Jupiter*; some write that *Bellona* was his Nurse, others that she was his Mother, and some his sister. Yet none of these improper, for *Ennio* which is *Bellona*, implies no more then an encouragement of the minde to hardnesse and valour in all Skyrmisses and Battailes. He His fundry Denominations. is also cal'd *Ares* which signifieth Dammage or detriment, and *Mavors* quasi *Mares vorans*, of devouring of men; and by the *Gentiles*, had the Denomination of the god of Battailes. He was antiently figured an angry man sitting in a Chariot, armed with a sheild and other weapons, both offensive, and defensive. Vpon his head a plumed Helmet, his sword mounted vpon his thigh, hee held in one hand a whip, in the other, the Raines, being drawne in his Chariot by wylde and vntam'd Horses. Before him was portraied a Wolfe devouring a Lambe, the Wolfe being the beast particularly offered vpon his shrine, and because the two *Romane* Twinnes the first founders of *Rome*, ROMVLVS and REMVS, were fained to be the sonnes of *Mars* (of which the one slewe the other) therefore ROMVLVS is figured vpon his Chariot as the vnnatural survivor. The *Athenians* were the first that ever sacrificed to this god of Warre, which Celebration was call'd *Ekaton pephomena* for whosoever had slaine an Hundred of the publike Enemies, was bound to sacrifice a man vpon his Altar, situate in the Ile *Lemnos*, but after the bloodinesse, and inhumanitie thereof, displeasing the *Athenians*, they changed that custome, and in stead of a man, offered a gelded Hogge, which they call'd *Nesrendes*: *Varro* writes,

that amongst the *Romans*, SICINNIVS DENTATVS, having fought one hundred and Ten severall Duells, and being Victor in them all, receiving Forty five wounds, whose skarres were visible upon his body, all before, and none backward : Hee was for his Valour, honoured with Twenty five severall Crownes, and received moreover, an Hundred and Forty golden Bracelets ; and was the first amongst the *Romanes*, that ever made oblation to this Deity : *Mars* sitting in the front of the Tower, speakes as followeth.

The *Speech* of Mars.

BEllipotent Mars is from his spheare come downe,
 To heighten these brave Triumphs of Renowne,
 Seated in this mur'd Citadel, defend'd A Peece goes off.
 With Bullets wrapt in Fire, and Cloudes condens'd.

The Tormentary Art, not long since found,
 Which shatters Towers, & by which Ships are drown'd,
 I bring along ; to let you understand
 These guard your safety, both by Sea, and Land.

O, when I late saw from mine orbe Divine,
 So many Sonnes of Mars, amongst you, shine
 In compleat Arms, Plum'd Casks, and Ensigns spread
 By such brave Captaines, and Commanders led :
 No Souldier, but his Posture to the life,
 Acting to'th Musick of the Drum and Fyffe,
 Some practising small Bombards, some the great,
 Whose very thunder, row'd mee from my seate :
 This Peacefull Citie, I much pray'd, whose power
 Could to a Campe, it selfe change in an houre :
 Proceed in your brave Practise ; whilst I tell
 Wherein your Iron and Steele doth most excell.

Without these Metalls, Nature could produce
 Nothing that is conducesfull to mans use :
 The Plow, without the Coulter and the Share,
 Could make no Furrows, and those Graines that are
 Vpon them throwne, were lost to them that sowe them,
 Without the Sickle, or the Sythe to mowe them :

*The Gardeners Art, would cease to be a trade,¹
 If take from him the Matocke, and the Spade.
 In Denss and Caves wee should be forc'd to dwell,
 Were there no Axes made, that Timber fell :
 Nor on the Seas could wee have Shippes to sayle,
 Without the Sawe, the Hammer, and the Nayle :
 Aske those that take in Angling most delight,
 Without the baited Hooke, no fish will bite.
 The Iron Crowe turnes up the Indian mould,
 Trenching the Earth untill they dig out Gold.
 If with the Iron the Adamant should contend,
 There should be no more Compasse, but an end
 Of all Discovery : Even the Horse wee ride
 Vnshod, would founde, who takes greatest pride,
 When the most curb'd, and playing with the bit,
 Hee snowes the ground, and doth the Spurre forgit.
 There is no Art, Craft, Faculty, or Trade,
 Without it, can subsist: Your Sword is made
 Of these mixt Metalls (Sir) Iustice would cease,
 If (as in Warre) it were not us'd in Peace :
 Power makes it yours, your wisdome now direct you ;
 Whilst Peace swayes heere, Mars shall abroad protect
 you.*

THE speech being ended, the Ordnance goeth off from the Castle; and now I come to the first and last.

Heere I might enter into large discourse, concerning the commodiousnesse of *Iron* and *Steele*, and to speake of *Tuball Cain*, who made the first *Forge*, and found out the vse of these Metalls : as also *Vulcan* the deified Smith and of his *Cyclopean Hammers* with which hee was said to have beaten out *Ioves* Thunderboults, with other fixions to the like purpose, these having before been expos'd to the publick view vpon occasion of the like solemnity, & knowing withall that *Cibus his coctus*, relisheth not the queſie stomackes of these times. I therefore purposely omit them proceeding to the last Pageants, styled *Sinus salutis*, first the

Boosome, or harbour of Health and Happinesse. The sculpture being adorned with eight severall persons, representing such vertues as are necessary to bee embraced by all such Majestrates, who after their stormy and tempestuous progresse through all judicature causes incident to their places, seeke to anchor in that safe and secure Port so styled.

Every Magistrate is a minister vnder God, appointed by his divine ordinance to that calling to be a protector of the Church, a preserver of discipline and Peace, consonant with his lawes, the lawes of nature, and the land, which hee ought faithfully to execute, with corporall punishment, correcting the proud and disobedient, and against all unjust oppressors, defending the conformable and humble. The first vertue Fortitudo togata. adorning the structure is stiled *Fortitudo togata*, which gowned Fortitude is thus defined.

A constancy of minde persevering in honest purpose rightly undertaken and according to his place and calling, tollerating private injuries for lawdable cause, dispising pleasures, corrupt gifts, detraction, and the like: and these meerly for vertues sake and preferring the publike good before his owne private gaine, &c. Of which *Fabritius* was a noble president, who refusing the gold sent him by *Pyrhus* was no whit affrighted with the terror of his Elephants; to speake or act any thing against the dignity of the Republicke. Of whom *Eutropius* reports, *Pyrhus* to have said: the Sunne is more easie to bee altered in his course, then this *Fabritius* to be removed from his honesty.

Manfuetudo. *Manfuetudo*, or gentlenesse is a vertue mediating wrath and suppressing all desire of revenge and remitting offences, for publicke concords sake, which notably appeared in *Pericles*, who when one had bitterly rayled on him, for space of one whole after noone, in the open market place: night coming, hee caused his servants to light him to his house with Torches.

Candor, or fincerity is when without simulation we our selues speake, and with no diffidence suspect the good meaning of others : wishing all just men well, rejoycing at their prosperity, and commiserating their disaster : It is reported of *Trajanus* the Emperour, that when *Sura Licinius* one of the Tribunes, was accused unto him, to have Insidiated his life, not questioning the faith of so knowre a friend ; the same night, un-invited, supt with him privately in his house, and the Table being with-drawne, trusted himselfe to be trim'd by *Sura's* Barbar.

Patientia Philosophica, Is a Vertue obedient unto reason, in bearing wrongs, and suffering adversities ; it moderates griefe, and bridles nature, so that it never rebels against Iustice, Modesty, Constancy, or any other vertue ; *Xenophon* ports *Cyrus* and *Agessolanus* to be of such Philosophical patience, that in their height of determination in all their actions, and speech, they appeared to all men affable, and offencelesse.

Placabilitas. Placabilitie is a vertue, having correspondence with that which I before stil'd *Manfuetudo*, or Gentlenesse ; *Philofuchia*, or study of Peace, and Concord, is when a Magistrate thinks Humbly of himselfe, moderating his owne anger, and bearing with the Infirmities of others, pardoning Injuries, and maintaining unitie, being provident that all unnecessary controversie bee aton'd, least the publike Peace and Vnitie of the Church, or Commonweale be disturbed, or hindred ; of which Vertue, *Abraham* was a most Imitable President, who, though in Authoritie, Wisedome, and age, hee had, Prioritie before *Lot*, yet not-with-standing, gave place to him ; only for Concords sake.

Humanitas. Humanitie, which the *Greekes* call *Ethos*, Is Iustice, coupled with Gentlenesse, Equitie, Vp-right-life, Affabilitie, and the like, for which are remark't, *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, *Oclavius Cæsar*, &c. It hath also beene obserued amongst Schollars (In which

number I may Catalogue your Lordship), that the more learned they have beene, they have shewed themselues the more humane, and humble.

The last is *Nemesis*, or Zeale, which *Nemesis* five *Zealus*. is an ardent love of Gods glory, of Iustice, Pietie, Sanctitie, &c. With an earnest Indignation against whatsoever is evill, supporting the Religious, and severely punishing the wicked, and refractory. *Phinees zelo Inflammatus Confodit scortatorem, &c.* So much to Illustrate the Persons, I come now to the Speech.

HEE that is call'd to bee a *Majestrate*,
A Guide, a Ruler, or a Candidate,
Must of so great a burden know the weight ;
But first the stepps that mount him to that height :
Shall I direct you then, what sayle to beare ?
(Like a good Pilot) and what course to steare :
(Your pardon, Great Sir) daring to descry
A passage, which you better know then I.

There is a double Fortitude, both Crown'd
With merited Palme ; one Gunn'd, the other Gown'd :
The Souldier claymes the first, as his by due,
The next, the Civill Sword, now borne by you :
By which, as great a glory you shall win
In Peace, as hee in Warre, by curbing sinne,
And cherishing vertue ; In the second place,
Stands Gentlenesse, and Mercy, O what grace
Hath Peace, with Pitty mixt ? Metalls best feele,
When Iron is well Incorporate with Steele :
A body so calcin'd to publike use,
As to support Right, and suppress abuse :
Sinceritie may chalenge the third classe,
Next Patience, which by suffering, doth surpasse
All other Vertues : Placability,
Study of Concord, and Fidelity ;
Last, holy Zeale, and that doth crowne the rest :
All these being harbour'd in your honour'd brest,
Shall (maugre shelues and rocks) your passage cleare,

*And bring you to the Port, to which you steare :
You are the Citties Chiefe, the Prime, the Sole,
In expectation : like the stedfast Pole :
Proove constant in your Course, be still the same,
So let your Sword (tutch'd with Truth's Adamant)
aime*

*In your yeeres compasse, that to all mens view
(Skilfull in stearage) it may still goe true :
So, those that were before you, and rul'd well,
Equall you shall, although not Antecell.*

Here remains the Speech at Night, which is
only a Sumnary, or reiteration of the former
Showes, Applied to the taking leave of his Lordship,
and to commend him to his rest : *Mars* being the
Speaker.

¶ The Speech at Night.

*P*hoebus *his Steedes hath stabled in the West,
And Night (succeeding Day) invites to rest :
The three Cœlestiall Queenes, sent from above,
Leaving with you their Power, their Wisdome, Love
Now take their leaves : The Centaure doth bestow
On you his Iustice, with his shaft, and bowe,
Who to your best repose, bequeath's you heere,
To mount himselfe againe unto his spheare :
The Night being come, he cannot well be mist :
For without him, his Orbe cannot subsist :
Neither can mine : Now must my Starre display
It's Luminous Rays, being borrowed thence this day,
To waite upon your Triumphs, and shall still
Protect you, and your weighty charge, untill
Hee, which shall all your upright Actions blesse,
Conduct you to your Port of Happinesse.*

These Frames, Modells, and Structures, were
Fashioned, Wrought, and Perfected, by the Two
Artists, IOHN, and MATHIAS CHRISMAS ; Successors to

their Father, Mr. GERALD CHRISMAS, late disceaſed, as well in the Exquiſite performance of his qualitie, as in his true ſinceritie, and honeſty ; of whom I may confidently ſpeake, as no man could out-vie him in theſe Workes, which hee underwent, ſo none could out-match him in his word, For any thing hee undertooke ; concerning whom I make no ſcruple, thus Ingeniouſly to conclude : *Ars patris, in filiis etiam, poſt fata viget.*

FINIS.

Londini Speculum: or,

Londons Mirror, Exprest in fundry *Triumphs*,
Pageants, and *Showes*, at the Initiation of
the right Honorable *Richard Fenn*, into
the Mairolty of the Famous and
farre renowned City *LONDON*.

All the Charge and Expence of these laborious projects
both by Water and Land, being the sole under-
taking of the Right Worshipful Company
of the *Habberdashers*.

Written by Tho. Heywood.



Imprinted at *London* by *I. Okes* dwelling in little *St.*
Bartholmews. 1637.



To the Right Honour-

able *Richard Fenn*, Lord

Maior of this Renowned

Metropolis LONDON.

Right Honourable:

EXcuse (I intreate) this my boldnesse, which proceedeth rather from *Custome* in others, then *Curiosity* in my *Selfe*, in presuming to prompt your *Memory* in some things tending to the *greatnes* of your high *place* and *Calling*; You are now entred into one of the most famous *Maioralties* of the *Christian World*. You are also cald *Fathers*, *Patrons* of the *Afflicted*, and *Procurators* of the *Publicke good*. And whatsoever hath reference to the true consideration of *Iustice* and *Mercy*, may be *Analogically* conferd upon pious and iust *Magistrates*.

And for the *Antiquity* of your yearely *Government*, I read that the *Athenians* elected theirs *Annually*; and for no longer continuance: And so of the *Carthagians*, the *Thebans*, &c. And the *Roman* Senate held, that continued *Magistracy* was in some

The Epistle Dedicatory.

respects unprofitable to the *Weale-publicke*, against which there was an *Act* in the Lawes of the twelve Tables. And it is thus concluded by the Learned, that the Dominion of the *greatest Magistrates* which are *Kings* and *Princes*, ought to be perpetuall; but of the lesse which be *Prætors*, *Censors*, and the like, only *Ambulatory* and *Annually*. I conclude with that saying of a wise man, Prime Officers ought to Rule by Good Lawes, and commendable Example, Iudge by *Providence*, *Wisdom*e and *Iustice*, and Deferd by *Prowes*, *Care* and *Vigilancy*: These things I can but Dictate, of which your *Lordship* knoweth best how to Dispose: ever (as now) remayning your Honors

Humble servant,

Thomas Heywood.



Londini Speculum,

OR,

Londons Mirrour.

ALL Triumphes have their Titles, and so this, according to the nature thereof, beareth a name : It is called *Londini Κατόπτρον*, that is, *Speculum*, more plainly, *Londons Mirrour*, neither altogether improperly so termed, since she in her selfe may not onely perspicuously behold her owne vertues, but all forraigne Cities by her, how to correct their vices.

Her Antiquity she deriveth from *Brute*, lineally discended from *Æneas*, the sonne of *Anchises* and *Venus*, and by him erected, about the yeare of the world two thousand eight hundred fifty five : before the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, one thousand one hundred and eight : first cald by him *Trinovantum*, or *Troy-novant*, *New Troy*, to continue the remembancer

of the old, and after, in the processe of time *Caier Lud*, that is, *Luds Towne*, of King *Lud*, who not onely greatly repaired the City, but increased it with goodly and gorgeous buildings; in the West part whereof, he built a strong gate, which hee called after his owne name *Lud-gate*, and so from *Luds Towne*, by contraction of the word and *dialect* used in those times, it came since to be called *London*.

I will not insift to speake of the name of *Maior*, which implyeth as much as *the greater*, or more prime person; such were the *Prætors*, or *Præfecti* in *Rome*, neither were the *Dictators* any more, till *Julius Cæsar* aiming at the Imperiall Purple, was not content with that annuall *honour*, which was to passe successively from one to another, but he caused himselfe to be Elected *Perpetuus Dictator*, which was in effect no lesse than Emperor.

And for the name of *Elder-man*, or *Alder-man*, it is so ancient, that learned Master *Cambden* in his *Britan*, remembreth unto us, that in the daies of Royal King *Edgar*, a noble Earle, and of the Royall blood, whose name was *Alwin*, was in such favour with the King, that he was stiled *Healf Kunning*, or halfe King, and had the stile of Alderman of all *England*: This man was the first founder of a famous Monastery in the Isle of *Ely*, where his body lies interred, upon whose Tombewas an inscription in *Latin*, which I have, *verbatim*, thus turned into *English*, *Here resteth Alwin, couzen to King Edgar, Alderman of all England, and of this Holy Abbey the miraculous founder*. And so much (being tide to a brieve discourse) may serve for the Antiquity of London, and the Titles for *Maior* or *Alderman*.

I come now to the *Speculum*, or *Mirrour*. *Plutarch* tels us, *That a glasse in which a man or woman behold their faces, is of no estimation or value (though the frame thereof be never so richly deckt with gold & gemmes, unlesse it represent unto us the true figure and obiect*. Moreover, *that such are foolish and flattering*

glasses, which make a sad face to looke pleasant, or a merry countenance melancholy : but a perfect and a true Christall, without any falsity or flattery, rendreth every object its true forme, and proper figure, distinguishing a smile from a wrinkle ; and such are the meanes many times to bridle our refractory affections : for who being in a violent rage, would be pleased that his servant should bring him a glasse wherein hee might be hold thetortivity and strange alteration of his countenance ? Minerva playing upon a Pipe, was mockt by a Satyre in these words.

Non te decet forma istæc, pone fistulas,
Et Arma capeffe componens recte genus.

That visage mis-becomes, thy Pipe
Cast from thee, Warlike dame,
Take unto thee thy wonted Armes,
And keepe thy Cheekes in frame.

But though she despised his Councell for the present, when after, playing upon the same Pipe, in which she so much delighted, shee beheld in a river such a change in her face, shee cast it from her, and broke it asunder, as knowing that the sweetnes of her musick could not countervaille or recompence that deformity which it put upon her countenance, and therefore I have purposed so true and exact a Mirrour, that in it may be discovered as well that which beautifies the governour, as deforms the government.

One thing more is necessitously to be added, and then I fall upon the shoves in present agitation : namely, that the fellowship of the Merchant Adventurers of *England* were first trusted with the sole venting of the manufacture of Cloth out of this kingdome, & have for above this 4 hundred years traded in a priviledged, & wel governed course, in *Germany*, the *Low Countries*, &c., and have beene the chiefe meanes to raise the manufacture of all wollen commodities to that height in which it

now existeth, which is the most famous staple of the Land, and whereby the poore in all Countries are plentifully maintained : and of this Company his Lordship is free ; as also of the *Levant*, or *Turkey*, and of the *East India* Company, whose trading hath beene, and is in these forraine adventures : also who spent many yeares and a great part of his youth in other Countries.

Now the first shew by water is presented by *St. Katherine*, of whom I will give you this short Character : *She was the daughter of King Costus, and had the generall title of Queene of Famogosta, because crowned in that City, being lineally descended from the Roman Emperors, who as she lived a Virgin so she dyed a Martyr, under the Tyrant Maxentius, whose Empresse with divers other eminent persons she had before converted to the Faith : she rideth on a Scallop, which is part of his Lordships Coate of Armes, drawne in a Sea-Chariot, by two Sea-horses with divers other adornments to beautifie the peece : the Art of which, the eye may better discover, than my pen describe, and why she being a Princeesse, and Patronesse of this Company of the Haberdashers, who onely ruled on the Land, should at this time appeare upon the water, and without any iust taxation, to make that cleare, shee thus delivereth her selfe.*

St. Katherines speech by Water.

Great *Prætor*, and grave Senators, she craves
 A free admittance on these curled waves,
 Who doth from long antiquity professe
 Her selfe to be your gracious Patronesse :
 Oft have I on a passant Lyon fate,
 And through your populous streets beene borne in
 state :
 Oft have I grac't your Triumphes on the shore,
 But on the Waters was not seene before.

Will you the reason know why it doth fall,
 That I thus change my Element ? you shall :

When *Triton* with his pearly trumpets blew
A streperous blast, to summon all the crew
Of Marine gods and goddeses to appeare,
(As the annuall custome is) and meet you here :
As they were then in councell to debate,
What honour they might adde unto the state
Of this Inauguration ; there appear'd
God *Mercury*, who would from *Fove* be heard :
His *Caduceus* silence might command ;
Whilst all attentive were to understand
The tenor of his message : who thus spake.

The Sire of gods, with what you undertake
Is highly pleas'd, and greatly doth commend
That faire designe and purpose you intend ;
But he beheld a Machine from an high,
Which at first sight daz'd his immortall eye ;
A royall Arke, whose bright and glorious beams
Rivall the Sunnes, ready to proove your streames :
A vessell of such beauty, burthen, state,
That all the high Powers were amaz'd thereat ;
So beautified, so munified, so clad,
As might an eight to the seaven wonders adde :
Which must be now your charge ; 'twas *Ioves* owne
motion,
That all of you attend her to the *Ocean*.

This notwithstanding, such was their great care,
(To shew that o're you they indulgent are)
That *Neptune* from his Chariot bad me chuse
Two of his best Sea-horfes, to excuse
His inforc't absence : *Thames* (whose breast doth
swell

Still with that glorious burthen) bad me tell,
That *Ioves* command shall be no sooner done,
But every Tide he'le on your errands runne
From hence to the Lands end, and thence againe
Backe, to conveigh your trafficke from the Maine :
My message thus delivered ; now proceed
To take your oath ; there is no further need

Of my assistance : who on Land will meete you,
And with the state of greater Triumphes greete you.

These few following Lines may, (and not impertinently) be added unto *Jupiters* message, delivered by *Mercury*, which though too long for the Bardge, may perhaps not shew lame in the booke, as being lesse troublesome to the Reader than the Rower.

Dance in thy raine-bow colours *Protæus*, change
Thy selfe to thousand figures, 'tis not strange
With thee, thou old Sea-prophet, throned the seas
With *Phorcus* Daughters, the *Nereides*,
And all the blew-hair'd Nymphes, in number more,
Than Barkes that float, or Pibbles on the shore :
Take *Æolus* along to fill her sailes
With prosperous windes, and keepe within his gales
Tempestuous gusts : which was no sooner said,
But done : for all the Marine gods obey'd.

The second show, but the first by Land, is presented by the great *Philosopher Pythagoras*, *Samius*, the sonne of *Menarchus* ; which being outwardly *Sphericall* and *Orbicular*, yet being opened it quadrates it selfe iust into so many *Angles* as there be Scepters, over which his Sacred Maiesty beareth title : namely, *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, concerning which number of *four*e, I thus Read : *Pythagoras* and his *Schollers*, who taught in his schooles, that *Ten* was the nature and soule of all number ; one Reason which he gave (to omit the rest) was, because all nations, as well civill as barbarous, can tell no farther than to the *Denary*, which is *Ten*, and then returne in their account unto the *Monady*, that is one : For example, from *Tenne* wee proceed to *Eleven* and *Twelve*, which is no more than *Ten* and *One*, *Ten* and *Two*, and so of the rest, till the number rise to an infinite.

Againe hee affirmeth, that the strength and vertue of all number consisteth in the *quarternion* ; for begin-

ning with *one, two, three, and foure*, put them together and they make *ten*; he saith further, that the nature of number consisteth in *ten*, and the faculty of number is comprized in *foure*: in which respect the *Pythagoreans* expresse their holy oath in the *quaternion*, which they cal'd *τετρακτιν*, as may appear in these words.

*Per tibi nostræ animæ præbentem tetrada Iuro,
Naturæ fontemque & firmamenta perennis.*

For they held the soule of man to subsist in that number, proportionating it into these *foure* Faculties, *Mens, Scientia, Opinio, Sensus*, the *Mind, Knowledge, Opinion*, and *Sence*, and therefore according to that number *Pythagoras* frames his *Speech*, alluding to those four Kingdomes over which his Maiesty beareth title.

The *Speech* of the second Show, delivered in *Paules Church-yard*.

S*Acres the number foure, Philosophers say,
And beares an happy Omen; as this day
It may appeare: foure Elements conspire,
Namely, the Water, Earth, the Aire, and Fire,
To make up man: the colours in him bred
Are also foure, White, Pallid, Blacke, and red:
Of foure Complexions he existeth soly,
Flegmaticke, Sanguine, Choler, Melancholy.
His meate foure severall digestions gaines,
In Stomacke, Liver, Members, and the Veines.
Foure qualities cald primæ within lie,
Which are thus tilled, Hot, Cold, Moist, and Drie.
He acts his whole life on this earthy stage,
In Child-hood, Youth, Man-hood, Decripit age.
The very day that doth afford him light,
Is Morning, the Meridian, Evening, Night.
Foure seasons still successively appeare,*

*Which put together make a compleat yeare.
 The earth, with all the Kingdomes therein guided,
 Is into foure distinguish'd parts devided.
 The foure Windes from the Worlds foure quarters blow,
 Eurus, Favonius, Auster, Aquilo.
 All Morall vertues we in foure include,
 As Prudence, Iustice, Temperance, Fortitude.
 Court, City, Campe, and Countrey, the foure C C C s ;
 Which represent to us the foure degrees,
 Requir'd in every faire and flourishing Land,
 Substraſt but one a Kingdome cannot stand.
 Foure Colonels are in this City knowne,
 Of which you, honoured Sir, have long beene one :
 And those foure Crownes, (for so the high Powers
 please)
 Embleme the Kings foure Scepters, and foure Seas.
 The fift (1) Imperiall Arch above, proclaimes
 That glorious Crowne, at which his Highnesse aimes.
 Thus is our round Globe squared, figuring his power,
 And yours beneath Him, in the number foure.*

The third Show.

THe third Pageant or Show meerly consisteth of Anticke gesticulations, dances, and other Mimicke postures, devised onely for the vulgar, who are better delighted with that which pleaseth the eye, than contenteth the eare, in which we imitate *Custome*, which alwaies carrieth with it excuse : neither are they altogether to be vilefied by the most supercilious, and censorious, especially in such a confluence, where all Degrees, Ages, and Sexes are assembled, every of them looking to bee presented with some fancy or other, according to their expectations and humours : Since grave and wise men have beene of opinion, that it is convenient, nay necessitous, upon the like occasions, to mixe *seria*

(1) Quinta perennis.

iocis ; for what better can set off matter, than when it is interlaced with mirth ? From that I proceede to the fourth.

The fourth Show.

IT beareth the Title of an *Imperiall* Fort : nor is it compulsiue, that here I should argue what a Fort is, a Skonce, or a Cittadall, nor what a Counterskarfe, or halfe Moone, &c. is ; nor what the opposures or defences are : my purpose is onely to expresse my selfe thus farre, that this Fort which is stil'd *Imperiall*, defenc'd with men and officers, suiting their functions and places proper to such a muniment ; doth in the morall include his Majesties royall chamber, which is the City of *London*, for to that onely purpose was the project intended.

The Speaker is *Bellona*, whom some held to be the Daughter, some the Sister, others the Nurse of *Mars* the god of Warre ; neither in any of these is any impropriety, or ought that is dissonant from authority, because *Enyo*, which is *Bellona*, implyeth that which putteth spirit and courage into an army, &c. Antiquity called her *Duellona*, that is, the goddesse of warre, to whom their Priests sacrificed their owne blood, and before whose Temple the *Fæcialis* set a speare against some prime pillar thereof, when any publicke warre was to be denounced : Shee was most honoured of the *Thracians*, the *Scithians*, and those wild and barbarous nations, upon whose Altars they used to sacrifice a Vulture, which is a ravenous hird, used to prey upon dead carcasses, and assemble themselves in great flocks after any fought battaile : but this Discourse may to some appeare impertinent to the project in hand, and therefore I thus proceed to her speech.

Bellonaes Speech upon the Imperiall Fort.

THis Structure (*honour'd Sir*) doth title beare
Of an Imperiall Fort, apt for that speare
In which you now moove, borrowing all her grace,

*As well from your owne person as your place ;
For you have past through all the degrees that tended
Vnto that height which you have now ascended.*

*You have beene in this City ('tis knowne well)
A Souldier, Captaine, and a Colonell.*

*And now in times faire progresse, to crowne all,
Of this Metropolis chiefe Generall.*

*You, of this Embleme, which this day we bring,
To represent the Chamber of the King,
Are the prime governour : a Royall Fort,
And strongly scited, as not built for sport,
But for example and defence : a Tower
Supported by no lesse than Soveraigne power :*

*The Theologicke vertues, the three Graces,
And Charities have here their severall places.*

*Here Piety, true Zeale, study of Peace,
(By which small mites to Magazines increase)*

*Have residence : now opposite there are
To these, and with them at continuall warre,
Pride, Arrogance, Sloath, Vanity, Prestigion,
Prophanesse, the contempt of true Religion,
With thousands more, who assiduatly waite
This your Imperiall Fort to insidiate.*

*Concordia
parvæ res
Crescunt,
is the Motto
of the Com-
pany of the
right Wor-
shipfull
Habber-
dashers.*

*You may observe i'th musicke of your Bels
Like sound in Triumphes, and for funerall knels ;
Marriage and death to them appeare all one,
Masking nor mourning cannot change their tone :
With our Fort 'tis not so, whose faire pretence, is
To comply with the nature of offences,
Errors ; she knowes in low termes how to chide
Great faults, with greater noise are terrifi'd :
But she can load her Cannons, and speake loud
To encounter with the arrogant and proud :
Whats further in your Prætorship assign'd,
You, in your Londons Mirrour there may find.*

The fifth show, cald Londons Mirrour.

THis beareth the title of the whole Triumphe ; of Glasses pertinent to this our purpose, there bee severall forts, as *Opticke, Perspective, Prospective, Multiplying, &c.* The presenter is *Vifus*, or Sight ; for what the minde is to the soule, the same is the eye to the body, being the most precious part thereof. Sight is the most soveraigne fence, the first of five, which directeth man to the study & search of knowledge & wisedome ; the eyes are placed in the head as in a Citadel, to be watch-towers and Centinels for the safety, and guiders and conducters for the follace of the body.

We read that one *Marcus Varro* was fir-named *Strabo*, for the excellency and quicknesse of his sight, who from *Libæum*, a Province in *Scicilia*, could distinguish and give an exact account of all such ships as came out of the haven of *Carthage*, which two places some hold to be more than an hundred *Italian* leagues distant : indeed no man can better estimate the vertue and value of the sight, than he that is made blinde and wants it, neither could I devise a more apt Speaker to present this *Mirrour*, than the fence of the sight, without which, the purest Christall is of no use at all.

The Pageant it selfe is decored with glasses of all forts : the persons upon or about it are beautifull Children, every one of them expressing their natures and conditions in the impresaes of their shields, eight of the prime of which suiting with the quality of the *Optick* fence, beare these severall Inscriptions : *Aspice, Despice, Conspice, Prospice, Perspice, Inspice, Circumspice, Respice* :

Οψις, or *Opsis* the Speaker.

BEhold me Sight, of the five fences prime ;
(Now best complying with the place and time)
Presenting Londons Mirrour, and this Glasse

*Shewes not alone what she is, or once was,
But that the spacious Vniuerse might see
In her, what their great Cities ought to be;
That every forraigne Magistrate from hence
Might learne how to dispose his Opticke fence.*

*Aspice saith, Looke toward and upon
Desartfull men whom this Age frowneth on.
And Delpice cast downe thy powerfull eye
On the poore wretch that doth beneath thee lye.
Then Conspice take counsell first and pause
With meditation, ere thou iudge a cause.
Prospice bids looke asfarre off, and view
(Before conclude) what dangers may insue.
Perspice wils, in sifting doubts, then scan
The nature of the matter with the man.
Let every cause be searcht, and duely fought,
Saith Inspice, ere thou determinst ought.
Circumspice saith, looke about to immure
So great a charge, that all within be sure.
Considerate Respice inioynes thee last,
To cast thine eyes backe upon all things past.*

*For Londons selfe, if they shall first begin
To examine her without, and then within,
What Architectures, Palaces, what Bowers,
What Citadels, what turrets, and what towers ?
Who in her age, grew pregnant, brought a bed
Of a New Towne, and late delivered
Of such a burthen, as in few yeares space,
Can almost speake all tongues, (to her more grace.)
Then her Cathedrals, Temples new repairing,
An act of true devotion, no man sparing
His helping hand ; and many, 'tis well knowne,
To further Gods house have forgot their owne.*

*Vnto her outward shape I doe not prize her,
But let them come within to anatomize her.
Her Prætor, scarlet Senate, Liveries,
The ordering of her brave societies :
Divine Astræa here in equall scale
Doth ballance Iustice, Truth needes not looke pale,*

*Nor poverty deiected, th' Orphants cause,
And Widowes plea finde helpe ; no subtile clause
Can make demurre in sentence : a faire hearing,
And upright doome in every Court appearing :
Still to preserve her so, be't your indeavour,
And she in you ; you her shall live for ever.*

I come now to the Linvoy, or last Speech, when his Lordship, after his dayes long and tedious trouble, retireth himselfe to his rest at night, in which *Pythagoras* the Speaker briefly runs over the passages of the Pageant before exprest, after this manner.

The Speech at Night.

W*E to a Valediction are confin'd,
(Right Honoured) and intreat You beare in
minde
What was this Day presented : Your chiefe Saint
A Martyr once of the Church militant,
But now of the tryumphant, bids You spare
Your selfe this Night : for to a World of Care
You are ingag'd to morrow, which must last
Till the whole progresse of Your Yeere be past.
The Spheare-like Globe quadrated, lets You know,
What Pro-Rex doth to the foure Scepters owe.
Your Military honours, (in your Dayes
Of lesse command) th' Imperiall Fort displayes,
And Londons Mirrour, that all men may see
What Magistrates have beene, and ought to be.
Set is the Sunne long since, and now the Light
Quite sayling us, Thrice Honourd Sir, good Night.*

For the Artists, and directors of these Pageants and shoves, *John Christmas* and *Mathias*, the two Sonnes of *Gerard*, their now deceased Father, a knowne Master in all those Sciences he profest : I can say no more but thus, that proportioning their Workes according to the limits of the gates through which they

were to passe, being ty'de not to exceede one Inch either in height, or breadth: My Opinion is, that few Workemen about the Towne can paralell them, much lesse exceede them. But if any shall either out of Curiosity or malice taxe their ability, in this kind of Art, I referre them to the Carving of his Majesties *Great Ship* lately built at *Woolwich*, which Worke alone is able both to fatisfie *Emulation*, and qualifie *Envie*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

Reprinted in the Sixth Volume of Dilke's *Old Plays* (1816).

Of the *English Traveller* the story, as far as it relates to Young Lionel and Reignald, is (as Langbaine observes) borrowed from the *Mortellaria* of Plautus. Indeed, so considerable a part of the play is closely copied from that performance, that it is curious Heywood did not think it necessary to acknowledge the obligation.

The *English Traveller*, it may be added further, is not the only drama which has been very deeply indebted to the *Mortellaria*. The *Intriguing Chambermaid* of Fielding is evidently founded upon it : and the entertainment given by the rakish son, the old man's return from a voyage, the project of the knavish servant to prevent the father's surprizing the company that were carousing in his house by making him believe it was haunted, and his pretending that the young gentleman had purchased another in the room of it, are all introduced with little variation from the original. And these observations apply as closely to *The English Traveller*, as to the *Intriguing Chambermaid*.

PAGE 16.

Drinke Whig and sowre Milke.

"Whig" was formed from the whey of milk after the cheese curd had been separated from it by runnet, a second and inferior curd being separated from the whey by an acid mixture ; the remainder, after a slight fermentation, was called *whig*, and drunk by the poorer classes instead of small beer.

PAGE 26.

Alfareffe.

Alfarez, or *alfares*, seems to have been a subordinate officer (an ensign, says Reed). Don Juan, in Massinger's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, says, Leon had been recommended to him as his "Alferez."

*Ib.**rebellings.*Qy. "*Ravelines*?"

PAGE 28.

*In the height of their carousing, all their braines
Warmd with the heate of wine, &c.*

"This piece of pleasant exaggeration," says Charles Lamb, "(which, for its life and humour might have been told, or acted, by Petruchio himself) gave rise to the title of Cowley's Latin play, *Naufragium Ioculare*, and furnished the idea of the best scene in it."

Hazlitt considers this account of shipwreck by drink "the most splendid passage in Heywood's comedies."

PAGE 48.

Pollute the Nuptiall bed with Michall fenne.

The word "michall," or "mechal," has been already explained.

Mr. Dilke, not being able to understand it, substituted "mickle," though he confessed himself "not altogether satisfied with the alteration"!

PAGE 63.

*What braue caru'd posts ; Who knowes but heere,
In time, Sir, you may keepe your Shreualtie.*

It appears from many of our old writers, that it was customary for the sheriff to have posts in front of his house, ornamented in some particular way, probably for the purpose of pointing out his residence, or, as Warburton conjectures, "that the King's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication."

PAGE 65.

*Chaelah.*A corruption of *Qui va là ?*

PAGE 167.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

In 1633 Pendle Forest again became the scene of pretended witchcrafts : and from various circumstances the trial which took place then has acquired even greater notoriety than that which preceded it twenty years before. The particulars are substantially comprised in the *Examination of Edmund Robinson* (1) son of Edm. Robinson, of Pendle Forest, Mafon, taken at Padham, before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkie, Esqs., two of his Majesty's justices of the peace, within the county of Lancaster, 10th February, 1633.

Heywood and Brome, in their play, *The late Lancashire Witches*, follow the terms of this deposition very closely. It is very probable that they had seen and conversed with the boy, to whom, when taken up to London, there was a great resort of company. The Lancashire dialect, as given in this play, and by no means unfaithfully, was perhaps derived from conversations with some of the actors in this drama of real life—a drama quite as extraordinary as any that Heywood's imagination ever bodied forth from the world of fiction.

Alice Nutter (concerning whom see *The Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster* by Thomas Potts, 1613) (2) was doubtless the original of the story of which Heywood availed himself in the *The late Lancashire Witches*—a story frequently noticed by the writers of the seventeenth century—that the wife of a Lancashire country gentleman had been detected in

(1) This examination (which is too long to be given here) is printed *in extenso* in Whitaker's *Whalley*, p. 213; Webster's *Displaying of Witchcraft*, p. 347; and Baines's *Lancashire*, vol. i. p. 604.

(2) Reprinted for the Chetham Society (*Remains Historical and Literary, Vol. VI.*) in 1845, with an Introduction and Notes by James Crossley, Esq.; to which we are mainly indebted for the information given above.

practising witchcraft and unlawful arts, and had been condemned and executed. "In that play there can be little hesitation in ascribing to Heywood the scenes in which Mr. Generous and his wife are the interlocutors, and to Brome the subordinate and farcical portions. It is a very unequal performance, but not destitute of those fine touches, which Heywood is never without, in the characters of English country gentlemen and the pathos of domestic tragedy."—CROSSLEY (*ubi supra*): Introduction, lxx—lxx. ; Notes, pp. 34—38.

There is a reprint of this play by Mr. Halliwell, thus entitled: "The Poetry of Witchcraft illustrated by Copies of the Plays on the Lancashire Witches by Heywood and Shadwell. Brixton Hill : Printed for Private Circulation only, 1853."

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has written a romance on the subject of *The Lancashire Witches*.

PAGE 262.

Londons Ius Honorarium.

An exact reprint from the only copy known to be extant of this pageant, kindly placed at our disposal by H. Huth, Esq., of whose invaluable library it is one of the many priceless treasures.

Heywood also wrote the pageants for 1632 and 1633 : to these we have not succeeded in obtaining access ; but we are enabled to give some account of them extracted from an interesting book published some thirty years ago by the Percy Society. (2).

That of 1632 is entitled : "Londini Artium et Scientiarum Scaturigo, Londons Fountain of Arts and Sciences ; exprest in fundrie Triumphes, Pageants and Shews, at the Initiation of the Right Honorable Nich. Raynton, in the Majoralty of the famous and far-renowned City of London. All the charge and Expence of the Laborious Projects, both by Sea and Land, being the sole Undertaking and Charge of the Right Worshipfull Company of Haberdashers. Written by Thomas Heywood. Lond. 1632."

The Pageant of 1633 is entitled :—"Londini Emporia, or London's

(2) Lord Mayor's Pageants : being Collections towards a history of these Annual Celebrations. By F. W. Fairholt. Lond. (Percy Society), Part I., 1843.

Mercatura : exprest in fundry triumphis, pageants, and showes, at the inauguration of the Right Honorable Ralph Freeman into the Maioralty of the famous and farre-renowned citty London. All the charge and expense of the laborious proiects, both by water and land being the sole undertaking of the Right Worshipfull Company of the Cloath-workers. Written by Thomas Heywood. *Redeunt Spectacula*. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1633."

The pamphlet opens with the praise of merchantmen, detailing "the eight offices of piety in a merchant required :—“1. Rectitude of conscience ; 2. Absence of equivocation ; 3. Honesty in bargaining ; 4. Justice ; 5. Humility ; 6. Charity to the poor ; 7. Absence of Avarice ; 8. A renunciation of “all care and trouble of mind, which may hinder divine contemplation.” Of course—“all these things desireable being knowne to be eminent in your lordship,” Heywood tells us, “was the maine inducement to entitle this present show by this apt denomination *Londoni Emporia*.”

The first pageant is exhibited on the water ; “which is a sea-chariot, beautified and adorned with shel-fishes of fundry fashion and splendour.” It is drawn by two griffins ; upon them are seated two figures bearing pendants, “upon which are portrayed the armes of the two sheriffes now in place.” Thames rides in the chariot, surrounded by water nymphs, and appears to arouse from a sleep, as the mayor’s barge approaches. He addressees him in a speech, which contains an allusion to the “clensing of the river at this time by fundry water engines,” in these strange words :—

“Can Thamesis himself so far forget ?
But ’tis long since Tame and Isis met,
That ’tis not rare ; for we two are groune old,
And being rivers, subiect to take cold ;
Forc’t with extremity of paine to grone,
As troubled with the gravell and the stone,
(Whole shelves are in our raines) but (Fates so please)
By artifts’ helpe wee late have got some ease.
Thanks to our patriots !”

After explaining the pageant and its mystic allusions, he ends :—

“But why should I, though best of Neptunes’ sons,

(Whose streame almost by your permission runnes)
 Instruēt him who can teach? since the last yeare,
 Till this day, never ran my tides so cleare
 As now they doe, were never so become
 With barges, ensignes, trumpets, fyfe and drum,
 Methinkes you make mee young againe to view,
 Old customes kept, and (in them) all things new."

The first show by land is placed in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is the trade-pageant of the company.—The shepherd and sheep, with his dog guarding them from the ever-watchful wolf. He sits "upon a dyall, to which his sheep-hooke is the gnomon," and he explains this, in his speech to the mayor.—

"As I, so you must on a dyall sit,
 Which hath no gnomon but my staffe to it,
 And such your sword is now, your wakefull eye
 Must still be ope, to watch where you can spy
 The ravenous wolfe, to presse, and blocke the way,
 Least hee on any of your flocke should prey.

And that your charge so carefully be borne,
 That they be neuer *but in season* shorne."

The second pageant "is a ship, most proper to the trade of merchant-adventurers," with Mercury as pilot, who addressees the mayor in a speech alluding to his own large mercantile occupation, and its consequent beneficial effects to the country.

"The third show by land, is a modell devised to humour the throng, who come rather to see than to heare : and without some such intruded anti-maske, many who carry their ears in their eyes, will not sticke to say, *I will not give a pinne for the Show.* Since therefore it consists only in motion, agitation, and action, and these (expressed to the life) being apparently visible to all, in vaine should I imploy a speaker, where I presuppose all his words would be drown'd in noyse and laughter. I therefore passe to the fourth and last."

"Which is a curious and neatly framed architect, beautified with many proper and becoming ornaments : bearing the title of the Bower of Blisse ; an embleme of that future happiness which not onely all just and upright magistrates, but every

good man, of what condition or quality foever, in the courle of his life especially aimeth at." Herein are seated Prudence, Temperance, Justice and Fortitude, and "the three theologicall vertues, Faith, Hope and Charity, as handmaidens attending to conduct all such pious and religious magistrates the way to the celestially bower of blisse." Prudence describes and descants upon all in a moral speech, in which she declares it

"Aptly may be titled *Freeman's* bower."

"The speech at night" alludes "to the twelve celestially signes, which may aptly be applied unto the twelve moneths during the lord mayor's government." The entire speech runs thus :—

"Sleepe may you foundly fir, to morrow prest
To a yeares trouble, for this one nights rest,
In which may starres and planets all conspire,
To warme you so by their celestially fire ;
Aries whose Gold Fleece Greece doth so renowne,
May both enrich you, and this glorious tounne,
That *Taurus* in your strength may so appeare,
You this great weight may on your shoulders beare ;
That the two *Twins*, the mother's blest increase,
May in this citty still continue peace.
That *Cancer* who incites to hate and spleene,
May not in your faire government be seene,
That *Leo* waiting on your iudgement seate,
May moderate his rage and scorching heate ;
That the celestially *Maide* may you aduise,
Virgins and orphans still to patronize ;
And rather then your justice heere should faile,
Libra no more be seene with golden scale ;
And that the *Scorpions* sting may be so charm'd,
The poore may not be wrong'd nor innocent harm'd.
That *Chiron's* bent bow so may guide your will,
You may still aime, but neuer shoote to kill ;
And *Capricorne* though all things said to dare,
Though he haue power, yet may have will to spare ;
That as *Aquarius* doth his water power,
You may your goodnes on this city shower :

Pifces, the laſt of twelve, the feet they guide,
From head to foot, O may you fo provide.

It ends with praife of “Mr. Gerald Chrifmas,” who conſtructed the pageant. Heywood having previously returned thanks to the wardens and committee of the Clothworkers company, “for their affability and courteſie, unto myſelfe, being at that time to them all a meere ſtranger, who when I ſent my then unperfect papers, were as able to judge of them, as attentively to heare them ; and rather judicially conſidering all things, then nicely carping at any thing.”

END OF FOURTH VOLUME.



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